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THE SECRET HISTORY

COURT OF FRANCE

UNDER LOUIS XV.

EDITED, FROM RARE AND UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS,

BY

DR. CHALLICE.

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ac

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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JOHN CHILDS AND SON, PRINTERS.

PREFACE.

One hundred years ago, France and England were suspicious of each other exactly as they are now in 1861. They hoped, feared, talked. Then, fought. Austria was in sore tribulation. Poland was ravaged. In America a long and fierce struggle for supremacy between France and England was going on. The Pope was in great perplexity. Good Catholics were much doubting how to find the road to Heaven, with terrific and infallible Bulls on the one hand, and with black Atheism on the other. Then, as now, all Europe was a huge gambling-booth; one Prince playing into the hands of another, or staking his kingdom on his neighbour's game; whilst not a few strove to peep over the shoulders of those who held the trump cards.

But unless we are now content to carry on a

reckless game, or wish to buy peace at any price, it may be worth while to compare the workings of the facts that surround us at this time with what they were a century since, and to view those facts from the other side of the Channel. It is as absurd for John Bull to look upon himself as always infallible, as for the Pope to resist progress, and to shun development.

But truth clothed in conventional, historical dress does not always awaken the human sympathies of the reader by his fireside, with his wife and children round him. Kings strut forth with crowns upon their heads, but they are not men; and Queens and courtiers, bedecked and bedizened, only excite wonder. What can such as these know about striving, struggling life,—its passions, hopes, fears, vexations? What have such as these to do with such as we are?

The author of this work, having to handle certain old papers, discoloured by a century, found in them stirring evidence of human sympathies, even though in the hearts of kings, princes, and courtiers. These documents also do something to refute the scandals which England, as a country frequently at war with France, has in succeeding generations unconsciously, and often unjustly, adopted as the history of her neighbour and her foe.

In the last century, talent was often proscribed by intolerance in France. French exiled

offenders against Church or State were bought up by England and by Prussia to defame their native land and its rulers, all things being considered fair in war and in diplomacy. The subsequent Revolution did not mend such matters. Discontent was then at a premium in France. Thus, calumny usurped the place of history. English writers have adopted, and do still adopt, such calumny, and so have helped, and do help (unconsciously, perhaps) to keep alive a feeling of irritation amongst traditional foes. Such injustice is unworthy of a time that boasts of progress, and of England which proclaims universal toleration and free inquiry. But the justification must come from the internal evidence of the country and century attacked, and from intrinsic study of characters, customs, and creed.

The general English reader has but little opportunity to make this research for himself, however great his love of justice. Neither has he leisure.

With respect, therefore, for the active life which renders research impracticable, this work is presented to John Bull at home, in the belief of his predilection for fair play, and in reliance on honesty being the best policy. It is compiled from autograph and original documents, and from certain French books (some of which are trite to students) belonging to the last century's literature. But anonymous French books of the last century

need authentication and careful sifting; facts were then perverted and polluted in France as party-spirit dictated; and Holland, from whence England imported French books, was what Horace Walpole called "a mint of lies." It is, therefore, due to the reader of this work to explain, that the books from which some parts of it are translated were collected and examined in France, at the time of their being printed or published, by a contemporary whose name was honoured both in France and in England. The collection was preserved, and afterwards enlarged, by one whose youth was passed in France under the tutelage of the original possessor, although the brother of the elder collector, and the uncle of the younger, was one of England's Admirals, then fighting the battles of England against France, in which country these, his relatives, were naturalized. The books were bequeathed by their second owner, at his death (which happened at a very advanced age), to his widow, at whose demise they passed direct into the hands of the present author. So much for publications of a time when, as it will be seen, "Booksellers were kings; critics, knaves; the public, the pack; and the author, the mere table, or thing played upon."

To avoid the charge of partiality, free use has been made in this compilation of the contemporary works of those who wrote on the other side of any

political, social, or ecclesiastical question which comes under notice, so as to give the reader an opportunity of judging for himself; especially in the case of the Marquise de Pompadour, who was equally attacked by Protestant scepticism, and by Papal intolerance.

It is a curious incident in the history of French politics and of philosophy, that a woman, most devoted to Monarchy in the person of the King, should have been the instrument for the introduction of those writers who denounced corruption and tyranny. It is a curious incident in Ecclesiastical history that this woman, a penitent and dying, should successfully denounce the temporal power of the Church from which alone she could hope to receive spiritual consolation. Nevertheless, it has taken just one hundred years to free the leading character of this work from the dust of party conflict. Obscured by a threefold prejudice, political, ecclesiastical, and of birth, the woman whom the Queen-Empress of Austria called "Sister," has been contemned; yet this contemporary tribute proves that the life of the Marquise de Pompadour was, or rather *is*, no unimportant link in the chain of political events.

Perhaps no woman was ever more traduced than Madame de Pompadour has been, and still is. Time has not softened harsh judgment upon her, because time has not mitigated the elements which assailed her at home and abroad, although

they have assumed a different shape and name. Centuries and cycles re-produce old facts, re-modelled.

In the Louvre there hangs a picture, familiar to many, of Madame de Pompadour. It is a pastel picture, by Latour. Latour thought this picture of such importance that he would not be interrupted even by the presence of the King, whilst he was sketching it from life. Time has reduced some portions of the pastel colours in that picture to powder, so that Madame de Pompadour, beautiful but obscured, looks at you from it through the mist of a century.

Latour's genius would have been perverted in handing down a picture of triumphant sin to posterity. If designed for nothing better than to do so, the sooner Latour's picture is turned with its face to the wall, the better. The artist did not exclude the King from his studio, that he might immortalize the King's mistress.

At Madame de Pompadour's side, Latour has placed that great Dictionary of Science and of Learning, the "*Encyclopédie*," with Voltaire's "*Henriade*," Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," and the *Pastor Fido*. In another part of the picture, Latour shows you an open book, inscribed "Pompadour Sculpsit," and in the hand of the Marquise, Latour has placed a folio of music.

When the original of that picture uttered the words which, in almost every tongue, have be-

come a *blasé* proverb, "After me the Deluge," she had the consciousness (as says *M. Sainte Beuve*) "of all that heaped up over her head, clouds heavily laden with the cataracts of heaven, which, sooner or later, must burst." The antechamber of Madame de Pompadour was the threshold of Ideas and of Doctrines. Philosophers talked freely there, and disposed there of the world's future.

Marmontel, her secretary, tells us that "when Madame de Pompadour could not receive that troop of philosophers in her *sâlon*, she came forth to see them at table, and to converse with them."

The limits of this work prohibit more than an introductory glimpse of the Thinkers and of the Thoughts of the 18th century; but if this work can help to prove that the "Ideas and the Doctrines" which met Madame de Pompadour upon the threshold, were not altogether pernicious, nor fostered in France by corruption, there may be future encouragement to trace the course of some of them through a century, until we identify them in England at the present day.

It is hoped that to the Artist this narrative will be welcome. Practically, Madame de Pompadour evinced her sympathy with literature and with the fine arts. Paris, as now rebuilt, chiefly owes its origin to her. Names, familiar as household words to educated Europe, would not have been known had not

this woman been raised to power. The means by which she was so raised need cause no alarm to the moralist. "The whole history of any person raised by immorality would deter rather than invite imitation."

Madame de Pompadour's life may help to prove that the Retribution of Reality is sterner than that of poetic justice.

With the general history of the period, fast verging into tragedy, most people are familiar, although in England chiefly through the interpretation of national egotism. England's love of justice may be gratified by finding that there are two sides to old feuds (which, though smouldering, are not extinct), and that the country regarded as a traditional foe, has been an enemy great enough to become an ally for good and noble ends.

This work, in its present form, is about to be translated, by request, for the use of France.

In sending this work to the country from whence its materials originally came, the author offers it as a tribute of thanks to M. Capefigue, the living historian and erudite antiquarian of France, who is often quoted in its pages. M. Capefigue is said by some to "err as an historian through excess of fancy," but the error is more likely in the present day to be on the side of self-called "realism" which mocks at ancient creeds, and has faith but in money and in success, never mind how gotten.

Is such "realism" progress?

Of M. Capefigue it has been also said, upon the other hand, that, " whatever may be his faults as a legitimist and an adherent to an old order of things, he never forgets himself as a respectful and gallant gentleman, . . . void of that clever sensuality which marks the more enlightened (?) taste of some writers of the present day." To the researches of this gallant gentleman, humanity itself has cause to be thankful, as redeeming it from stains which were dyed by the blood of the Revolution, called by Horace Walpole " that mass of unheard-of crimes, giving liberty to mankind by atheism and massacres."

The Revolution pleaded its apology by adulterating a licentious Press with scandalous chronicles of the old régime.

The vindication of the ancient monarchy of France is equally honourable in one of her subjects, living under a dynasty which owes its origin to that Revolution, and to the dynasty which permits such vindication.

It is easier to pick a hole in our neighbour's coat than to mend it. But posterity can afford to be just. Is it quite fair to judge a whole society by the adventures of rakes, and by the rancour of renegades? With rakes and renegades, as with cowardly men and jealous women,—to accuse one's neighbour is to excuse one's self.

The corroborative evidence in this work of certain statements made by French historians in

favour of their own country, is due to English liberty of inquiry, of speech, and of thought, which shows that England can afford to be generous to-day; not concealing truths, nor telling lies, even though to screen herself, or to puff up her own people.

Madame de Pompadour's autograph letters, transcribed and translated in the narrative of the 2nd volume, have been preserved in England exactly one hundred years, and are now, to the honour of both countries, placed amongst the choice documents of the British Museum. "Nothing so rare," declares M. Capefigue, "as the autographs of the Marquise de Pompadour."

Madame de Pompadour's MS. letters transcribed and translated in the Appendix to Vol. 1 and to Vol. 2 of this work, are preserved by private hands and in the Imperial Archives of France, from whence some seditious documents, accepted in England as authentic, have been cast out as forgeries.

In translating the various letters in this work it has been endeavoured to render them intelligible as literally as possible, so as to convey to the English reader an idea of the respective style and characteristics of their writers. It is therefore hoped that certain Gallicisms and other crudities may be pardoned.

The Autographs Letters of Frederic the Great of Prussia, of the King of Poland, from the Court

of Russia, and certain State Documents (the originals of which are labelled 'Most Secret'), are to be found in the Appendix of the 2nd Vol. of this work, as not only curious in themselves, but confirmatory of the facts alleged in the narrative.

The Author begs to acknowledge the courtesy of the authorities of the British Museum, in facilitating the researches which may help to throw light from this side of the Channel upon the subject-matter of these volumes. Concerning the "Mitchell Papers" (a vast collection of MSS., now in the custody of the British Museum, forming in themselves a contemporary history of the seven years' war) the author was not able, until after the whole of this work was in print, to ascertain which, if any, of these MSS. had ever been published. From the latest inquiries upon this point, it appears that some years since, a selection from these MSS. was translated into German by Friederich Von Raumer, English translations from which selection (by Lord Ellesmere, it has been supposed) were anonymously published in the year 1836, under the title of "Contributions to Modern History." Upon comparison it is found that the present work contains about four duplicates of these "Contributions;" duplicates in matter though not in manner, as the translation from Von Raumer is so graceful as to smooth away the characteristics of the Original Documents.

Sir Henry Ellis, K.H.F.R.S., Sec. SA. tran-

scribed two or three of the Mitchell Papers (herein copied from the MSS.) in his erudite work,—"Original Letters, illustrative of English History;" Third Series, Published 1836.

Furthermore: Andrew Bisset, Esq., Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, M.A. of Trinity College, has published, under the title of "Memoirs of Sir Andrew Mitchell," a masterly selection from these Documents, with which selection that made herein, with a different view, by no means presumes in any way to interfere.*

Such of these MSS. as have been hitherto published have, so far as the Author can discover, been selected in favour of the Anglo-Prussian alliance. French historians will find in those papers now first offered to the public of England and of

* The Mitchell MSS. were, as Mr Bisset tells us in his Preface, transmitted in the middle of the last century to the Court and Cabinet of St James's from the Court of Frederic the Great, King of Prussia, by Sir Andrew Mitchell, K.C.B., British Plenipotentiary, from whom Mr Bisset is descended. In the early part of the present century these Documents were purchased from Sir William Forbes, Bart., of Crangrievar and Fintray, by the British Museum, through Lord Glenbervie, then one of the Trustees. Immediately afterwards, His Majesty George III. expressed a wish that these MSS. *might not see the light in a published form during his reign.* "They were, therefore, locked up, and intrusted to the care of Mr Planta only," although Lord Glenbervie had began to make a selection from them for publication. This purpose his Lordship was compelled to relinquish. In the British Museum there are 10 MS. volumes "of Lord Glenbervie's intended work.

France, confirmation of some of their assertions and suspicions, which have helped to keep alive a feeling of animosity between the two nations of Europe great enough to be worthy friends or foes. The various Papers in Appendix Vol. ii. are linked together according to date, with the endeavour to form an exact, though brief, narrative of the causes and consequences of the Seven Years' War between France and England, from contemporary and original MS. Documents. France is allowed to tell her own tale freely in this narrative, but if she glance at its Appendix she may find that there are two sides to her charge against England of tranatlantic piracy; and also, that Frederic of Prussia, the hero of England and the "Brigand" of France, does not quite deserve all the execration which France has traditionally accorded to him.

Every medal has its reverse; to test the worth of a coin, it must be examined on both sides.

London, June, 1861.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Louis XV. of France and Maria Theresa of Austria—England, Naples, Sardinia, and the Pope — Voltaire's great game—France, her King and Chivalry—The Abbé Count de Clermont—French victories and notion of the cause of England's failure—The King's illness and the Nation's woe —The bearer of good tidings—Madame la Duchesse de Châteauroux—The King's Letters to the Dauphin—The voice of the people—Distress of the Duchess—Her letter to the King's physician — Her appeal to the Duc de Richelieu—Her perilous escape—The Cardinal de Fleuri— His policy and character—Fatal royal precedents—The Abbé Millot—The Hero and his Heroine—Triumphal entry into Paris—The King's conscience—The King's jealousy of the Dauphin—The Queen's Cross — Character of the Queen—The most subtle poison—The Fishwomen of Paris —Retribution—The King's gloom—A Courtier's egotism— The Duc de Richelieu's interview with the King on Christmas Eve at Versailles—Letter of the Duchesse de Châteauroux to the King—Influence after death—Royal Resolutions, martial and matrimonial—Want of Faith .. *Page* 1

CHAPTER II.

The dawn of the New Year, 1745—Death of Charles VII.— —Voltaire's account of the mockery of woe—The King of

Poland—Fair candidates for Royal favour—The Times and their Victims—Financiers — Madame d'Etioles—Fortune-telling—Belief in Destiny—Description of Madame d'Etioles —Voltaire—Sketch of his previous life—Picture of Voltaire —The Royal Huntsman — The King's first interview with Madame d'Etioles — Marital subservience — The Masked Ball at the Hôtel De Ville — Face to face with Fate — Death from joy—Richelieu's negotiations—Marriage of the Dauphin to the Infanta of Spain — Fêtes — Fanaticism — Charge against the Protestants—English money and irregular treaties—The Dutch—Bavarian treachery—Departure of the King for Flanders—Marshal Saxe—The Dauphin's debût in War—Fatal possibilities—The King's care for his son—Break of day at Fontenoy — The Duc de Richelieu's "Elegant Baggage"—The new favourite's early studies—Voltaire appointed Historiographer of France—The Battle —Letter from the Marquis d'Argenson, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Voltaire, written on the field of battle—Letter from the King to Madame d'Etioles one hour after the battle—French reasons for English failure—The King and the Dauphin among the dead and wounded—Heroism—The Dauphin's Letter to his Bride, written on the scene of action—His self-abnegation—Extracts from letter written by Horace Walpole to the Aide-de-camp of the Duke of Cumberland—Horace Walpole's idea of his father's Peace Policy — Letters preserved by the French King from the late Sir Robert Walpole to the late Cardinal de Fleuri, and placed by the King in the hands of his Pupil, Madame d'Etioles—A Pill for Peace at all price 42

CHAPTER III.

The Wants of War—Expedient proposed—National Advantages of Amnesty and Toleration, as argued by political foresight, and illustrated in the present day—New influence felt before seen—Coronation of Francis, Emperor of

Austria—The Queen of the Royal Revels—"Choisy-du-Roi"—Pastorals—Madame de Pompadour's account of how Love paved the way for Politics—Letter of Madame la Marquise to the King—Her request to the Maréchal de Belleisle—Political Antecedents of Belleisle—Talk of to-day a hundred years ago—Stern Studies—Montesquieu, his life, literature, and person—John Law, the Financier—Sketch of his life and system—The Humanitarian Grand Turk—M. d'Etioles' provincial tour—Honour rendered to the deserted husband—Lampoons—Presentation of the new Marquise to the Queen—Her tribute to the Queen—Instalment at Versailles—Penalties—Court theatricals at Versailles—Account of their author and actors—"The temple of glory"—Voltaire's vivacity—Its reward—Good for evil—The new light in the council—Financial dilemma and "fiery bullets"—What French Generals thought of Frederic "the Great" of Prussia—Italy, the proverbial coffin of France—The Count de Ségur's apology for the want of money and morals in the reign of Louis XV—Parting *mot* of Marshal Saxe—Declaration of Marshal Belleisle on the French army and English navy .. 91

CHAPTER IV.

The sarcasm of popular applause—The Young Pretender—Origin of "God save the Queen"—Voltaire's Stuart Manifesto—The Duc de Richelieu at Calais—Jacobite Letter addressed to the King of France—The Cardinal de Tencin—Another Jacobite letter to the King—First flush of success—Letters of the Pretender to the King of France—French Colonies—Shocks to France—Marshal Saxe at the Brussel's Ball—Austria looks to Italy as France's "Coffin"—The Dauphin detained at home—Accusation and vindication—Letter from Madame la Marquise to the King's Chamberlain—"Pompadour fecit"—"Pompadour delineavit et sculpsit"—Bibliothèque Impériale—Biography engraved on stones contained there—Crozat, the guide to the old mas-

ters—Why the Marquise sent her brother to Italy—The Controller-General of Finance, and his system of Taxation — The best friend of King and People — Artistic refinement opposed to vulgar ostentation — New head of the Exchequer — King Louis in Brussels — Death of the Dauphiness — Dauphin's despair — Royal, righteous, and brave—Letter of Madame de Pompadour to Marshal Saxe —Capitulation of Namur—How 12,000 men were lost in action for want of one man — Letter of the Marquise to the Marshal—Drama in the Camp, and the effects thereof — Fanaticism in Languedoc — Memorial of Commander, Duc de Richelieu, to the King in behalf of the Protestants — How love and mercy prevailed after ten years' useless appeals from justice — The Pope's ideal of a King — The Pope's parallel between Religion and Reason—The Pope's philosophy — Montesquieu, the defender of religion and enemy of intolerance—Three types — Wits of Choisy — Marmontel — Boudoir of the Marquise — The Abbé de Bernis—Gratitude and Gallantry—Lines of Voltaire to the Marquise — His envy — Letter of Madame la Marquise about the Dutch Ambassador, &c. 129

CHAPTER V.

The House of Bourbon in Spain as affecting Italy—King Philip's peculiarity—Cardinal Alberoni and Elizabeth Farinese, the mother of Dons Carlos and Philip—Sardinia—What the Genoese did—Italy's vivacity and vitality—France and her Generals in Italy—Richelieu in the Doge's palace—Letter of Madame de Pompadour to the Duc de Boufflers at Genoa — Fiddlers paid beforehand—The Duchess *sans Souliers*—Advice of the Marquise to the King about the Dauphin—Naples under Heaven—New matrimonial projects for the Dauphin—Secret instructions of the King to the Duc de Richelieu—Richelieu's pomp in Poland—Polish rapacity—Strange prophecy of a Nun to

the Princess—Arrival of the new Dauphiness at Versailles —What she said to her bridegroom, and how she won the Queen's heart—Voltaire at mischief—What Madame la Marquise thought of Madame la Dauphine, and about herself—Her reflections on kings and courtiers—Letter of Madame la Marquise to Van Hoy the Dutchman—Honours to Marshal Saxe—Court ball at Versailles—People's ball at Versailles—The Swiss at the sideboard—Change of Ministry—Letters of Madame la Marquise on the aspect of politics—Triumphs of the British Navy—France and England in Flanders again—"La Pucelle"—Marshals Saxe, Lowendhal, and the Prince de Conti—Letter from the Court to the Camp—Reflections of a British bull-dog 181

CHAPTER VI.

More losses at sea—Letter of the King of France to the Czarina of Russia and private cabinet correspondence of the King—The Minister of Marine—Letter of Madame de Pompadour to the Minister of Marine—Peace conferences —Siege of Maestricht—Dupleix and de Bourdonnaye—Peace treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle—Clauses of that treaty—Discontent in France concerning the Pretender—Secrets from old sources—Necessity *versus* Chivalry in the Cabinet —The balance of Europe as poised at Aix—Want in France —Want memorials—Clamour for war rewards—Character of the Duc de Belleisle—Machault, the Controller-General, and the Marquise—Obstinacy of the Pretender—His capture at the Opera—Popular songs and libels—The Bull "Unigenitus"—Church strife—Jansenists and Jesuits—Records of the Vatican—Spiritual *v.* temporal authority —Nuns of St Agatha—The Fanatic Curé of Amiens—Diderot, the philosopher—Letter of Sister "Saint Joseph" to Madame de Pompadour—Fiscal proposal of the Marquise to the King—Taxation memorial—How to lighten the burden—Superannuated chancellor—*L'amour sans ailes*—How the Marquise made enemies 226

CHAPTER VII.

New law passed—Secret resistance of the Clergy—Press war—Pope Benedict XIV.—Voltaire's letter to the Pope—The Encyclopédie—Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert—Original purpose of the Encyclopédie—Bull against Freemasons—Suppression and its consequences—Jesuitism the hot-bed of Reason—The new Sophist—Triumph for the Encyclopédistes—Form of proscription—Frederic of Prussia, the refuge for proscribed Philosophy—What Voltaire wrote about Church quarrels—Party names forbidden—Parliamentary threat—Imprisonment of members—Calumny of the Bath of Blood—Montesquieu's Theory—Birth of the Dauphin's son—Wise rejoicing—Seasonable distractions for the King—Return of Madame de Pompadour's brother—The King's partiality to the Marquis de Marigny—Foundation of the Military School—Death of Marshal Saxe—Army and Navy—French and English East India Companies—Estimate of Marshal Saxe—His financial advice—Military Hospital—*Champs Elysées*—Paris Boulevards—A new Paris—Sermons in Stones—National Art Prizes—*Exposition* at the Louvre—Illness of the Marquise—Royal *Petits Soupers*—Jealousy of the Count de Maurepas—Personal outrage—Insult to the King of the Minister of Marine—Letter of the Marquise to de Maurepas—Disgrace of the Minister—Generous intercession of the Marquise—New Minister of Marine—English fear and French assurances—Parliamentary debate in Paris on Canada, a hundred years ago—Venice Diplomatic—The Abbé de Bernis as Ambassador—Thanks of the Pope to France and of the Republic—The Duc de Choiseul, and the Prince de Kaunitz—How and when the Queen Empress first honoured the Marquise—Letter of Madame de Pompadour's lady in waiting about her Mistress—Excommunicated—Letter of the Marquise about herself and the Queen 278

PROLOGUE.

VOLTAIRE tells us: "In 1740, the big King of Prussia, Frederic William, the least patient of all the kings, and incontrovertibly the most economical and the richest king in ready money, died at Berlin."

To him succeeded his son Frederic, the great king of Prussia. "I had been employed, ineffectually," says Voltaire, "to repress a book which the new King had written: 'Anti Machiavel.' He treated me as a god. I called him 'Solomon of the North.' Epithets cost nothing."

In 1740, Charles VI., Emperor of Austria, died "of an indigestion of mushrooms which caused to him an apoplexy; and that dish of mushrooms changed the destiny of Europe."

To Charles VI. ought to have succeeded his daughter Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and of Bohemia.

But: Frederic, the new King of Prussia, started, "on the 15th of December, with quartan ague fever, for the conquest of Silesia (Maria Theresa's Silesia) at the head of 30,000 fighting men." . . . . Said Frederic:

"I have troops always ready to act; my exchequer is well filled; and I have vivacity of character; these are the reasons why I make war against Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary and of Bohemia." Afterwards Frederic adds: "Ambition, interest, the desire to make myself talked about, carried me away; and the war was resolved upon."*

Cardinal de Fleury, prime minister of France, was a great peace-maker: he had written a long letter, full of praises to the "Solomon of the North," both as Monarch and Author, which letter "I," says Voltaire, "did not fail to show unto him. He (Frederic) had already assembled his troops, without any of his generals or of his ministers being able to penetrate his designs. The Marquis de Beauveau, therefore, who had been sent from France to congratulate the monarch upon his authorship and upon his accession to the throne, was glad when that monarch declared (just as he was mounting his horse, with ague fever, at the head

* Mémoires de Voltaire. Ecrits par lui meme. De l'Imprimerie de la Société Typographique. 1789. A Copy of these Mémoires was read by King Frederic, whom they concern, after the death of Voltaire.

of 30,000 fighting men) to him (French Envoy), "I go to play your game." Afterwards:

"Whilst the outcasts of literature made war against me" (Voltaire), "France declared it against the Queen of Hungary: and it must be confessed that the one war was not more just than the other. . . . . Cardinal de Fleury was dragged out of his measures. He could not say, like the King of Prussia, that it was the vivacity of his temperament which made him take up arms. That happy priest had reigned to the age of 86 years, and had held the reins of the State with a very weak hand. France had united herself with the King of Prussia at the time that he took Silesia; they had sent into Germany two armies, whilst Maria Theresa had none there. The one of these armies had penetrated within five leagues of Vienna without finding enemies. They had given Bohemia to the Elector of Bavaria, who was elected Emperor (Charles VII.), after having been named Lieutenant-General of the armies of the King of France. . . . . The King of Prussia, having during that time ripened his courage and gained battles, made peace with the Austrians."

Maria abandoned to him, to her very great regret, the Conté de Glatz with Silesia. Frederic having without ceremony detached himself from France, upon these conditions, in the month of June, 1742, he sent to me (Voltaire) "that he had

remedied himself, and that he advised other sick men to cure themselves!"

Nevertheless, in 1741, Frederic had written to the Marquis de Valory, French Ambassador, thus:*

"Monsieur le Marquis,

. . . . . "I ask nothing better than to unite myself strictly with His very Christian Majesty, whose interests will be always dear to me, and I flatter myself that he will not have less regard for mine.

"I am with a very perfect esteem,

"Monsieur le Marquis,

"Your very affectionate."

"P. S. Here is my answer to Monsieur the Cardinal."

After which King Frederic adds a postscript, by his "own hand" (cramped like a school-boy's, with curious orthography), . . .

"Breslaw† this 5th of January, 1741.

". . . You may reckon upon entire satisfaction; it depends upon you to come here or not. I reckon soon to have free arms (*brads libres*) here, and to be able, in consequence, to make a tour to Berlin for 15 days.

"*Fédéric.*"

"To the Marquis de Valory."

* MS. Mus. Brit. † Breslaw, capital of Silesia.

"But," says Voltaire, "it was in his (Frederic's) nature to do always quite the contrary to what he said and to what he wrote, not by dissimulation, but because he wrote and spoke with one sort of enthusiasm, and acted afterwards with another." *

In 1743, Cardinal de Fleury died, with his faith much shaken in the "Anti-Machiavel" Monarch who had dragged him out of his measures to take part in the war, and who, having secured Silesia, left France to take care of herself.

. . . . "Public affairs did not go better after the death of the Cardinal than they had done in his last two years. The house of Austria rose from her ashes. France was pressed by her and by England. No other resource remained to us but in the King of Prussia, who had drawn us into the war, and who had abandoned us at need."

* Therefore, no monarch so practically illustrated three maxims of Machiavel as the Author of "Anti-Machiavel."

Maxim 1. . . . "Why the French have *bin*, and are thought in Combats at the beginning more than men, and afterwards lesse than women."

Maxim 2. "However that the use of fraud in any action be detestable, yet in the management of a *warre* it is a thing laudable and glorious, and he is as much praised who vanquishes the enemy by deceipt, as he that overcomes him by force."

Maxim 3. "By sudden surprisall and boldnesse many times more is obtained than by ordinary meanes can be gotten."

So says Voltaire, who was afterwards sent from France to sound his friend, the "Solomon of the North," upon a new alliance.

The veteran Marshal Duc de Noailles was the accredited negotiator between the Protestant power of Prussia and His very Christian Majesty of France.

To Marshal Noailles Frederic wrote at the opening date of this narrative, 1744:

"Monsieur,

"I cannot conceal from you the satisfaction which I feel at the King of France having chosen you to be the instrument to cement for ever between us the bonds of an union the most solid and indissoluble, &c. &c."

But upon one point his "Very Christian" Majesty of France differed with his Protestant "Bon Frère" of Prussia, and also with his faithful servant, Marshal Noailles; viz. the re-establishment of the Stuarts upon the throne of England. Louis XV. much desired to effect this re-establishment.

Cardinal de Tencin had succeeded Cardinal de Fleury at the Court of France. De Noailles himself was at heart a lover of peace, like his late friend de Fleury. It was not, therefore, likely that de Noailles, although the elected negotiator of France with Prussia, should be an accomplice in an inflammable correspondence between

Cardinals Tencin and Alberoni, wherein it is proposed:

1st. To corrupt the governors and commanders of several ports of Great Britain, and notable Englishmen attached to her service.

2nd. To excite revolt, and to set fire to the City of London.

3rd. To support the Pretender, and to seize King George and his family.

The young Pretender, thus stimulated, declared to Cardinal Tencin, "I will either lose my head or place a crown upon it."*

The Queen of France, wife of Louis XV., believed that the Church could do no wrong, but her timid character precludes suspicion that she was consulted about setting fire to the city of London. She was daughter of Stanislas, Ex-King of Poland, who still called himself "Stanislas, by the Grace of God King of Poland," and owned a whole page of high-sounding titles, signed in the faintest of scribbledom, "Stanislas Roy," which autograph looks unutterably small in comparison to the huge pretensions whose inflation required all the 'Grace de Dieu' to support. Prefixed to a sample of this Ex-King scribbledom in the British Museum is this explanation concerning the

* The Minister of Spain at Rome (Aquaviva) was nominated to hold the thread of these Intrigues against the Hanoverians.

father of the Queen of France, wife of King Louis XV.

A.D. 1759.

" Signature of Stanislas I. (Lesczinski), King of Poland, son of the Grand Treasurer of that kingdom, and born 1677." In 1704, the Assembly deputed him to Charles XII. of Sweden, who had just conquered Poland. That monarch caused him to be crowned at Warsaw, in 1705, but on the defeat of Charles in 1709, Stanislas was compelled to leave his kingdom. On the death of Augustus in 1733, he returned in hopes of being acknowledged, but the power of Germany and the Empress of Russia prevailed against him. He died, in consequence of his night-gown catching fire, in 1766. He was author of various pieces printed in four Vols. 8vo, under the title of "The Works of a Beneficent Philosopher." *

Voltaire, on a visit to this "Beneficent Philosopher," says: "I have found a true sage, who prepares for himself the glories of saints in making the happiness of men." But the true sage wanted to rid himself of the philosophic poet. The true sage consulted his house-steward how to do so. "Sire," replied that functionary, "*hoc genus dæmonorium non ejicitur nisi in oratione et jejunio.*" Prayers had failed to eject Voltaire; so

* Mus. Brit.

the "Beneficent Philosopher" starved him out. Whereupon Voltaire complains, "The new Macænas showed himself insensible to the choice thanks (*flagornerie*) of the modern Virgil." But Voltaire's after-conduct illustrated his maxim, as we shall see, that "Misfortunes are good only to forget."

THE SECRET HISTORY

OF THE

COURT OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Louis XV. of France and Maria Theresa of Austria—England, Naples, Sardinia, and the Pope—Voltaire's great game—France, her King and Chivalry—The Abbé Count de Clermont—French victories and notion of the cause of England's failure—The King's illness and the Nation's woe—The bearer of good tidings—Madame la Duchesse de Châteauroux—The King's Letters to the Dauphin—The voice of the people—Distress of the Duchess—Her letter to the King's physician — Her appeal to the Duc de Richelieu—Her perilous escape—The Cardinal de Fleuri—His policy and character—Fatal royal precedents—The Abbé Millot—The Hero and his heroine—Triumphal entry into Paris—The King's conscience—The King's jealousy of the Dauphin—The Queen's Cross—Character of the Queen—The most subtle poison—The Fishwomen of Paris—Retribution—The King's gloom—A Courtier's egotism—The Duc de Richelieu's interview with the King on

Christmas Eve at Versailles—Letter of the Duchesse de Châteauroux to the King—Influence after death — Royal Resolutions, martial and matrimonial—Want of Faith.

On the third of May, in the year of grace 1744, Louis XV. quitted Paris on his way to the war against Maria Theresa, the Queen of Hungary. All Europe was a battle-field. The disputed succession of Maria Theresa, the late Emperor of Austria's eldest daughter (married to Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany), was the one great cause of this commotion.

Four years before, as the reader may remember, her father, the last prince of the House of Austria, had died without male issue, but, by virtue of the Pragmatic Sanction, and by right of blood, the succession belonged to the Archduchess Maria Theresa, his eldest daughter. Nevertheless, Charles, Elector of Bavaria, had obtained the imperial crown as Charles VII. He was sustained by France. Maria Theresa had retired into Hungary. Frederic, surnamed the Great, had ascended the throne of Prussia in 1740. He was the ally of France in this war against Austria. He had already begun to astonish the world by his new system of military tactics, so that France, who doubted his integrity as much as she

admired his skill, had been anxious as to which part he would take in the coming struggle, until Frederic said to the French Ambassador, "I believe I am going to play your game for you; if I get the aces into my hand, we will divide the winnings."

The original predilection of the King of France had been for diplomacy. It was peculiar to the race of Bourbon. Louis XV. was long accustomed to dictate his own dispatches. When he drew the sword and placed himself at the head of his army, French political chronicles declare that he had other objects in view than to deprive Maria Theresa of her succession, although that was the professed and primary one. These were his objects, — 1st, The restoration of the House of Stuart in the person of Charles Edward, "King of England." 2nd, The aggrandizement of Prussia in a way to content her as a political and military power. 3rd, The possession of frontiers guarded by Dutch troops, and a campaign against Holland, so as to constrain her morally to humiliate herself. 4th, The permanent establishment of the Bourbons in Milan and at Parma, with the consequent influence over all Italy. 5th, The limits of the Rhine for France.

6th, The alliance of the French and Spanish Navies, so as, combined, to resist the marine force of Great Britain.

Amongst other states, fresh phases and combinations were continually occurring, but of all the princes who declared war, Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, was said to be the only one who was endowed to make it. He allied himself with the enemies of France to deliver himself from a dangerous neighbour (of the House of Bourbon), and so at the beginning of the war he sent succour to the House of Austria, and made a treaty with her. England gave him money to sustain the cost of battles; but the Queen of Hungary made a still greater effort, and gave him a little State that did not belong to her.* As said Voltaire, sarcastically looking on :—

"It was a great game played by princes from one end of Europe to the other. Blood and treasure were squandered on every side with equal recklessness, and the favour of fortune was long suspended by a balance of brilliant deeds, as of faults and losses."

Britannia, everywhere, ruled the waves. Such awe did her ships inspire, that at one time a simple

*The "Final," which belonged to the Genoese.

captain of an English vessel succeeded, unaided, in forcing the King of Naples into temporary neutrality. The Pope remained neuter, the most suitable attitude for the Common Father of all the faithful. Rome was therefore (in the midst of Italian war) a city of refuge for all; so that about the time this narrative opens, Maria Theresa, then *enceinte*, and struggling for the throne of her forefathers, expressed her consolation that one place would be open to her in case of misfortune, and if she had not, as once before, where to lay her head.

Rival princes met at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff, leaving their troops on either side of Rome to ravage the country.

The main reliance of Maria Theresa was in the love of her Hungarian subjects, although she was supported by English arms, and had, as says Voltaire, "agreed to take English money like the rest."* From the first a great enthusiasm had been excited in England on behalf of Maria Theresa. The Duchess of Marlborough proclaimed herself her friend and admirer. It suited English politicians to fan this enthusiasm of the fair sex in behalf of the oppressed Austrian, and at one assembly of the

* See Appendix A.

Duchess of Marlborough, ladies despoiled themselves of their jewels to carry on her cause, so that the French believe that her Grace offered to the Archduchess £800,000 sterling. Whether this belief is exaggerated or not, that of England's hatred to France, as the enemy of Maria Theresa, was only too true, and this hatred being epidemic in Holland, the Dutch, although sometimes parsimonious, offered a loan of 300,000 ducats to the Queen of Hungary. Maria Theresa was still young and beautiful. She attended the Diet in person. At one time having assembled the four orders of the State at Presburg, she appeared holding her eldest son, still an infant, in her arms, and said in Latin:—"Abandoned by my friends, persecuted by my nearest relations, I have no resource but in your fidelity, in your courage, and in my own constancy. I place in your hands the daughter and son of your Kings, who expect from you their salvation." Then arose the cry from the Hungarian magnates, "Moriamur pro Rege nostro, Mariâ Theresiâ!" (Let us die for our 'King,' Maria Theresa.) French cynicism therefore declared that for three words of a dead language Europe was involved in war. At an-

other time she sent to the Palatine, Count Palffy, a present of her favourite horse, a sword, gold hilted and studded with diamonds, a ring, and this letter;—

"Father Palffy,

"I send you my horse, worthy of being mounted by none but my most faithful and zealous subject; receive at the same time this sword to defend me against my enemies, and take this ring as a gage of my affection for you.

Marie Thérèse."

Louis XV. of France was at this time forty years of age; and, outwardly, every inch a king. On horseback, especially, the majesty of his appearance was remarkable, so that it was with strong exultation and national pride that the people gazed on him as, through the midst of them, he rode forth to conquer. France loves glory and display, and she shouted forth "God bless the king," as she beheld him in the midst of her heroes, himself the chief.

But when he turned and smiled, a thrill of tenderness passed through the crowd, as of children for a father. The smile of one habitually melancholy, as he was, is proverbially touching;

and now it was the sunshine of hope to all; so that the people cried: "The most loved of kings is also the greatest."

The glory-loving people of France were the more glad to see their king assume the royal prerogative—command, because until lately he had been restrained by the political advice of the late Cardinal de Fleuri, whose influence on the youth of Louis, as preceptor, continued long after the king's maturity to affect the kingdom, as minister. It was said, and is still believed, in France, that Walpole had maintained the peace of England with France by corruption, and de Fleuri by his religious convictions and the pliable gentleness of his character. The Cardinal's love for peace, however, was partly owing to the consciousness of an exhausted exchequer. When his young pupil, Louis XV., ascended the throne, the finance was seriously impaired by the wars of his predecessor, and the paper currency of Law, of Mississippi memory. During the minority of Louis XV. (the Regency of the Duc d'Orléans) France was not only still on the verge of bankruptcy, but corrupted in morals even beyond the precedent of her "great" ruler's time, Henri IV. De Fleuri, therefore, who has been accused of an insinuating per-

sonal ambition, had to contend with adverse elements, as affecting both the kingdom and the soul of his royal pupil.

The religious history of France declares that this servant of God and the State was worn out by political watching and faithful fasting. When he was calmly awaiting his end, he advised the King, who had the most filial love for his old preceptor, to have no prime minister after himself. "My son," said he, "a monarch of more than thirty years old ought to govern by himself, and to know how to reign; the time is come for him to conduct his own affairs; the greatness of the attempt ought not to alarm him; Cardinals and First Ministers are only good for the time of weakness and minority."—And then, afterwards, the dying Cardinal added: "Sire, permit Monseigneur the Dauphin to draw near me." The king, profoundly affected, placed his child before his aged minister. De Fleuri solemnly blessed the boy, and then murmured, "It is not bad that the child should be accustomed to the image of death." De Fleuri expired at Issy at the age of 90 years, on the 29th January, 1743. The predilection of the king himself was for peace, as might be expected from the tutelage of de Fleuri, and the dying ad-

vice of his predecessor (Louis XIV.); who—mourning his own fruitless conquests—had endeavoured with his latest breath to impress him with a love for it.

But Louis XV., though the king of a great country, was not the master but the creature of his century.

A French author thus apologizes for the moral defection of Louis XV. (while declaring that his long persistence in domestic virtue, in spite of all temptation, was a triumph to the education he had received from Cardinal de Fleuri): "Individuals are less to be blamed than the times .... One need have a strong character of head and heart with cool blood, to resist the torrent of evil. Was it a young king, allured on every side, who could so resist? He could not fly from it as an anchorite to the desert...." And Louis XV., though intelligent, and physically brave, was not a strong character. But after his defalcation from virtue he was never really happy. His conscience smote him; he became proverbially gloomy; and fanatical observances usurped the place of the religion which formerly filled his soul with peace. Henceforth, his

faith was one of terror, from which he sought refuge in pleasure.

It was now impossible for him to remain passive in the great game of Europe, and so, stung into activity by urgent necessity, and sustained in it by the advice of his mistress, Madame de Châteauroux, he rode forth on his way to the war.

The King was surrounded by the flower of his nobility, and followed by a brilliant court.

De Richelieu, Luxembourg, Brion, Soubise, Bouffers, D'Aumont, de Meuse, d'Ayen, and de Pecquigny; these were the King's aides-de-camp; some of them destined to become the worthiest, because the bravest, foes of England. His generals were Marshals Noailles and Saxe.

Who doubts the man who has faith in himself? Here, passing before the good people of Paris, was not only the King, self-confident, but many men whose faith in themselves had already been tried, and not found wanting. The Maréchal de Saxe had already ordered a couplet to celebrate victory. Nor was it ordered in vain. In those days, witty words were as plentiful as gun-shots. The gentleman of the 18th century marched up to the cannon's mouth with a *bon mot* in his

own, and achieved some brilliant deed of valour as he turned an epigram.

Courage has never been the less for elegance, and a man is none the less brave for being polite. So Louis and his young nobility would not fight the worse, because their uniforms were graceful and gay, and though perfume was on the handkerchiefs which might serve to staunch their blood.

In all this England must not judge of France by her own 19th century utility. As in modes, so in morals. It would be unfair to judge France a hundred years ago by ourselves to-day.

On the 12th day of May, Louis XV. arrived at Lisle, and reviewed his troops there.* His army was more than 120,000 strong. The Dutch, who had hitherto felt confidence in the alliance of the Queen of Hungary and the English, were frightened. They sent out a deputation to the King of France instead of troops against him. The King's reply to the Dutch deputies was this:—"All my measures towards your Republic, since my accession to the throne, ought to have proved how much I desired to maintain with it a sincere friendship, and a perfect correspondence. For a

* The "*Mercure de France*," 1744, contains interesting notices of the War, the appointments of the aides-de-camp, &c.

long time I have made known my inclination for peace; but the longer I have deferred a declaration of war, the less will I suspend its consequences . . . I will make known to your masters that such is my final resolution." In such resolution the King was supported by his mistress, the Duchesse de Châteauroux, who followed him to the war, and was present at the review at Lisle.

The first operations of the French army were directed against Courtrai, which surrendered on the 18th of May, and its reduction was quickly followed by that of Menin, Ypres, and Fort Knocque.* On the 11th of July the Count de Clermont fixed the colours of France on the walls of Furnes.

De Clermont was an example of the zeal and chivalry of his time. He was not only a noble and a soldier, but Abbé de Saint Germain-des-Prés. Being descended from the great Condé, the Pope had given him permission to wield the sword, which Voltaire interpreted as an admission that ecclesiastical government ought to be subordinate in time of war. French courage, the contagion of its enthusiasm, was irresistible.

* See Appendix B.

The Austrian and English generals could not arrest its progress.

"The army of these allies," says a contemporary French anonymous historian, "regarded our progress, and could not oppose it. Its chiefs, however, were three men of rare merit. General Wade, the pupil of Marlborough, commanded the English; the Duc d'Aremberg, pupil of Prince Eugène, the Germans; and the Count Maurice of Nassau, still filled with the republican spirit of his ancestors, with their love of glory and liberty, conducted the Dutch. The King of England would have done well to have put himself at the head of his troops at that time; the King of France would have been a rival worthy of him, and King George would, by the authority of his rank, have prevented the disunion of the generals, the principal cause of their inaction."

English historians affirm that to dissensions among the English and Austrian generals must be ascribed their inactivity; and confess that it would be difficult to say how far Louis might have pushed his conquests, had not his measures been unexpectedly defeated by the skill and activity of Prince Charles of Lorraine.

During the progress of the march, the "French King augmented the pay and subsistence of the soldiers, and by this instance of attention to their comfort redoubled their zeal for his service and their affection for his person." It was the brightest period of the reign of Louis. France loves glory, and he gave it to her. His name was blessed from one end to the other of his kingdom, and through all the provinces bordering on Germany, a sense of security took the place of alarm. Wherever he went, his presence only was a guarantee against insult and outrage.*

But in the midst of all this rejoicing through the length and breadth of his land, Louis was struck down by illness at Metz. He had escaped the dangers of the battle-field, but he did not believe himself invulnerable or immortal; and so, told that he was about to die, he sent to Versailles for his Queen and children. Not only so. The Bishop of Soissons refused to absolve the royal penitent until he dismissed his favourite mistress, the Duchess of Châteauroux. That done, King Louis XV. prepared to face his Maker.

So now France cried aloud with strong lamentation. Her "well-beloved" was about to

* See Appendix C.

be taken from her, and she would not be comforted. The churches were crowded with men, women, and children. The intercession of the priesthood was incessant. As to the object of all this love and wailing, his mind was fluctuating between his hopes of victory in heaven and on earth,—for, said he to the Count d'Argenson,* who was in attendance on him, "write to Maréchal de Noailles,† and tell him from me that, while they carried Louis XIII. to the grave, the Prince de Condé gained a victory." But with this unabated thirst for glory, the King was deeply touched by the love of his people. "Ah," cried he, "what a pleasure to be thus beloved! what have I done to deserve it?"

Still, night and day France prayed. The prayers of the priests for the King's recovery were incessantly interrupted by their tears, and cries and sobs were the only responses of the people. But hush! who is this, clattering through the

* Count d'Argenson (Marc Pierre de Voyer) was brother to the Marquis d'Argenson, Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was born on the 16th of August, 1696.

† The brave old Marshal Noailles, the friend of the late Cardinal de Fleuri, was famous for his recommendation of "Rest and Patience," two words, as says a French chronicler, "no longer the fashion of France."

streets, at a time when all are so engaged, his horse all covered with foam, and crying as with the sound of a trumpet, "God be praised?"

In the midst of Paris he is stopped. An electric thrill of joy has told the people that the King lives,—that their prayers are heard. Tumultuously rushing forth from houses and altars, a crowd presses round the bearer of good tidings. And when he says, "Yea, our King is out of danger," they burst forth in a chorus of thanksgiving, then kiss the courier's hands and feet, clinging even about his horse's neck. The women lift the children to touch the rider, as if there were some special virtue in him; the priests call down blessings on his head, tears again are shed, but tears of joy, from aged eyes; and so, amid the caresses of the people, the courier is led in triumph through the streets.

But mobs are equally excitable in abhorrence as in idolatry. Enthusiasm and execration are contagious, and in love, religion, or politics, it is easier to rush from one extreme to another, than to subside into lukewarm indifference.

France had well nigh lost her "well-beloved;" and now, the danger past, she looked round for somebody to blame. Thus the fury of the peo-

ple turned on Madame de Châteauroux, by whose advice the King had been induced to head his own troops.

The Queen, however, had made a faint resistance to the growing influence of the Duchess by proposing that the Dauphin should accompany his father to the war. The King had answered his son thus: "The future of France must not be risked. Are you not its only hope? Princes must not expose their lives until they are fathers; the stem must first produce a bud. I commend the desire you testify, but your person is dear to the State. When you have children I promise that you shall always accompany me at the head of the army, but I hope never to be called upon to fulfil that promise. . . I make war but to assure to my people a good and lasting peace. . . . It is well that you accustom yourself early to regard yourself rather as the father than the master of those who will one day become your subjects."

If the Duchess had been guilty of keeping the Dauphin in the background, while urging the King to achieve the glory that France loves, she was now bitterly punished for having planted a root of jealousy between father and son. She was

accused of having nearly caused the death of the royal hero, and was in danger of losing her own life by the indignation of the mob. She must also have previously been made aware that, in time of danger, the king's heart naturally reverted to his family, and that his conscience was stung by the sense of his own outrage against holy ties; for thus again he had written to his son on the eve of action: "Pray Heaven, my son, to bless my endeavours. Learn from this request that there is a master above all kings. Adieu, my dear son; redouble your prayers to God that He may inspire me with sentiments of peace and justice to my enemies, and that He may conduct me to the end I propose to myself for the happiness of my people. The Queen will tell you more. Embrace your sisters for me."

Madame de Châteauroux attended to the King herself in the earlier part of his illness, but when it so increased that he was no longer able to protect her, this woman, lately the idol of the camp and the moving spirit of the army, was without a refuge. She was suddenly pronounced unworthy to meet the Queen, with whom, according to the strange etiquette of the times, she had not only hitherto been on friendly terms, but had

held a high appointment about her person. Of the Queen (the Polish Marie Leczinska) we shall see more hereafter. In the mean while her Majesty was hourly expected at Metz, accompanied by her son, the Dauphin. The priests, whose word was the Queen's law, made this an additional pretext for removing the Duchess. She was ignominiously banished, although herself of princely blood.

Afraid to face the mob, and forbidden to be under the same roof with the sick monarch and his family, she had not sufficient authority left to command a carriage to convey her from the scene of insult and outrage.

But, nevertheless, it would seem that her chief anxiety was about the King. Perhaps ambition was not entirely crushed out of this unfortunate woman, but it is supposed by her contemporary, the Duc de Richelieu, that affection had a share in the following letter (preserved by the Duke) from her to the King's first physician, Monsieur de Vernage:—

"My only hope is in you, sir. The heads of all the people who surround the King are turned. I entreat as a favour that it be not so with you. You have been called upon in extremity, therefore, if misfortune happen, it cannot

be attributable to you. I already owe you my life; if I owed you *his* also, it would be to receive it twice at your hands; what gratitude should I not have! And assuredly this life would be a hundred times more acceptable than the other. Rely, sir, on the most tender friendship of

La Duchesse de Châteauroux."

In the extremity of her anxiety and distress, she appealed to her old friend the Duc (afterwards Maréchal) de Richelieu, a man consistent with the temper of the times in which he lived, inasmuch as "he passed one half of his life in making a reputation, and the other half in destroying it." Symbolic of the strange mixture of corruption and chivalry of which he was the type, is the fact of his having assisted the Duchesse de Châteauroux, herself a woman of noble birth, to achieve her dishonourable distinction, that he might avail himself of her influence in inducing the King to take command of his own army for the glory of France.

In vain the Duc de Richelieu tried to re-assure Madame de Châteauroux, until, seeing that her position was utterly untenable, and being himself warned by an anonymous letter of the danger he incurred in befriending her, he called on the

Maréchal de Bellcisle to assist in her escape from Metz, with her sister the Duchesse de Lauragnais. This escape was at last achieved under cover of a carriage belonging to the Maréchal de Belleisle, but the road was beset with dangers and difficulties to the two unprotected fugitives. At last, a prey to the keenest disquietude, and terrified at every step of recognition and insult, the deposed favourite arrived in Paris, and there waited, with agonizing solicitude, the arrival of the next courier.

When the King was ill, he said to the Bishop de Soissons, who confessed him: "It is twenty-two years since I made my first communion. Would to God that this may be the last! I know that it is not permitted to wish for death; but if I had, now, something to ask of God, it would be to withdraw me from this world, and to give this kingdom unto one who might govern it better than I can. What an account has a King about to appear before God to render! How terrible is this passage!"*

This same Bishop of Soissons, who confessed his Majesty, did well to compel his royal penitent to

* "Détails envoyés à M. de Maurepas, de la maladie du Roy." Août 15, 1744. M. de Maurepas was Minister of Marine.

put away his mistress, although the fact has been perverted by party spirit to a suspicion against him, alleging that she was regarded by him, in her influence on the King, as an obstacle to ecclesiastical ambition. Exclusively Protestant historians have also declared, and it was the fashion of England to say, that to ecclesiastical ambition was originally due the demoralization of the King. But this foul charge is not proved, any more than that of the inordinate ambition of Cardinal Fleuri — the director of the youth of Louis XV., and of the country during the early years of his reign. The young King did honour to the influence of de Fleuri during the early period of his married life. He was cited as a model of domestic virtue in the midst of his own corrupt Court; and when its baneful influence even tainted him, and he gradually forgot, as said Massillon of his predecessor, "every duty towards his Queen save that of politeness," it is more reasonable to infer that de Fleuri deplored, rather than encouraged, the change. The Cardinal, even from the account of his enemies, was of a gentle character, candid, humorous, and guilelessly gay. His policy in the State was invariably one of conciliation, as might be expect-

ed from his disposition, and the consciousness of an empty exchequer. That such policy was lamentably short-sighted we shall find, but that is no evidence of inordinate personal ambition, any more than the following anecdotes about him, and charges against him which have been chronicled by a contemporary enemy, and which are here referred to as affecting the narrative to come.

He neglected the navy, it is said, because he feared to offend England.* He made use of the Lettres de Cachet to preserve peace in the Church. He confided to the Farmers general, "the body that gnawed as a worm at the heart of the State," to avoid the disasters of any great change. When he was young, Louis XIV. made him Bishop of Fréjus, whereupon he signed himself "Fleuri, Bishop of Fréjus, by wrath divine," a signature attributed to disappointment at not having, by his pliant ambition, insinuated himself into some better preferment. Louis XIV. loved Fleuri. "I would," said that monarch, "that you owe nothing but unto me." Fleuri, doubtless, disliked the exile from the King to whom he was attached, which his new preferment necessitated; but he learned, in time, to

* See Appendix D.

love the solitude of Fréjus; for when, just before the death of Louis XIV., he was nominated preceptor to the Dauphin, he wrote to the Cardinal Quirini:—"I would have supplicated his Majesty to deliver me from such a responsibility,... but he was in extremity, and after his death there was none to relieve me.... I have been ill, and cannot console myself for the loss of my liberty." Even this letter has been perverted to an attempt to invest himself with the Roman Purple. But he was considered above all reproach (especially in his conduct towards the young King, his pupil) by those who reverenced him as a minister of God. The foul calumny that ambition blinded him to royal vice, which calumny gained favour during an age when kings, priests, and nobles were reviled as the mob's excuse for regicide and sacrilege, was indignantly rejected in de Fleuri's own time, and laid at the door of another. "Bah," said an old devotee who was once told of the impious scandal that England so eagerly echoed—"Bah!—It is that Duc de Richelieu who has demoralized our good King Louis XV. Don't talk to me of your Maréchal M. le Duc; he is a bad man, who can never clear himself of this affair in another world without the

gift of a miraculous grace he has never deserved in this." Let not, therefore, the enemies of religion triumph in the supposition that the way was paved by the Church for the Duchesse de Châteauroux, but rather let them remember the undeniable fact that by the Church she was cast out. That a woman so gifted, and of noble birth, should, with her whole family, voluntarily accept dishonour, was a matter of no astonishment to a time ripe with the traditions of previous reigns; every one of which, especially that of Henry surnamed the Great, bears evidence of woman's faith in the divine right of Kings.

Before pursuing the fate of the Duchesse further, we must linger a moment longer on the memory of de Fleuri, as affecting the conduct of the war to which her ambition had incited the King as much as the Cardinal's peace-policy had formerly restrained him. "Too late," says the Abbé Millot, "was recognized the enormous fault of the Cardinal de Fleuri in neglecting the navy. . .While the English, with numerous squadrons, ruined the commerce of their enemies, France had nothing to oppose to them but about thirty-five vessels. In 1744, a Spanish squadron being at Toulon, France had the temerity to attack

Admiral Matthews, who was much stronger.* But if the victory were undecided, it was at least followed by the advantage of seeing the Mediterranean clear for some time."

"For the misery of the human race," again observes the Abbé, "war could not be kindled in Europe without soon spreading to the extremities of the world, though France will eternally glorify herself for having adopted that hero." Marshal Saxe was that hero, now fighting for France, and for ever afterwards devoted to Louis XV. To Saxe's courage and skill, which kept alive the King's enthusiasm after the Duchesse de Châteauroux was no longer permitted to fan its flame, are attributable the victories which, rapidly succeeding each other, intoxicated France. Saxe was the natural son of Frederic Augustus, Elector of Saxony, and King of Poland, by Aurora, Countess de Königsmark, celebrated in song and story. He was a soldier of fortune, but he fought best where he loved most. Louis XV. had good cause to cherish a devotion which did honour to him as a man, and brought glory to him as a king.

* The Franco-Spanish combat of Toulon took place on the 22nd February, 1744.

Of Saxe we shall see more hereafter. In the mean while, Paris was especially delighted by news of the siege of Freibourg.

This intelligence reached Madame de Châteauroux as she was living in mourning and retirement, in that great city which was full of joy. Her bitterness of spirit must have been almost intolerable, as she knew herself to be the original instigator of all this hero-worship, now that she, the victim of popular caprice, was defamed and abandoned by the world of which she had been the idol. What reflections on popular favour and trust in princes must have overwhelmed her when, on the 13th of November, in 1744, she heard the shouts of joy by which the King's triumphal entry into Paris was hailed!

"The joy, acclamations, and transports of the people rendered this entry even more touching than it was brilliant and majestic by its pomp and pageantry. Paris seemed to fear again losing the monarch who had won for her a crown of glory, and the people pressed round his car of victory, as if to re-assure themselves of his resuscitated existence. And yet it was less as a conqueror they hailed the well-beloved, than as a father, whose knees they sought to embrace."

His Majesty remained three days at the Palace of the Tuileries, showing himself as much as possible, and allowing everybody to approach him freely. He dined at the Hôtel de Ville with the Dauphin, waited upon by the municipal authorities, and upon the banners were inscriptions and devices in Latin, which incurred the just criticism of Voltaire, as, instead of being the expression of the sentiments of a nation which neither spoke nor understood that language, they only fostered puerile and pedantic fancies.

In the midst of all the fêtes in his honour, and the joy of his adoring people at his presence, the heart of the King was lonely. Long before this, he would willingly have recalled the Duchesse de Châteauroux, but regard for appearances, that tyrant even of a triumphant monarch, restrained him. Self-respect languishes and dies under the chill cloud of indifference, but it was fostered in the heart of Louis at this time by appreciation. Yet Louis XV. could not deny to himself that he had been unjust to his former mistress; and with this plea to his conscience, it was easy to foresee how the struggle between principle and passion would end, especially when he took the Duc de Richelieu into his confidence. Nevertheless,

the Queen, who was naturally of a reserved demeanour, just now showed more than usual tenderness towards the King her husband. This display at such a moment was doubtless irritating to him, and the more so, as with her he connected the fact of the Dauphin's arrival at Metz during his illness, which act of filial duty was misconstrued by the morbid monarch into a sign of eagerness to take possession of his kingdom. Of all jealousies there is none worse than that of a parent who suspects his children of a desire to supplant him. This jealousy must have been peculiarly painful to an affectionate mother, as was the Queen. If no man be a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*, there is hardly one so to his own wife. Thus, while France was shouting forth a pæan of praise, Marie Leczinska knew that the conqueror was not only at war with his conscience about his late mistress, but also that he was the slave to jealousy of his son. The King had dismissed the governor of the Dauphin (the Duc de Châtillon), because it was pretended by the governor's enemies that when all Paris was weeping, and one citizen crying to another, "Alas, our King! If he die it will be from having gone forth to help us," that

he had knelt to the Dauphin as an act of worship to the rising star.

Nevertheless, the Dauphin did such honour to his governor's training, that, far from demonstrating a thought of possible self-exaltation, he wept and wrung his hands when the news of his father's danger reached him, and cried in anguish: "Ah, poor people! What art thou about to become? What resource will remain to thee? I, a child! O God, have pity on this kingdom; have pity on us all." That the royal hero was guilty of this base suspicion of one nearest and dearest to him, was confessed by him four years afterwards, when one morning he turned to a lord in waiting, who kept notes of the anecdotes of the Court, and asked him, "Do you recollect what happened on this day four years ago?" The memory of the courtier being deficient, the King added: "Consult your journal, and you will see then and there the disgrace of the Duc de Châtillon. Verily," he bitterly added, "that man thought to make himself Governor of the Palace." On the King's return, the Duc de Châtillon, with his wife, was ordered to retire to his estates.

But the Queen, who possessed great virtues,

and was once upon a time the sole object of her husband's love, had long ago placed at the feet of the crucifix all her domestic troubles, and she resigned herself anew to a fate which only religion could console.

In this she showed greater heroism than her husband, who, amid the acclamations of his people, was crowned with laurels.

In the earlier years of the marriage of Louis XV. with Marie Leczinska, he was proverbial for the devotion and fidelity of his attachment to her, so that once when he heard a lady praised, who was unknown to him, he asked: "Is she as beautiful as the Queen?" Afterwards, when demoralized, he still seemed of the opinion of his ancestor Henri IV., that "if the Queen had not been his wife, there was no woman in the world he would have more desired as a mistress."

But as years rolled on, his open infidelity to his consort imparted to her manner towards him, generally, a coldness of which he complained to the Duc de Richelieu. "The conduct of Marie Leczinska to Louis XV.," says a French chronicler, "was rather the expression of a duty fulfilled, than of a tender and passionate love. The Queen was like a statue of the Juno of the North, carved

in the rocks; a sort of frozen Venus like the Freya of the Scandinavians. In her portraits, Boucher himself has failed to animate her." This, the result of domestic despair, was assumed by some as a proof that she was deficient in the qualities requisite to retain a king, young, graceful, surrounded by seductions and snares, and carried away by the hand of his century.

But although Marie Leczinska occupies but a small place in the history of France, she stands out from it as an example of the sustaining power of faith in the history of the soul. Deserted by her husband at the most difficult period of woman's life—the transition from youth to age,—she resigned herself to a life of prayer. The example of her pure life restrained her children—whose love was her only earthly solace—from the evils of their time. It also operated even on the lives of her rivals, the previous mistresses of the King. Madame de Mailly, for example, the penitent (sister and predecessor of the Duchesse de Châteauroux), whose gentleness of character was not unlike that of the Queen, wept at the feet of her royal mistress before going into retreat.

The Queen knew that their sin would find them out, although she had been educated at

her father's court to look with toleration on such sin.

The King accused her of coldness, but the modest dignity of her life operated favourably on all who came within her reach, and even constrained into the right path those who, preferred by him to her, were celebrated for superior intellect, courage, or beauty. Her eldest daughter was married to the Infant of Spain, Don Philip, afterwards Duke of Parma and Piacenza. She was now looking forward with pleasure to the marriage of the Dauphin, her eldest son, with the Infanta of Spain. There is a picture of Marie Leczinska, surrounded by her children, at Versailles, in which her own beauty seems revived by her love and sympathy for them.

The Duc de Richelieu, who was summoned to the council of the King's conscience, about the Duchesse de Châteauroux, gave a fresh impetus to his will, and paved the way for his passion, by demonstrating that, while Madame de Châteauroux remained disgraced, he, his faithful friend, was involved in the obloquy, as having assisted in her escape from Metz, and otherwise proving his own chivalric devotion to her.

Therefore the King's conscience was lulled by

the delusion that he was repairing a double injustice when, after a fortnight's inward conflict, he despatched a messenger to Madame de Châteauroux, forewarning her of his arrival. But man proposes, and God disposes.

The unfortunate lady, so long the uncared-for prey to grief and insult, was unable to bear this sudden shock of joy. She hastily rose, summoned her attendants about her, looked with dismay at the beauty which was wasted by tears, weariness, and watching, and tremblingly prepared to adorn herself for her royal lover's reception.

The angel of death hovered over that toilette, and she sank back, all perfumed and apparelled, mortally stricken by a power stronger than that of any earthly king.

Of course poison was immediately suspected. But what poison is more sure and subtle than that of a corrosive conscience?

The remedy came, as in most cases, too late.

Well for the King that it was so; or he, in his turn, might have learned how an excitable people can easily rush from one extreme to the other, and enthusiasm can turn to execration; for the very fishwomen of Paris, whose cry has always been the cry of the public, energetically declared:

"If he had taken back his concubine, he should no longer have found a Pater on the pavement of Paris."

Of this, perhaps, the dying Duchess was convinced, and the conviction that her death was her lover's salvation helped to soothe her last moments, if it be true that, as contemporaries affirm, these were her words: "My King would have restored to me my rank, and I die without regret to restore to him his glory." In the agonies of death she expressed her contrition of sin and sorrow for the grief she had helped to cause the Queen.

After the death of his favourite, a deep gloom settled down on the spirit of Louis. In vain the adulation and acclamations of his people. In the words of a monarch who in some things was not wiser than he, he bitterly exclaimed: "All is vanity."

The fate of the Duchess—its fearful retribution—appalled the minds of men. When she was dying, a minister of state, the Marquis d' Argenson, Minister of Foreign Affairs, writing a dispatch, began with: "I can think of nothing so much as Madame de Châteauroux," &c. Long afterwards, the Maréchal, Duc de Richelieu, alludes to her loss with his characteristic egotism,

thus: "I confess that no woman ever inspired me with an attachment so real as Madame de Châteauroux. I wept at her death, for by it *I* lost a friend, a woman who could advance *me* more and more in the favour of the king; who informed me of everything, and who profited by the slightest circumstance to be useful to me. I ought to add, to the honour of her memory, that the King also sustained a great loss, and I do not fear to add that the kingdom partook of it."

De Richelieu, as a soldier, who cared nothing of the gain to morality, was justified in his opinion that France partook of the loss for which the King mourned deeply, by what occurred at Versailles between him and Louis, on Christmas-Eve, a fortnight after the death of the Duchess. It was the first time he had seen his royal master since that event, and on his arrival he was told to wait the King in his apartment after midnight mass.

The hour and place recalled the memory of Madame de Châteauroux to the Duke, and there, in solitude, that Nestor of courage and gallantry is not ashamed to confess that he shed tears in thinking (as in unconscious selfishness he naïvely adds) "over all *I* had lost."

But when the King entered, and, dismissing his attendants, found himself alone with his old friend, he burst into self-reproaches as he spoke of his dead favourite. In the exaltation of sorrow, praise of a lamented object is the natural outpouring of the soul. Thus, the King and his courtier vied with each other in the tenderness of their remembrance and regret during the dreary hours that ushered in the Christmas morning of 1744. At length Louis cried, remorsefully,

"I testified impatience towards her, when I ought only to have evinced my thanks;" and, to convict himself of ingratitude, the King opened a casket of letters, and throwing them on the table added, "See how she loved me, when these were to tell me the truth."—The king then read:

"Sire,—the point of elevation to which your Majesty has deigned to place me must, in exciting envy, make me many enemies. If ambition may have guided me to the foot of this ascent, love has not been tardy in enabling me to achieve it. You would not be King, if you did not deserve to be loved for yourself . . . . . Many times you have permitted me to tell you the truth, but I feel more courage in writing it. Let us begin by your ministers, concerning whom you did me

the honour of consulting me yesterday. I respect your choice; it could not be otherwise than well made. I accuse none; *but a King ought to be the first overseer of the authority he confides.*

"Sire, above all things mistrust your own kindness; it may lead you too easily to judge others by yourself. Your benevolent intentions may not be always fulfilled, because the personal interests of others may prevent their carrying your views into effect.

"Arrange so that the voice of your people may reach you if they have cause to complain.

"If, peradventure, they be oppressed by the agents of your authority, have courage to will what your heart inspires, and you will always do well.

"Ah! Sire, what sweeter position for a King than that of only being surrounded by the happy!

"When I have dared to propose to your Majesty to take the command of your army, I have been far from inciting you to expose your life. That belongs to the State, and a good father preserves his life for the sake of his children. But your presence, Sire, will inspire your troops, will give them confidence, and make them conquer. It will be worth another army. I am assured that money will not be wanting . . . . . .

and I venture to prophesy that the next campaign will not be disastrous, as formerly, if you venture to undertake it.

"The projects of economy of your Majesty for your departure cannot fail to be approved by France at large, and if you do not already possess the hearts of all your subjects, I am certain that this step will assure them to you.

"Forgive, Sire, my frankness. You cannot accuse me of a crime in loving your glory.

"Why dread that truth may displease you? When it is required, it is not feared.

"If I ceased to interest myself in your greatness, I should have no longer any love. But I believe myself able to assure you that as long as I live you will ever inspire me with sentiments the most tender and respectful." *

The spirit which dictated that letter seemed on that Christmas morning to hover for good over the heart of the King, and disposed him to listen to worthy counsels which de Richelieu was inspired

* The Duke de Richelieu retained a copy of this letter. It is to be regretted that the others were burned in after troublous times. This letter was subsequently published with others from eminent persons, in Scandalous Chronicles from which they have to be sifted like wheat from chaff.

by it to give. It was well that such a spirit was withdrawn from the possibility of further pollution.

The Duke urged on the monarch to make another campaign, and even to permit the Dauphin to accompany him, so that the youth might not only be witness of a victory, but enabled to judge for himself of all the frightful calamities which accompany it.

By sunrise on Christmas morning, the campaign which eventuated in the famous battle of Fontenoy was planned between the King and de Richelieu.

So, at the beginning of the year of grace, 1745, preparations, not only for a new campaign, were going forward in France, but also for the marriage of the Dauphin, to whom love and war were to be introduced together.

In the mean while, the highest ladies in the land were rivalling each other in their endeavours to supply to the monarch the loss of his favourite.

"Evil abounds and accumulates; no man has faith to withstand it, to amend it, to begin by amending himself."

And, if no man, what woman?

CHAPTER II.

The dawn of the New Year, 1745—Death of Charles VII.—Voltaire's account of the mockery of woe—The King of Poland—Fair candidates for Royal favour—The Times and their Victims—Financiers—Madame d'Etioles—Fortune-telling—Belief in Destiny—Description of Madame d'Etioles—Voltaire—Sketch of his previous life—Picture of Voltaire—The Royal Huntsman—The King's first interview with Madame d'Etioles—Marital subservience—The Masked Ball at the Hôtel De Ville—Face to face with Fate—Death from joy—Richelieu's negotiations—Marriage of the Dauphin to the Infanta of Spain—Fêtes—Fanaticism—Charge against the Protestants—English money and irregular treaties—The Dutch—Bavarian treachery—Departure of the King for Flanders—Marshal Saxe—The Dauphin's debût in War—Fatal possibilities—The King's care for his son—Break of day at Fontenoy—The Duc de Richelieu's "Elegant Baggage"—The new favourite's early studies—Voltaire appointed Historiographer of France—The Battle—Letter from the Marquis d'Argenson, Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Voltaire, written on the field of battle—Letter from

the King to Madame d'Etioles one hour after the battle—French reasons for English failure—The King and the Dauphin among the dead and wounded — Heroism—The Dauphin's Letter to his Bride, written on the scene of action—His self-abnegation—Extracts from letter written by Horace Walpole to the Aide-de-camp of the Duke of Cumberland—Horace Walpole's idea of his father's Peace Policy—Letters preserved by the French King from the late Sir Robert Walpole to the late Cardinal de Fleuri, and placed by the King in the hands of his Pupil, Madame d'Etioles—A Pill for Peace at all price.

At the beginning of the new year, 1745, the good people of Paris were again in a strong state of excitement. Preparations for the Dauphin's marriage to the Infanta of Spain were fast going on, and the rumour was afloat that the King was going to the war again. The pretext for a new campaign was to oppose the accession of Maria Theresa's husband (Grand Duke of Tuscany) to the imperial throne of Austria, as the new year had been also ushered in by the death of Charles VII. (Elector of Bavaria), who during the last three years of strife and commotion had occupied it.*

* "This prince," says Voltaire, "who had never been unfortunate but since his elevation, having re-entered the capital of his electorate, and fearing every moment to be expulsed from it again, the perpetual plaything of fortune, succumbed to it, and died at the age of 47 years, a victim to grief and

It would seem that the war ought to have terminated with the life of Maria Theresa's opponent, and that she ought to have been allowed to take possession of her vast ancestral inheritance, but France, intent on having an Emperor of her own choice, had cast her eyes on the King of Poland, and, by a strange dereliction of principles, offered the sceptre to a monarch enriched by the spoils of

sickness. He was a mass of internal disease. France had made him a present of all evils with the imperial crown. The body of this unfortunate prince was exposed to public view, clothed in the ancient mode of Spain, according to the etiquette established by Charles Quint, although since him no emperor had been a Spaniard, and Charles VII. had nothing in common with that nation. He was buried with the ceremonies of the empire; and in that apparel of vanity and human misery a globe of the world was carried before him, who, during the brief duration of his empire, had not even possessed a small and sterile province; they gave him the title of Invincible in the edicts issued by the young Elector, his son; a title attached by custom to the dignity of Emperor, which helped but to make better felt the nullity of him who had possessed it, and consequently to render him more ridiculous."

France had paid him to play the part of Emperor; and his fate is a warning to the little, who voluntarily forfeit their independence and become the tools of the great. His son renounced Imperial dignity, and is accused by French historians of having "sold himself to the English."

the father-in-law of Louis XV.; a monarch, as says a contemporary historian, "long considered by France as an usurper, who had forsaken her cause in the present war, and who had recently contracted an alliance with her enemies." But the King of Poland was more cautious than ambitious, and he would not have such honour thrust upon him; so, far from advancing any pretensions of his own to the empire, he cemented his connection with Maria Theresa, and determined to give his vote to her consort.

Notwithstanding the mingled excitement of martial preparations and marriage feasts, the gloom of the King continued. To chase away this dark cloud from the soul of the "Well-beloved," the most high-born dames rivalled each other in their attempts to succeed the unfortunate Duchesse of Châteauroux. Among them stood foremost the young and charming Duchesse de Rochechonart, a widow, who in her childhood had known the King intimately. The playful condescension with which he had then treated his little Hebe-like subject was never forgotten by her, and the memory now pricked her on to a dishonourable ambition. She was thwarted, and not for the first time; so

that the name of this lady, who in rank and beauty might have been a bright star in a purer social atmosphere, comes down to posterity besmeared with the aspersion that "she was like the horses of the second stable, always presented, and never accepted."

She died of vexation a few months afterwards, having in the mean while married the Count de Brionne.

The dark mood of the King was typical of that heavy cloud of iniquity which nothing but the storm of the Revolution could clear away, and of which was portentous this voluntary dishonour among the women of France. Slaves of circumstance, creatures of tradition, and victims of the society in which they lived; with faculties quickened by intellect (whose synonym was scepticism), which quivered like lightning across the darkness of superstition, called religion; what could one of these do to deliver herself from the blinding evil of the times? We can but be wise according to our generation.

King-worship was part of the creed of France in the middle of the 18th century; but the belief that "the king could do no wrong" was not ex-

clusively confined to, and illustrated by, Papists and Frenchwomen.

Nevertheless, it was a day in France when, if a woman might have tried in her own person to resist the tide of corruption, the example of those nearest and dearest to her would most probably have swept her along with it, and involved her.

Such was the case with one who, sitting in her husband's home on the skirts of the forest of Senaart, pondered deeply on what the late Duchesse de Châteauroux had effected for her king and country, and on the rumours which penetrated her seclusion of the emulation among high-born dames to succeed the Duchesse.

The lady in question was not one of these high-born dames. She was the wife of a Financier,* and the daughter of an army contractor.†

* Since the time of Law, of Mississippi memory, to whom we shall hereafter have occasion to refer, Financiers had acquired such importance in France that they not unfrequently contracted alliances with the daughters of the highest noblesse. It was customary for these men, the aristocracy of wealth, in buying an estate to which a title belonged, to adopt the latter, in making themselves owners of the former.

† It was due to the subsequent unphilosophic spite of Voltaire against the daughter, that it was reported her father was a butcher.

Her mother was one of the worst types of the time, who sheltered her own immorality under the garb of philosophy. Her husband must have been indifferent to family morality, generally; when from the hands of his uncle, M. le Normant de Tournehaim, he received as a bride, five or six years before, the daughter of a woman whose intimacy was a dishonour to that same uncle. The bride herself was too young to have any will of her own, and was probably but too glad to escape from the influence of parents with whom, in refinement, taste, and a brilliant education, she could have as little affinity as with her insignificant husband. The girl-wife, soon developing into a beautiful and accomplished woman, gave signs of latent intellectual power, the extent of which even her unprincipled mother had not suspected. The young Madame, trying to satisfy the wants of her heart by those of her head, soon gathered around her the first authors, artists, poets, and wits of the day. The conversation of these men was generally about the King. From them she listened to the tale of his battles with all the enthusiasm of a woman for acts of heroism. By them she heard Madame de Châteauroux extolled for what she had incited the King

to do for the glory of his country. Madame d'Etioles felt her own ambition stirred. Her heart beat quick with the recollection of having heard that, when quite a child, a soothsayer had predicted to her mother "she would become part and parcel of the King."

The mother had treasured up this prophecy, which shows how superstition in bad natures holds faster than religion, while the fulfilment of it proves how we work out our own fates for weal or woe.

Adulation and ingratitude have vied with each other in complicating the early life of Madame d'Etioles with biographical difficulties. The gossiping Mémoires of the day invariably adopt one extreme view or the other, of all its most celebrated characters, as party, politics, or self-interest dictate. By those who could afford to judge impartially, and who knew Madame d'Etioles personally in later years, it is affirmed that her early life was externally blameless. She was not then religious, nor therefore conscious, until long afterwards, of the sinfulness of the hope she cherished of one day becoming the King's mistress. Such an idea may have aided her natural

love of study, and given an impulse to the cultivation of accomplishments, which distinguished her far above any woman of her age or country. However revolting this may be to modern delicacy, she—although of refined manners—was unconscious of the disgust such an intention could inspire to after generations, for she more than once unblushingly confessed to her husband: "I will never be unfaithful to you, save for the King of France and Navarre." There is no record that the husband—accustomed to tales of courtly iniquity—rebuked her for such a declaration.

How the unscrupulous achievement of such a destiny was overruled by a power stronger than that of earthly kings will be seen. At that time the sinner expected no good to come out of evil, but that which would flatter her own self-love and ambition. She had seen the King at a distance in the chase, in which she frequently joined, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in a carriage, made in the form of a car, of ivory and ebony. Adulation declares that in this she appeared like the chaste Diana, and acrimony that she looked like a bold Amazon. "The King had inquired who she was, and his curiosity was still more excited when informed that the wife of a

mere financier should not only possess so much elegance, but that she had wit enough to render her husband's home the centre of attraction to many of the noblesse, and to make it the gathering point of art and literature." It was therefore, probably, something more than an accident which first led to the King's self-introduction at the Château d'Etioles.

"I believe in my destiny." *

These words, uttered in the exaltation of spirit caused by passing events in Camp and Court, were those of Madame d'Etioles to Voltaire, when he was on a visit to her in her forest home. Voltaire, looking up at the speaker, half doubting and half believing, could not fail to be struck by the promise of fulfilment in every line of her countenance. Her head tossed backwards, so that the long luxuriant hair, partaking of its movement, revealed a noble forehead replete with

* The only time when Madame d'Etioles could have declared this to the hitherto erratic Voltaire while he was on a visit to her at her husband's château, as he asserts, was at the present date of this narrative, as soon afterwards she left the Château d'Etioles never to return to it, and it was not likely, when her friendship for Voltaire had weakened, a year afterwards, that she would—like some old gossip telling her dreams—lay herself open to his satire by asserting prognostication after fulfilment.

intellect; her fine eyes sparkling with excitement, and glowing with a fire yet to be kindled in its full force; her arched brows displaying ambition; her well-defined nose, breathing a haughty determination, and the mouth promising a frankness that would overpower the contracted wiles of feminine rivalry; these, combined with a perfect form, attired with consummate skill and artistic taste, flashed conviction of power even on the sceptical mind of her friend Voltaire.*

Voltaire, her friend then; her bitterest enemy afterwards. How little she thought of all the part he was to play in the destiny of which she had just declared her belief; as her eyes falling, they encountered those of her guest, which no portrait, says one who knew him, has ever adequately rendered. "Not only were his eyes brilliant and full of fire, but of velvet softness and inexpressible sweetness." But when he smiled, it was replaced by a demon of malice.

François Marie Arouet, surnamed Voltaire (at

* No canvas or marble, it was said, could give an idea of the ever-varying charms of expression on the face of that woman. Its chief charm consisted in its mobile adaptation to her soul; its brilliant lights and soft shadows helping the eloquence of the thoughts to which her lips gave utterance. For all this, the reader must presently consult the Abbé de Bernis.

this time about 50 years old), was the son of a Treasurer of Accounts. His mother was of a noble family of Poitou. His adoption of the name of Voltaire was merely in accordance with the custom then prevalent among the wealthier citizens, which left the family name to the elder son, and permitted the younger to appropriate a patronymic derived from some portion of the property. Early sent to the college of the Jesuits for his education, the young Voltaire eagerly adopted the worse part of their system (imbibing their subtle sophistry), and scornfully rejected their doctrines of self-abnegation and obedience; so that Father Le Jay predicted even then that his pupil would hereafter become "the leader of deism in France."

To confirm his contempt for ecclesiastical authority, he found, on his return home, the Abbé de Châteauneuf, his godfather (of Ninon de l'Enclos celebrity), who only awaited the time of introducing his charge to a world for which his own libertine vivacity inclined him, and which proved full of fascination to his brilliant young protégé.

It was not long before Voltaire repaid society for its adoption of him, by the "Henriade," and

from that time, until the period when we find him the confidant of Madame d'Etiolcs, his career was a succession of marvellous literary triumphs, frustrated political ambition, and miserable exhibitions of malice against those who presumed to criticise or differ from him,—" le roi Voltaire."

There is a picture of him extant, such as he must have looked when calculating the effect of Madame d'Etioles' destiny on his own career. *

He sits, or rather leans backwards, in an easy chair, which by its size makes its occupant look small, notwithstanding the voluminous folds of the robe-de-chambre in which he is enveloped. In his right hand, shaded by fine lace ruffles, he holds a pen, and the forefinger of his left hand is raised

* "Her elevation," wrote he, years afterwards, "showered down upon me rewards that had never hitherto been given either to my works or my services. I was judged worthy to be one of the forty useless members of the Academy. I was appointed historiographer of France; and the King presented me with a place of Gentleman-in-ordinary to his Chamber. I concluded that, to make a little fortune, it is better to say four words to the mistress of a King than to write a hundred volumes."

Afterwards, he adds: "But as soon as I had the air of a prosperous man, my literary confraternity of Paris unchained against me all the animosity and fury due to one, to whom was given the rewards that were owing to them."

in an attitude of surprised attention. A wig of the modified cut and curl of the previous reign rather subdues the hollowness of his cheeks; but the expression of his countenance is strangely mingled, just as if the soul of his gentle heroine, Zaire, were dying out from his eyes, while a cynical, almost diabolical, smile begins to play about the upturned corners of his mouth.

The background of the picture is just such an apartment as that occupied by the accomplished Châtelaine of Etioles in a home converted by her tastes and talents into a temple of the Muses.

Busts, books, and pictures are there. One looks again, not without a hope of seeing through the large and richly draperied window, a vision of her only child, who, in a better generation than her own, might have been strong enough to check her gifted mother's ambition.

As it was, the sight of the child only stimulated it. The more she loved her—and this was the only love that had yet opened the mother's heart—the more she desired distinction for her.

* * * * *

The devil always finds work for willing hands to do; or rather Fortune, though fickle, favours those who have faith in themselves; and so, one

winter's morning, when the King and his courtiers were out hunting, she turned their course into the forest of Senaart, and sent the shot of the King right through the heart of a stag close to the gates of the ambitious Châtelaine's dwelling.

Etiquette demanded that the royal huntsman should present the antlers of his victim to the master of the house and land. Perhaps curiosity, as before said, had no small share in this courtesy. The King had heard of that financier's wife who had made herself the centre of a noblesse of literature.

Louis, alighting from his horse, and followed by his courtiers, entered the château, splendid in his condescension, animated by recent exercise, and, antlers in hand, presented himself to the woman of whom, unconsciously, he was the constant dream, and foretold to be the destiny. It was impossible for him not to be struck by her, as she was by the kingly grace of him who was described by a contemporary as "beautiful as Hope." *

* In his old age, Louis XV. one day told a lady (Madame de Puisieux) who was contemporary with his youth, that he had never seen a face so lovely as hers at her first communion. "Ah, Sire," sighed the aged lady, "it was the king who was then worthy of admiration. How handsome you were! Ay, beauteous as Hope."

While the young Châtelaine knelt to the royal huntsman, and he smiled approvingly on her, the husband is supposed by his enemies to have been in a flutter of delight at the unexpected honour of this visit, though the financier had been forewarned by his wife of the old prophecy about herself and the King.

But perhaps the French husband thought the King could do no wrong; for he proudly nailed the dead stag's antlers over his wife's drawing-room door, and pointed them out to the guests who pressed forward to congratulate the man whom the King had delighted to honour. From the memorable day of the royal huntsman's appearance in her home, a new passion took possession of Madame d'Etioles, and that was Love.

The way was paved for this tyrant. Her heart, till then unoccupied, had fluttered when she heard the King extolled by the celebrated men her head had called around her. Women overrate fame and adore courage; and she was ready to find a hero in the monarch who had returned with laurels on his brow, and who was preparing to win more glory for the country that she loved. But when once this King who was so worshipped, this hero who was so brave, this man had stood before

her, noble, handsome, affable, courteous, and manifesting the chivalric devotion due to her as an accomplished and beautiful woman, love led the way, and ambition only followed in its track. Of this love (in such a case the sanctifier) not even her cynical friend, Voltaire, presumes to doubt. But the sudden shock of its new life seems to have annulled self-confidence in its possessor. Thus, when she appears before us, soon afterwards, at the masked ball of the Hôtel de Ville (given in honour of the Dauphin's marriage with the Infanta of Spain), we find her dressed as Diana, as if to commemorate the visit of the King, who was present. But when the monarch approaches her (irresistibly attracted, but not recognising her beneath the mask) and whispers,—"Beautiful huntress, happy are those whom you pierce with your arrows! those wounds, though mortal . . . ." she fled from him, and sought refuge in the crowd, ere he could finish the sentence.*

* The Mémoires that were written by an enemy of the future favourite, "Principaux Evénements, Particularités, et Anecdotes de la Vie de Louis XV.,"—published subsequently in London under the title of "Vie Privée de Louis XV.," confirm this statement. This "Vie Privée" is called in France a "Prussian pamphlet."

For the next hour it seemed as though love, supplanting ambition, had crushed the "destiny" of Madame d'Etioles, and that the opportunity, which sometimes arises but once in a lifetime, was lost. The attention of the King, being everywhere and by everybody challenged, was long absorbed in his observation of an English country dance, which was not only new to him, but executed by twenty of the most beautiful of his subjects—of whom the "fair huntress" was not one. But, suddenly remembering her, at the close of the dance, he sought her eagerly. For a time he sought in vain, until he discovered her at the further end of the ball-room, where, in an alcove in the form of an amphitheatre, were to be found the wives and daughters of the Bourgeoisie ("*les femmes de médiocre condition*").

Now, as the financier's wife belonged to the noblesse of commerce, rather than to these, to say nothing of the social position she had achieved by the right of her own intellect, there could be no necessity but that of her own will thus to associate herself with the "médiocre," between whom and herself there was no natural affinity.

It was, however, now impossible to escape from the King; and so she replied to his remarks,

and charmed him by her wit. He entreated her, as a favour, to remove the mask, that he might see the countenance of the speaker.

She declined to do so. She knew that it was the only barrier between a past in which she had been so ambitious, and a future which, still desiring, she now dreaded. To stand face to face with Fate is no light matter. But in those days the King's wish was a command, and she at length obeyed.

The Duc de Richelieu was present on the occasion of these marriage festivities, to witness which all the world had flocked to Paris; and when his Majesty found that his old confidant was acquainted with the "beautiful huntress," it was not long before he was despatched by royal authority to the Forest de Senaart.

Here the curtain drops for ever on the young Châtelaine.* We shall find her next in a very different scene; and what happened to her there will be told in her own words, which will

* The death of her mother at this time affords her final educational excuse. This woman, who had long been ill, exclaimed, when she first heard her daughter spoken of as "the King's favourite," "I have nothing more to wish for," and died of joy. M. d'Etioles, the husband, will re-appear to tell his own tale.

also describe the society by which she was surrounded. The virtues of some of these may induce the reader, like the Recording Angel, to blot out the remembrance of their faults with a tear.

In the mean while, a few words must be said here of the nuptials which were the theme of Europe, during the temporary hush on the battle-field.

The Dauphin, a mere boy, had been married to the young Infanta of Spain, by proxy, two months before the nuptial benediction was pronounced over him and his bride at Versailles, on the 23rd of February, 1745, to which ensued the fêtes already mentioned in its honour.

The Dauphine (Marie Thérèse Antoinette Raphaële) was the daughter of Philip V. of Spain, and of the celebrated Elizabeth Farinese.* The bride and bridegroom had known each other as children. They were educated for each other. The idea of his bride had grown into a passion on the Dauphin's part. He had looked forward to his marriage as his entrance into life and happiness.

* Engravings of this marriage are to be found in the Bibliothêque Impériale.

The charge of the young Princess had been intrusted to the Duke de Lauraguais (the brother-in-law of the late Madame de Châteauroux), whose wife had shared the dangers of the favourite's flight from Metz, and to this lady was awarded a post of honour about the person of the bride. This fact is a glimpse of the morals and manners of the last century, for to their young daughter-in-law the King and Queen were united in rendering all honour; but it proves, also, that the King was eager to atone to the surviving relatives of his late favourite for any injustice of which he might have been guilty towards her.

The Infanta, or, as we must now call her, the Dauphiness, was not beautiful, but her sentiments were elevated, and she possessed the fascination proverbial to her countrywomen. Moreover, by education and tastes, she was well fitted to become a "meet companion" to the Dauphin, whose life, until this time, had been one of devotional retirement, and whose character, like her own, in these early years of his history, was gentle and affable. The calm surface of this young prince's life was first stirred by his passionate love for the bride selected for him. If it had but been mutual, their lot might have been a happy one; but as it

was impossible for her to simulate what she did not feel, their brief union must have been a torment to him, and something worse than weariness to her.

But Paris loves fêtes, and, caring not to look behind the curtain too closely while there is plenty of amusement outside, Paris doubted not that the cause of all her rejoicing was a righteous cause. In spite of the expenses of the war, nothing could exceed the splendour of this outward show. Even the seasons were changed; for though in mid-winter, and the weather was intensely cold, verdant gardens sprang up in the midst of the city, like the spring of fairy-land. The object of all this expenditure and display that everywhere abounded, was not only to testify to foreigners who flocked to France, the love of the people for her King and his family, but was also intended, if possible, to divert the gloom of the "Well-beloved."

That it brought about the means of doing so we already know. The people little thought that in place of their mimic gardens, there would soon grow real trees, and soon be reared noble buildings, planted and designed by one then singled out from among them by their King. The Parlia-

ment, in sanctioning and forwarding these brilliant fêtes, as little dreamed that they would bring forth a woman who would hereafter oppose its encroachments on the King, for whose delight they were intended.

Pleasure decked herself in a thousand fantastic forms at these wedding festivities, though happiness was far from the bride. It may have been one result of the general excitement that fanaticism ;—once more about this time re-appeared that hydra-headed monster, which, on the Eve of St Bartholomew, had caused the streets of Paris to flow with blood instead of wine, as now.

The multitude brought forth visibly the remembrance of different creeds, and revived the desire for the extirpation of all who professed the reformed religion. Soon afterwards, a provincial priest, with whom this desire was a monomania, accused some Protestants of having attempted to assassinate him. He wounded himself in several places with a knife, although he took care not to do so mortally, and then he proclaimed that, as he was returning from one of his brotherhood, he had been attacked by a troop of Protestants, who took flight only just in time for his life, being startled in their sanguinary work by the sound of

horses' feet approaching the spot where he was gasping within an inch of death.

Improbable as this story was, it was caught up eagerly by some of the bishops and others, who, in fostering the scandal, called for vengeance. Having excited attention, the inventor of it had the fortunate indiscretion to boast of his invention to a friend, and this friend repeating it to another, a fresh rumour was set afloat that counteracted the former; but in spite of a palpable lie confessed, it was with much difficulty that the accused, who had been apprehended, were set at liberty.

Intolerance lurked under a festive mask, and the fever of fanaticism, far from being subdued, was ever ready to break out into a fresh epidemic on the slightest provocation. But not only lurked religious enmity beneath the marriage garments. Neither festivity nor new favourite could shield the King from anxiety as to the issue of the impending strife in Flanders. According to the Prince de Soubise: "The irregularity of the treaties in Germany after the death of Charles VII. (and the alliance of the King of Poland with the Queen of Hungary, in helping her to place her husband, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, on the

throne of Austria), caused France to look well to her defensive measures in the North, while she was preparing for one of those bold strokes that decide the fate of nations.

The King of Poland engaged to furnish 30,000 men to the Queen of Hungary; in return she promised to give him part of Silesia, that eternal bone of discord, after the King of Prussia had appropriated it. These promises to give what did not belong to her seemed part of the Queen's policy, as in the case of Sardinia, already alluded to. And not only her policy, as treaties were universally being made only to be broken.

English money was everywhere, like English ships; and England hoped to reimburse herself for her enormous outlay in sustaining the cause of Austria, by crushing the navies of France and Spain, so as thus to become mistress of commerce; and (as says contemporary France) by this inexhaustible channel to repay herself with usury for the prodigality with which she had opened an account with a crowd of sovereigns her stipendiaries, who, under the name of Allies, were in reality her slaves.

The finances of France were embarrassed, and her dependence on the alliance with Prussia had

no guarantee in political morality. The Prince de Soubise declared that Frederic would recognise the Pope of Rome as Emperor of Austria, if thereby he himself might get a few more square acres of ground. Silesia was what Frederic was fighting for. Contempt at his palpable self-interest in that matter, and at his twice-repeated perjury and treacherous defection to France, was a bond of union in time to come between France and Austria.* Even by the admission of English historians, the British Cabinet, in the year 1745, entered into a secret compact with Frederic to insure his possession of Silesia. From that time Frederic became personally insolent to Maria Theresa, and France doubted his integrity. Frederic therefore declared that the coming battle of Fontenoy was of no more advantage to him than the capture of Pekin.

It is astonishing that in the annals of those times, the Dutch, who were proverbially addicted to peace and parsimony in carrying on their commerce, were the first at this juncture to demand a battle, when the whole question concentrated on Flanders.

The flame of war must indeed have been uni-

* See Appendix E.

versal and contagious, when it lighted up the swamps of Holland, and was cherished, at all risks, among the marshes. During this time the young Elector notified to the King of France that he renounced his pretensions to the throne of Austria. This determination was not unwelcome to Louis XV., as by it he was disencumbered of an ally too weak to support himself, whom he could not sustain without immense cost, and whom he could not abandon without dishonour. But Louis counted on the young Elector's neutrality. When, therefore, the young Elector, like the others, received English money, promising to give troops to the Queen of Hungary, and armed himself against the monarch who had given the imperial crown to his father, Louis must have meditated deeply on that stern law of necessity which often compels small princes to perjure themselves, inasmuch as they do nothing of their own free will. Louis XV., therefore, again sallied forth in person to complete in Flanders the conquests that had been interrupted the preceding year; and so, almost on the anniversary of the day we first beheld him on his way to the war, we find him making another triumphal exit, accompanied by the bridegroom, and loaded with

the renewed prayers and blessings of his enthusiastic people.

More than ever France feared to lose her Well-beloved, his illness in 1744 having made her apprehensive; but the Maréchal de Saxe had uttered a word which was caught up in Paris, and echoed in a way to show that the people thought all well risked for glory.

The Maréchal de Saxe, whose memory as a soldier is an immortal honour to friend and foe, was almost dying from illness when the time came for him to leave the Court for the camp. When asked by those around him how it would be possible for him to endure the fatigues of such a march, he answered:—"It is not a question of life, but of departure." In the sequel we shall see that his physical sufferings, though extreme, did not impair his activity or his courage. The force of will over himself is strong in a man who has power to conquer others.

Nevertheless, Paris trembled in the intermittent fever of her excitement to behold her King go forth accompanied by his son, and superstitiously remembered the battle of Poictiers.

Perhaps the belief of Louis in the doctrine of compensation induced him to permit the Dauphin

to accompany him, as said he: "Since that day of Poictiers no monarch, in company with his son, has gained a lasting victory over the English; I hope to be the first." . Nevertheless, had any fatality befallen Louis and his son, the sceptre of France would have fallen into the hands of the Duc d'Orléans; "those hands," as said a contemporary, "that were wont to be extended to Heaven, while others fought." This Duc d'Orléans, prince of the blood, earnest in faith, and unwearied in study, had renounced the world and retired into the cloister. As age increased, so did his zeal for religion and his taste for classical studies. His life was in strange contrast to that of the Regent Duc d'Orléans, his predecessor. He never issued from the cloister but when state occasions compelled him to do so. He received the most pious and learned men of his day, discoursing, with the spiritual exaltation of solitude, on religious truth, as also of scientific and astronomical discovery. He was a savant and a saint, as France confessed, but, says a Frenchman, "we were in want of a hero."

When the eve of action came, the father trembled for the sake of his son. His fear for him is here recorded as a balance against his igno-

minious jealousy of his heir the preceding year, during his illness at Metz.

When a courier arrived at Douay, on the night of the 7th of May, from Marshal Saxe, with tidings to his royal master that the enemy was advancing; "Gentlemen," said Louis, turning to his aides-de-camp and officers, "there is no time to lose; I start to-morrow morning at five o'clock; but let M. le Dauphin sleep." Nevertheless, the Dauphin lost no time in following his father, whom he joined at the camp of Tournai, and presented himself to the King when the latter was reconnoitering the ground that was to serve as the field of battle. It was not likely that the embryo hero would consent to forego his laurels, when, to win them, he had been forced to relinquish the roses of love.

On Tuesday, the 11th of May, the King of France rose so early in the morning, that he went himself at four o'clock to awaken Count d'Argenson, his minister of war. They soon learned that the enemy encamped in the environs were advancing in battle-array. Accordingly, the King, accompanied by his son, set forth, and soon made his appearance at the head of the army near Fontenoy.

In vain the Maréchal de Saxe implored them to recross the river so as to re-intrench themselves in a place of safety. Both father and son not only resolutely declined to do so, but placed themselves in a position near enough to partake of the peril of the action; scarcely observant of the discretion which, in consideration of their rank, ought somewhat to have restrained their zeal.

The presence of the Dauphin augmented the ardour of the younger among the combatants. Gentle, brave, ingenuous, and of a noble simplicity in all he said and did, he was welcomed by these as a comrade rather than their future King. The united suite of Louis and his son was composed of a miscellaneous and numerous troop; some even climbing into the trees to witness this wonderful spectacle of a battle.

Among this troop there was one whose presence under various disguises gave an impetus to the courage of the King. To do honour to himself in her eyes was probably one cause of that royal zeal of which his brave Maréchal was in hourly dread during that day.

It was at Madame d'Etioles' own desire that she followed the camp and partook of the fatigue

and anxiety of the King. She there manifested firmness, devotion, and courage. The Duc de Richelieu took her under his wing in what he called his "Elegant Baggage." It was not unusual to see ladies, disguised, among the chivalry of that day. "Beau Souvenir," exclaims a French author "of the Moyen age!" It is essential here to observe that her separation from her husband had been judicially pronounced. In the deed of that separation, the guardianship of her daughter was formally assigned to her. This child she placed in the Convent of the Assomption, previously to her becoming part of the "Elegant Baggage." As to her husband, we are told that he accepted "a high inspection of the *Fermes-générales*," and, on the other hand, we are assured that he "asked nothing of the King." Some suppose that the Inspectorship was the reversion of his uncle's charge, but an uncharitable world has supposed it not impossible that, though he "asked nothing," he did not refuse the good that the gods sent unto him.

Warned by the fate of the late Duchesse de Châteauroux it was doubtless in accordance with the King's will that his new favourite at one time adopted male attire, she having followed him,

under escort of the Duc de Richelieu, in the garb of a young Mousquetaire. Love induces more care for another than for one's self. That the new favourite would not permit, even in these early days, love of the King for her to degenerate into vain inglorious ease was certain.

She says, speaking of herself long afterwards: —"I always took an extreme pleasure in contemplating the portrait that my governess (Madame de Villedieu) exhibited to me of the Roman Empire, and in learning that the greatest revolutions in the world had owed their origin to love."

Yet, on that day at Fontenoy, her woman's heart failed her at the sight of blood (which even the Marquis d'Argenson is not ashamed to confess overcame him), or by desire of the King she absented herself when fortune seemed turning the scale against him. There is no clear evidence of the favourite's faintness, but an ample confession of it on the part of d'Argenson in a letter from him to Voltaire, who had already, by Madame Etioles' influence, been appointed historiographer of France. Of this the reader shall presently judge for himself.

About five o'clock the armies found them-

selves face to face. The right line of the French extended to the village of Antoin, and the left to the wood of Barri; the centre was at Fontenoy.

The enemy presented itself in three bodies. The Count de Kœnigsec commanded the right wing; the Prince de Waldeck the left; and the Duke of Cumberland occupied the centre. About six o'clock a cannon was fired—the signal of action.

The artillery being equally balanced, the cannonade continued for a long time with equal success, or rather, with equal loss. Each discharge thinned the ranks, and strewed the field with dead. De Saxe, followed by his aides-de-camp, and accompanied by his staff-major, then visited all the outposts, under a volley of such heavy and continual fire, that he turned to his troop, and, without dissimulating the danger they incurred, "Gentlemen," said he, "your lives are necessary to-day."

After this sanguinary prelude, the allies advanced nearer in compact array. They made a feint of attacking separately the three different corps, but suddenly they concentrated themselves on that in the centre. The effort was terrific;

but it was expected, and vigorously repulsed. Notwithstanding this fury, it was ushered in by the greatest politeness, as everybody knows.

The officers on either side were seen to salute each other respectfully, in taking off their hats.

Lord Charles Hay, Captain of the English Guards, advanced beyond the ranks; and the Count d'Auteroche, Lieutenant of the regiment of French Grenadier Guards, went forth to meet him:—

"Gentlemen of the French Guards," cried the English Captain, "fire." "No, my Lord," replied the Count, "we never fire first."

But instead of availing ourselves any further of one of the hundred accounts of this celebrated battle, we will permit the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Marquis d'Argenson, to step in here, and be the narrator of what he witnessed.

"Monsieur l'historien," wrote he to Voltaire, who was then at Versailles, "true, certain, and no flattery it is, that the King himself has won this battle by his firmness and will. You will find in the details of it the account of one terrible hour when we French were humiliated before English pertinacity; their perpetual fire, which resembles that of hell, rendered, as I must confess,

spectators stupid . . . . . Some of our generals, who have more wit than courage, gave very prudent advice. . . They doubled the King's Guard, &c. . . . . At all that the King only mocked, and transported himself from the left to the centre, demanding the corps de réserve and the brave Lowendhal; but it was not needed. Another corps engaged :* and the Irish proved that they *are super-excellent when they march against the English and the Hanoverians.* Your friend, M. de Richelieu, is a true Bayard. It was he who advised that which was triumphantly executed; viz. to dash at the infantry like hunters or

* As M. d'Argenson tells the hundred-times-told tale with more *esprit* than observation, and as he confesses to have been stunned by the roar of the cannon, it may be as well to look through the eyes of another French commentator in this place, who, though anonymous, seems to have been present.

"Jamais deux armées rivales, poussées par le désir de la vengeance, ne s'entrechoquèrent avec plus de furie. C'est en cette occasion que la Maison du Roi, qui n'avoit pas encore donnée se couvrit de gloire. Suivant la méthode recommandée par le Chevalier Follard, de tenir loin les troupes dont leur nom en impose davantage, le Maréchal de Saxe l'avoit laissée en réserve, ainsi que les Carabiniers. L'exemple de ces troupes fraiches, dont l'ardeur s'etoit accrue dans l'inaction, ranima les autres qui s'étoient rebutées. Tous les régimens français et étrangers, cavalerie et infanterie, se précipitèrent avec une impetuosité nouvelle."

foragers, confusedly (pell-mell), the hand lowered, the arm shortened, masters, valets, officers, cavaliers, and infantry all together. This French vivacity, of which much is said, nothing can resist it. It was but the affair of ten minutes to win the battle with this secret thrust. The big English battalions turned their backs, and, to make short of it, 14,000 men have been killed." (Fourteen thousand were wanting in answer to the rappel, but about 6000 afterwards re-appeared during the day.)

"It is true," continues d'Argenson, "that the cannon must have the honour of this frightful butchery. Never were cannon so many and so large, in a general battle, as those of Fontenoy. . . . As for the Dauphin, he was at the battle as at a hare-hunt, and seemed to say, 'What, is this all?' A cannon-ball rolled in the mud and splashed a man near the King. Our masters laughed at the bedabbled one.

"At that last charge of which I have spoken, forget not an anecdote. Monsieur le Dauphin, by a natural motion, grasped a sword with the prettiest grace in the world, and absolutely wished to charge: he was implored to do nothing of the kind. After that, I must tell you the evil with

the good, and that is, the habit I have observed, as too easily acquired, of beholding unmoved, on the battle-field, enemies in death-agony; smoking wounds, and naked corpses. For myself, I confess that my heart failed me, and that I needed a smelling-bottle. I observed our young heroes well, and I found them too indifferent on this matter. I fear that in the course of their long lives the taste will but augment for this inhuman carnage.

"But triumph is the finest thing in the world. The 'Vive le Roi!' Hats in the air on the points of bayonets, the compliments of the master to his warriors! the visit of the retrenchments, of the villages; the joy, the glory, the tenderness! But the stage for all that is wet with human blood, and strewn with rags of human flesh.

"At the end of the triumph, the King honoured me with a conversation on Peace. I have dispatched couriers.

"The King was greatly amused yesterday at the trenches. He was much fired at: he remained there three hours. I worked in my Cabinet, which is my trench; for I must confess that I am hindered in my course by all these dissipations. I trembled at every gun I heard fire .... To-day

we shall have a Te Deum under a tent, with a general volley of the Army, which the King will go to see from Trinity Mount. That will be fine!"

The naïve letter, from which these are extracts, needs no comment, and so we will turn to the fragment of one written an hour after the battle, by the King, who is laughing at his poor Minister in the trenches, while, in terror of his life, he executes his royal master's dispatches:

Dated *from the Camp of Fontenoy an hour after battle.*

"Madame,

"I have seen all lost, but the Maréchal de Saxe has repaired all.* He has surpassed himself in this day. My troops have fought with an invincible courage. Those of my household have performed prodigies. To them I owe the gain of the battle. The French Noblesse has fought beneath my eyes: I have been witness of its heroic valour.

* * * * *"

The last three lines were scratched out.

* In recognition of the services of the Maréchal de Saxe, already loaded with glory and wealth, the King accorded to him the honours of the Louvre, gave him for life the Park and Château of Chambord, and augmented his pensions 40,000 per annum.

"This letter," says she who received it, "filled my soul with tranquillity."

Its recipient must have suffered much until it reached her hand. She was near enough to the scene of action to hear, and—whether by the King's desire or feminine infirmity—too far removed to see, during the hour that decided the fate of France and her own. She had flung down all on one stake; she had forfeited an honourable position, with no possible retreat into the past, and a future in which these was little or nothing to hope before her,—even in present danger of her life if discovered,—as was her predecessor, the Duchesse de Châteauroux.

Innumerable were the feats of valour on that day at Fontenoy, as are the causes assigned of its ultimate victory. Some attribute it to the presence of the King and Dauphin; others to the skill of Saxe; others to the vigorous charge of the household troops; and many, agreeing with d'Argenson's faith in the impulse of "French vivacity," declare it to be owing to the lively imagination of the Duc de Richelieu. The King, as we have seen, gave the honour to his brave Maréchal Saxe.

Our French historian *, refers it to the faults of the enemy, as much as to any or all of these causes combined, showing that it is as pleasant to pick a hole in your neighbour's fame as to receive the praise due to one's own merit.

"The first fault," he says, "was to have left behind them the redoubt of the woods of Barri and Fontenoy, from whence they might have turned the cannonade against the French. The second fault was to have advanced without cavalry. The third was not to have seized the instant when nothing but powder was fired from Fontenoy to avail themselves of that post. The fourth (and this, doubtless, the most considerable) was on the part of the Dutch, who, frightened at a first check, instead of forcing the post of Antoin and the redoubts that separated it from Fontenoy, so as to come by these to give a hand to the English and sustain them, remained useless spectators of the combat."

The battle fought and won, the poor Dauphin seems suddenly to have lost nerve. And no wonder; for his father, as if alarmed at his former excitement, which seemed almost bloodthirsty, caused him to traverse the recent field of action,

* Appendix.

so as to make him participate in his own horror of carnage, however essential. When the young Prince beheld the ghastly horrors of war, and when some dying men, regarding with their fading eyes his father and himself, lifted up their voices in a last cry of "Long live the King and the Dauphin," his heart was melted, and he burst into tears. The King turned towards him, and said: "Learn from this, my son, how dear and painful is victory!"

At this moment they came to ask the King how he wished the wounded and dying English to be treated. "Like ourselves," he answered, "they are no longer our enemies."

This order was enthusiastically obeyed. As many as possible were conveyed to Lisle, which city was turned into a general hospital; and the ladies even sacrificed their underclothing for lint to dress the wounds. Well could Louis sympathize in the acute emotion of his son, for in the morning when he had been told of the fate of the Duc de Grammont (nephew of the Maréchal de Noailles), who had fallen, he had sighed deeply as he said, "Ah! there will be plenty more to-day."

Maréchal de Noailles had on that day achiev-

ed the greatest victory of all, that over self. When he beheld the Maréchal Saxe wherever the peril was greatest, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a litter (on account of his continued illness), and sometimes on horseback, he, forgetting his own claims, for this General who was a foreigner, and less tried by France than himself, sacrificed all jealousy and volunteered to serve him as aide-de-camp.

Surrounded by a scene so new and appalling to him, the Dauphin's heart, yearning with pity, sought consolation in the memory of his love. Did his tears flow faster if, at that moment, he remembered any trait of coldness and want of reciprocity in her to whom he wrote, then and there, the following letter? If so, he was to be commiserated, for these lines help to record that the poor youth's affections were warm and true, while they completely vindicate him from any former suspicion of a wish to supplant his father. In fact the letter is a pæan to his father's praise. We refrain from inserting the whole letter, it having reference to events already more than once recorded; but there is scarcely a line in this, his first letter to his bride, that does not bear honourable mention of the King.

After describing rather crudely the balance of Fortune, which at one time held them in suspense, the Dauphin writes:

"During the (momentary) retreat, which pierced the King's heart with grief, his countenance did not change, and he gave orders with a calmness that all the world admired. When the enemy had abandoned the field of battle, the King went there, and was received with incredible cries of joy. He gave orders that the wounded should be cared for, friends or enemies. . . . . In the evening about nine or ten o'clock, the King learned that the enemy had retired in disorder, that there was much bitterness between the English and the Dutch, and that 15,000 men failed to answer to the call; whereas we have only lost 2000. Thus you see that the King has gained a complete victory. The poor Duc de Grammont was killed by a cannon-ball which broke his thigh.

"Adieu, my dear wife, whom I love more than myself."

The Dauphin also wrote a similar letter to the Queen his mother.

But the Dauphin was not the only one whose calm in the midst of death deserves to be record-

ed, to judge from a letter of Horace Walpole dated from London, May 27th, 1745, in answer to one from his friend the Hon. H. S. Conway, who was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland. This letter begins with the usual facetious charm of its writer:

"My dear Harry,

"As gloriously as you have set out, yet I despair of seeing you a perfect hero! You have none of those *charming violences* that are so essential to that character. You write as coolly after behaving well in a battle as you fought in it. Can one ever hope you will make a figure, when you only fight because it was right you should, and not because you hated the French, or loved destroying mankind? This is so un-English, or so un-heroic, that I despair of you!

"Thank Heaven, you have one spice of madness! Your admiration of your master (the Duke of Cumberland) leaves me a glimmering of hope that you will not always be so unreasonable.

" . . . Indeed, your master is not behindhand with you; you seem to have agreed to puff one another. If you are all acting up to the strictest rules of chivalry in Flanders, we are

not less scrupulous on this side the water, in fulfilling all the duties of the same order. . . . "

Again, on July 1st, 1745, Horace writes to his brave young friend thus :—

". . . It hurts one's dignity to be talking of English and French armies, at the first period of our history in which the tables are turned. After having learnt to spell out of the reigns of Edward III. and Henry V., and begun lisping with Agincourt and Cressy, one uses one's self but awkwardly to the sounds of Tournai and Fontenoi. I don't like foreseeing the time when all the young orators in Parliament will be haranguing out of Demosthenes upon the *imminent danger we are in from the overgrown power of King Philip*. . . . . With all these reflections, as I love to make myself easy, especially politically, I comfort myself with what St Evremond (a favourite philosopher of mine, for he thought what he liked, not liked what he thought) said in defence of Cardinal Mazarin, when he was reproached with neglecting the good of the kingdom, that he might engross the riches of it: 'Well, let him get all the riches, and then he will think of the good of the kingdom, because it will all be his own.' Let the French but have England, and they won't want

to conquer it. We may possibly contract the French spirit by being supremely content with the glory of our monarch. . . .

"We hear of nothing but your retiring, and of Dutch treachery; in short, 'tis an ugly scene.

". . . . Dear Harry, do but get a victory, and I will let off every cannon at Plymouth; reserving two, till I hear that you have killed two more Frenchmen with your own hand." *

But Harry could not get a victory. The French marched from one conquest to another, and their King, who was more worshipped than ever, dictated laws even to his enemies. In the mean while his favourite, who, during the remainder of the campaign, followed in the track of the army (though avoiding scandal by her open presence, for the sake of the Dauphin, to whom, according to the deplorable etiquette of the times, she was not yet accredited by a post about the Queen), was not idle. Her studious habits, combined with her desire to be more than an amusement to the King, induced her to meditate on the political aspect of the times, and especially on the causes and effects of the war by which she was

* "Alluding to Mr Conway's having engaged with two grenadiers in the battle of Fontenoy."

surrounded. It is therefore curious to observe that about the time when Horace Walpole subjoined to the letter just quoted, . . "I can't but think we were at least as happy and as great when all the young Pitts and Lytteltons were pelting oratory at my father for rolling out a twenty years' peace, and not envying the trophies which he passed by every day in Westminster Hall," the King of France placed in the hands of his pupil, Madame d'Etioles, these letters from the father of the gay and careless Horace to the late Cardinal de Fleuri:*

"I take upon myself to render the Parliament pacific. Undertake on your side that the nation be not combative; for a Minister in England cannot do everything."

In the second letter Minister Walpole writes:

"I have much trouble to prevent these people from fighting. It is not that they are so much bent on war, but because I am in favour of peace; for it must needs be that there is always a skirmish in English politics, whether in the Camp of Mars, or on the benches of Westminster."

In the third, Walpole speaks thus:

"I might pay a subsidy to the half of the

* Published at Liege in 1776.

Parliament to hold it within pacific bounds: but as the King has not enough money, it would suit your Eminence to pass over to me three millions, to stifle the voice of those that cry the strongest. Gold is a metal here that soothes too warlike blood. There is not a fiery warrior in the Parliament that a pension of £2000 would not render pacific. Neither more nor less, if England declare herself, you will have to pay subsidies to other powers to balance her, without reckoning that the success of the war may be uncertain; whereas if you send me the money, you buy peace with the first hand."

Read this, ye lovers of peace at all price; and consider what was the result of that timid policy, which, on the part of the smooth Cardinal, sacrificed even the navy of France sooner than give offence to England, whose honour was trafficked and betrayed by her minister, to save his day from the deluge which, accumulating, afterwards overwhelmed Europe with blood.

CHAPTER III.

The Wants of War—Expedient proposed—National Advantages of Amnesty and Toleration, as argued by political foresight, and illustrated in the present day—New influence felt before seen—Coronation of Francis, Emperor of Austria — The Queen of the Royal Revels—"Choisy-du-Roi" — Pastorals — Madame de Pompadour's account of how Love paved the way for Politics—Letter of Madame la Marquise to the King—Her request to the Maréchal de Belleisle—Political antecedents of Belleisle—Talk of to-day a hundred years ago—Stern Studies—Montesquieu, his life, literature, and person—John Law, the Financier—Sketch of his life and system—The Humanitarian Grand Turk—M. d'Etioles' provincial tour—Honour rendered to the deserted husband — Lampoons — Presentation of the new Marquise to the Queen—Her tribute to the Queen—Instalment at Versailles—Penalties—Court theatricals at Versailles—Account of their author and actors—"The temple of glory"—Voltaire's vivacity—Its reward—Good for evil—The new light in the council—Financial dilemma

and "fiery bullets"—What French Generals thought of Frederic "the Great" of Prussia—Italy, the proverbial coffin of France—The Count de Ségur's apology for the want of money and morals in the reign of Louis XV.—Parting *mot* of Marshal Saxe—Declaration of Marshal Belleisle on the French army and English navy.

FAME has her victims as well as her votaries. The laurels constantly added to the wreath placed by Victory on the brow of Louis, were steeped in some of the bravest blood of his subjects.

To carry on war two things are needful,—men and money. Both of these essentials were soon found wanting. A council was called, and in this council a new influence made itself felt. Toleration was recommended as the best expedient for satisfying the double need of the nation. But bigotry is not exclusively popish, nor was it confined to France a hundred years ago. There are some in England at the present day who seem to think that the best religion for fighting men is to protest against the religious errors of their neighbours. We have seen how fanaticism still lurked beneath the laurels of victory and the garb of festivity, at the Dauphin's marriage fêtes. From whence then came the proposal for a free exercise of religion, so that the recruits from all countries

could rally round the standard of France, without fear for the liberty of their conscience?

The bold claim for toleration had shocked society when first emanating from Montesquieu, the author and philosopher; but now that Montesquieu's friend, Madame d'Etioles, had begun to study politics in the camp, we find the proposal not only calmly discussed, but eagerly advocated by some, despite the prevalent fear of the Church. The seed was sown that afterwards brought forth fruit.

It is curious to observe, thus, how the new favourite, in becoming the political pupil of the "Well-beloved," should thus (as told at the end of the last chapter) ground her studies on a belief of England's cupidity, and then first manifest her growing intelligence by proposing the adoption of the real cause of England's greatness—toleration.

And perhaps it is still more singular to observe that one of her own thankless contemporaries, who was afterwards bitterest in his aspersions of this new light in camp and court, should thus descant with enthusiasm on her proposal, under cover of anonymous literature. "There is every appearance of the war being long and sanguinary, and the services of a new militia cannot be thoroughly

available under three years passed in garrison. It is, however, indispensable to renew the different corps, that are decimated or disabled. The peasantry diminishes in our villages, and the impossibility of paying the increased taxes forces numbers to abandon the hamlets and the culture of the earth, which must eventually still further impair the King's revenues. It is necessary to remedy such evils, and, to effect this remedy, what is more feasible than to procure new inhabitants, who at once become a resource to the state, whether in men, or contributions to its charges? Protestants, in general, though banished into other countries, are known to yearn for that of their forefathers, with the yearning that children feel for their parents. Moreover, in those other countries they have become industrious; skilful in agriculture and commerce, more opulent, more supple even, and, by consequence, well fitted to renew their own. Also, it is an act of justice to repair the evils of which they have been the victims, in granting them the liberty to re-enter France. By this act of justice a double good accrues: that of procuring new subjects for the King, and of depriving other countries of their support; to wit, England and Holland.

"*Furthermore, it is essential to observe another benefit which will result from this measure, and that is that even those who do not avail themselves of it, but choose still to sojourn in other lands, will no longer feel disaffected towards a power which re-opens its arms to receive them; which is most important in the event of France invading England or the United States, be such invasion by means of the Pretender or otherwise.* Finally, it is essential to conciliate all Protestants and heretics, who, always more or less lurking concealed in the heart of France, are naturally disaffected towards her masters."

And, immediately afterwards, when in a fresh conscription more married men were taken from the plough, a woman's voice exclaims from behind the scenes, with indignation:

"Beware! this is making war on posterity!" Behind the scenes of the camp until then; although the rumour had long spread even to the court, that during the remainder of that year's campaign, the new favourite was the arbitress of peace and war, and that by her advice ministers, and even generals, were disgraced or rewarded. The advent of the new favourite was a time of great difficulty for France, as also of great glory. The prosperity of

Louis XV. in the Low Countries was for ever on the increase, but France, as says Voltaire, "missed the great object of the war, which was to deprive the House of Austria of the imperial throne." The election to the succession of that throne was on the 13th of September, 1745. The King of Prussia having made his own private stipulations with England, declared himself, by his ambassadors, null in the election. The Elector Palatine declared himself the same. Francis I. was therefore proclaimed Emperor. "It was," continues Voltaire, "the proudest day in the life of Maria Theresa." She came to Frankfort to enjoy her triumph and the coronation of her husband. She was the first to cry "*Vivat*" to him as he entered. "She afterwards reviewed her army, and the new Emperor, her husband, received her at its head. She distributed a florin to each soldier." It was therefore in some tribulation that the new French favourite first dedicated the intellect with which she was endowed to the service of the King of France; nevertheless, she did not forget that there was still another enemy of his, which she alone could combat. The proverbial and constitutional gloom of the King overtook him even in the

midst of his most brilliant victories. It had defied all medicine, moral and physical, but now, whenever an occasional pause in the campaign enabled him to seek his favourite residence of Choisy, he found that the ennui of inaction, so much dreaded for him by his subjects, was charmed away for the moment.

The King spoke often of death, even in the midst of fêtes. He never forgot the awful retribution which overtook the Duchesse de Chateauroux so soon after his own restoration to life. "Henceforth the thought of death returned incessantly, and from that time began that life of ennui and disenchantment, the burthen] of which he never completely threw off, but in the tomb." Strange as it may seem, therefore, the love of the Marquise for the King was mingled with tender commiseration.

It was in this royal retreat of Choisy, not far from her own old Forest home, that the former Chatelaine of Etioles, now Marquise de Pompadour,* came out as an actress. The young Mous-

* The Marquisate de Pompadour is of illustrious antecedents. It appertains to the Province de Limousin, but has been confiscated for conspiracy in a previous reign. The King, in conferring this title on Madame d'Etioles, secures to her a

quetaire turned out to be the very Queen of Revels. She summoned around her all her former patrons, now become her protégés.

To Voltaire (who, through her, had become court poet, as well as historiographer of France) she gave commands for the production of a play to be acted at Versailles wherein the King himself should be compelled to strut his short hour upon the stage; and while this was in preparation, as well as her own presentation as the new Marquise, she inaugurated such fêtes that the King believed himself transported into fairyland.

While following the chase with the King, she found in the centre of the forest of Senaart that an elegant pavilion had sprung up, as if by enchantment, called "La Croix du Centre." Was this reared by regal gallantry to commemorate the first hour when this new life dawned on the King? But, however flattering this and other tributes of royal gallantry, the new favourite, who, though of lower birth, was of more refined education than any of her predecessors, found this residence of Choisy fraught with painful and humiliating associations. Here had lived Madame de Marly, who,

revenue sufficient to maintain her rank, or at least "pour tenir son salon." Récit Contemporain.

as a penitent, had wept bitter tears at the Queen's feet, and here had ruled Madame de Chateauroux, who had died a victim of remorse and the scorn of a people whom she had tried to serve. The fits of gloom to which the King was subject, the result of a conscience at war with itself, alarmed her. Her own faith was yet to come to her through much suffering; as yet she knew nothing of the religious convictions to which his life in her society was an outrage. All she could do was to crush down her own fears that the destiny she had achieved for herself was not what she had desired, and to try, through amusement, to beguile the despondency of the King.

Choisy, the chosen spot of royal retreat, and therefore that for revolutionary calumny to revel in as excuse for its destruction, was in itself a paradise of beauty. That sin should ever have entered in is degrading enough, without the attempts which have been made to debase the Kings who dwelt there below the level of human nature. It had yet to become the centre of genius and wit, but nature and art had done everything to prepare it for the reception of a new and more refined society. Among its woods and bowers the "Well-beloved" was more accessible to his people than

in the regal fastnesses of Versailles or elsewhere. Hence, with affectionate familiarity, it was styled "Choisy du Roi," and a populous village had grown up around it. At this time the new favourite studied hard in secret so as to compass the future councils of the King, as we shall presently find. But, before revealing the nature of those studies and pursuing their consequences, we must linger a moment longer at Choisy to declare from it the apology, or rather vindication, it offers to an eminent writer in France at this day, who mourns its demolition in the intervening revolution.

"Ah!" cries he, "life is a great ingratitude of new generations, for past generations!" And then he argues, "The world at present is pleased to say that in those days the peasant was a wretch, without resource, degraded; but if so, from whence arose all the poetry and imagination of Watteau, Boucher, Sancret, and others, who have always chosen the types of their charming works in pastoral subjects? From whence comes it that Collé, Marmoutel,* and even the doubting Rousseau himself, have made of their Lubin, their Colin, and their Annette, the types of freshness and grace? From whence originally arose those ra-

* Marmoutel, Secretary to Madame de Pompadour.

vishing costumes that Marquises have sought to imitate? Idealism only would have found no favour in pictures, or on the stage."

"Nevertheless," he adds in another place, in contemplating a fan painted by that same Boucher who was artistically associated with the new Marquise, "it must be confessed that a milkmaid with white hands and soft cheeks—even though on the latter there be a touch of art—is a more agreeable object than the original." "Nature is good, but she needs management."

Such being the taste for beauty even in pastorals in the 18th century, the young musketeer was turned, on occasions, from the grandest *Dame* who ever dictated fashion to France into a little milkmaid.

Louis XV. had been a desperate gambler, like his predecessor Henri IV. He would sometimes play for heaps of Louis d'or. He liked to win, because success at games at chance seemed to assure to him the favour of Fortune. But he was not avaricious. He compensated the services of his subjects liberally. By some he was blamed for prodigality in such cases at a time of public need.

It was at Versailles that these fits of gambling

32229

generally overtook him, as if he wished to overwhelm his conscience there with excitement. At Choisy, in the time of the Marquise, he had other entertainments. There, as she says, she gave him a taste for music and the drama. There she assembled round him the genius and wit of his subjects. Eventually, she openly expressed her horror of gambling. In 1749, after her open assumption of political power, there is an Order of Council, dated Marly, 7th May, which forbids games of chance. There is also another Order of Council, dated from Versailles, which imposes a tax on women separated from their husbands.*

"But originally," she says, "I did not know a word of politics, but when contemplating the King's character closely, I was convinced that nothing but love could cure him of his gloom, and I wondered that one so gentle and noble should have been so fickle. Of this defect I had fear for myself. By a succession of pleasures I chased away morbid gloom, and won him from too much introspection. I gave him a taste for music, for the dance, as also for comedy and little operas, wherein I myself acted and sang. All the favourites before me had only thought of making them-

* Chronologie, et Précis de la Legislation de Louis XV.

selves beloved by the King; none had dreamed of amusing him. Thus I became necessary to the monarch; the chains of habit augmented daily. I could have wished that love only had been the bond of our union: but with a prince accustomed to change . . . . ! Notwithstanding the King's taste for me, I feared his inconstancy, and in my turn I gave myself up to reflections that troubled my repose. My elevation did not re-assure me; the idol is worshipped while adored by the prince, but when he casts down the altar the idol is trampled under foot.

"One evening when the King came to sup with me, I found that gloom had superseded the gaiety which then was becoming natural to him. He spoke to me much of politics, of the affairs of Europe, and of a courier he intended to despatch the next day for the army; and after a short conversation he retired. His precipitate retreat disquieted me. I could not sleep, and the next morning I wrote to him thus:

"'Sire,

'Your politics have afflicted me. Yesterday evening I had a thousand agreeable things to say to you, when your despatches came to trouble our interview. I have not slept all the night. In

the name of Heaven, Sire, leave Europe to herself, and permit one of your subjects to speak to you of the state of her heart, which is in a mortal disquietude, deprived by you of an occasion to tell you that it loves you with a love which will only end with life.'

"The King, after having read my letter, came himself to re-assure me. He was gayer than usual. I had never seen him so much so. But as the monarch himself had unfolded to me the career of the great events which then agitated Europe, I desired to penetrate to the truth of those great mysteries. I was told that English ladies found on their toilette a paper which instructed them on European affairs. As for Frenchwomen, *we* never expected to find anything there but *blanc et rouge*.

"I sent to the Maréchal de Belleisle." *

* It was the same Maréchal de Belleisle who had previously been detained prisoner in England, not without a suspicion that France favoured such imprisonment to gain an insight into the internal politics of her neighbours. When the Maréchal, however, was restored to his country, he declared that though "easy to pronounce upon the character of Englishmen, it was impossible to calculate upon that of an Englishman."

Horace Walpole, writing at the time when the Marshal was in England to a friend, says:

"Sir," said I to him, "pray explain to me the true nature of these politics, about which people here talk from morning until night. He replied to me with a smile,—

"'Madame, I fear much to teach you a science which, in your hands, will become fatal to many.' Nevertheless the old courtier spoke to me of systems, and conversed on the means which a state ought to adopt for her own aggrandisement.

"I then read the history of our government so as to familiarize myself with preceding administrations. I did not draw all this knowledge from

"The Marshal was privately in London last Friday. He is entertained to-day at Hampton Court by the Duke of Grafton. *Don't you believe it was to settle the binding the scarlet thread in the window, when the French shall come in unto the land to possess it?* It may well be so when the disposition of the drama is in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle . . . . . As a French prisoner said t'other day . . . . '*Je ne sais pas. Je ne saurai m'exprimer, mais il a un certain tatillonage.*' * * *

". . . . It is quite a fashion," goes on Horace, "to *talk* of the French coming here. *Nobody sees it in any other light than as a thing to be talked about, not to be precautioned against.* Don't you remember a report of the plague being in the city, and everybody went to the house where it was to see it? I am persuaded that when ten thousand Frenchmen are within a day's march of London, people will be hiring windows at Cheapside and Charing Cross to see them pass. *'Tis our characteristic to take dangers for sights, and evils for curiosities.*"

books. I have always regarded books on politics as the source of many public errors: but the King himself furnished me with original manuscripts, and thus I saw in what had consisted past abuses, and was enabled to trace such to their origin."

And here, before proceeding to show what was the practical influence of these studies, an influence even felt in the present day, may it be observed, that if lawful love were always so ambitious of being useful and agreeable to its object, domestic life would be less tragic? To be good, there is no need to be idle. Ought a sense of security, the want of which is painfully confessed in the foregoing extract, to lull a wife's heart to such repose that its latent energies lie dormant and useless?

It was natural that in the new interest of politics the memory of the Marquise should recur to her old friend, Montesquieu, whose works, illumined by the dawn of her own intelligence, on their subject matter, dictated the first advice she gave of amnesty to the Protestants, and liberty of conscience. Montesquieu was at this time fifty-five years of age. According to the doctrine

of Positivism,* he had waited until almost the prime of man's intellectual life ere coming forth as an author, or, as says a French genius, "the age ripe for writing," when he produced his celebrated "Persian Letters."

Even then, notwithstanding their success, their author, this Charles de Secondat, Baron de la Brede et de Montesquieu, did not step forward from behind the shield of his ancient noblesse to proclaim himself one of the new noblesse (of the pen) to which he deemed it his greatest privilege to be allied. As an excuse for his still preserving his incognito, his enlightened contemporary and friend, d'Alembert, urges that which is the most biting criticism of criticism in that day. "Perhaps he feared," says d'Alembert, "to be attacked by a pretended contrast between these Persian Letters, which are a fine satire on our manners and prejudices, with the dignity of his position by birth. Criticism never misses an occasion of such reproach, because it wants no wit to be personal."† Montesquieu had been a great traveller, and the result of his

* For an able analysis of the theory of Positivism, see the Westminster Review, April, 1858.

† Eloge de M. le Président Montesquieu, 1764.

observations is to be found in not only his Persian Letters (that work which by its grace and satire had charmed the Marquise long before she was aware, as now, of its political importance), but also in his "*Esprit des Loix*," which was destined afterwards to benefit not only France but the whole world.

During these travels, which suggested to him that "Germany was made to travel in, Italy to sojourn in, England to think in, and France to live in," he had not neglected Hungary, which he describes as a country that ought to be opulent and fertile, "inhabited by a proud and generous people, the scourge of tyrants, and the support of sovereigns."

At Venice he met the famous Law:—"This man, John Law," says the celebrated Baron de Pollnitz, "of whom so many people have written and spoken without knowledge, and according to their own passions, was a Scotchman of narrow fortune, but with ardent desires to better it. He had travelled in different countries of Europe, and play was his chief resource. In Italy he won immense sums, especially at Genoa. It was there he conceived all the projects which he has since executed in France. It is true, he only

came into this kingdom after having offered his services to the King of Sardinia. This Prince told him that his states were too small for such a great design; but that France was the theatre worthy of it, and so counselled him to repair thither. 'From what I know of the French,' added the King, 'I am certain they will relish your projects.'"

De Pollnitz then goes on to tell us how Law did come to France, and how, on exposing his system to the Duc d'Orleans (Regent, during the minority of Louis XV.) and the facile Fleuri, who never said nay to aught that staved off the evil day of reckoning, was so approved, that, after abjuring his religion (he was a Protestant), he was made Controller General of Finance in January, 1720.

Pollnitz afterwards relates at some length, sometimes in prose, and sometimes in verse, how, as subsequently on the Bourse and Stock Exchange, there arose an epidemic monomania for paper, which, giving its owner an imaginary possession in the Utopia of Mississippi, was considered preferable to bullion. Lands, houses, name, and fame, were bartered for this scrip. As usual in these things, the mud turned uppermost, and

society was so topsy turvy, that, as the Baron says, "if Heaven had not renewed order, the valets would have become masters, and masters valets." Workmen no longer worked, and echo only answered to the cry of "Mississippi," and "Quinquempoix,"—which latter was the name of the street where this fine negotiation was carried on; and where "were to be found more whirligig pounds than could be counted by minutes since the world's creation." The total proscription of these bank bills was issued in the month of October, 1720.

In the midst of the consequent confusion Law fled, and some declare that he had made a secret provision for himself. His wife and daughter survived him, both of whom were to be pitied (being good women) as victims of the fraud, whether outwardly enriched by it or not. We have seen enough in our own time to credit the account further given of society having fallen down to worship the golden calf, and from experience can too well credit how, in this fever for scrip, the mobile Parisian vivaciously preferred it to solid gold. "Is not paper better? It is not subject to diminution; it is more easy to count, and, above all, to carry. A man might have millions

in his pocket, and not be sensible of it; whereas a hundred Louis d'ors weigh too heavily. Where is the means of carrying gold in your pocket without being fatigued?"

(As essential to an understanding of the future finance of France, the reader must pardon what the witty Pollnitz calls this "furious digression." "Mr Law has conducted us," says he, "to the Mississippi; the voyage is long, and we could not get back when he would.")

The Scotch financier and Mississippi schemer, when Montesquieu met him at Venice, was still occupied by projects that were only destined, happily, to die in his too fertile brain. To show how irrepressible is the passion for speculation and gambling, and how they are allied, Law was amusing himself, when the Baron de Montesquieu found him at Venice; in playing a game at hazard for a large diamond that it was his most brilliant pleasure thus often to risk. One day the conversation was turned by Montesquieu on the celebrated system of paper currency that Law had invented. As the Parliament of Paris, the immediate depository of laws or schemes in the time of minority, had manifested some resistance to this Scotch adviser, Montesquieu asked him why

it had not been attempted to vanquish this resistance by the infallible mode of England, viz. money, that grand motive power of human action. "Ah!" said Law, "those Parliament men of Paris have not a genius so ardent and generous as that of Britain; but they are much more incorruptible."

"We will add," says the illustrious French author in recording this anecdote,* "without any prejudice of national vanity, that a body with temporary freedom is more likely to resist corruption than that which possesses freedom always. The first in selling its liberty loses it; the second does, so to speak, but lend it, and exercises it in mortgaging it. Thus the circumstances and nature of government are the vices and virtues of nations."

Some years before the Marquise de Pompadour called him to her aid, the Baron de Montesquieu had been elected President of the French Academy, of which her other friend, Voltaire, had lately (as he himself sarcastically avows, by her patronage) been made a member. This was about ten years before Montesquieu's death. What did he think, with the shades of evening

* d'Alembert.

already gathering about him, of this woman whom, from a child, he had tenderly watched, when, for the first time, he beheld her adorned with all the insignia of her new rank?

Very different is this to her former confidant, Voltaire, already described. Montesquieu was spotless in conscience, and his countenance bore testimony to his unblemished life. "Judge not," he begs in the Preface to his *Esprit des Loix*, "the labour of 20 years by the perusal of a moment. Approve or condemn my book as a whole, and not by a few phrases." The peculiar characteristic of Montesquieu's face is earnestness. A smile of benevolence rests on the lips without parting them, but a world of thought looks out from the large eyes that are sunken as if from the profound study that has inscribed its one significant line between the brows, which, by it, are drawn more closely together, as though scrutinizing some object before him. The head, crowned with short locks already silvered, and distinguished by the ear placed far back, so as to exclude a preponderance of animal passions, is well set on the figure, still erect and of noble bearing. But, involuntarily, one recurs to the face which, even to the thin cheeks, seems refined by the action of the

soul within. It is just one of those faces which, even on canvas, reminds the beholder of what this man's countryman, living a hundred years afterwards, said: "The flesh ought to be no drop-curtain before a coarse and clumsy machinery, but the transparent veil of a vast theatre, wherein the noblest human motives and loftiest sympathies play each their several parts."* When he died, exactly ten years afterwards, his loss was mourned as universal. Even the English "Evening Post," of February, 1755, had an article in it to his honour, which we shall find in its proper place.

The Marquise could not do better than call to her aid this noble citizen of the world, who had just then produced his "Causes of Roman Greatness and Decline;" and probably when Montesquieu beheld how earnest was the royal favourite in consecrating every hour of leisure she could snatch from the revels of which she was the Queen at Choisy, he, in the words of their common enemy, the Jesuits, believed that the end would justify the means.

In spite of the victories for which France was for ever raising fresh acclamations and thanks-

* De Balzac.

givings, those who were behind the curtain of public events anticipated a hard time coming. India was harassed. The exchequer, which had rendered the late Cardinal de Fleuri so timid, was again impoverished. The King of France desired peace, but a sharp campaign in Italy was unavoidable. Prussia, sure of Silesia, cared not what became of France, and was supported by England. In the midst of these great embarrassments, the Grand Turk stepped forth in the name of humanity. Absurd as it may seem, the Sultan wrote by his first Visir to all Christian courts, exhorting them to cease from shedding of blood, and offering his mediation. "Such an offer," says Voltaire, "though fruitless, serves to warn Christian powers, who having began war for interest, continue it by obstinacy, and are compelled to go on with it by necessity." *

But, it will be asked, what had become of the husband who, only a year since, had nailed up the royal antlers over his wife's drawing-room door? So it may be as well here to satisfy marital curiosity that, while the new Marquise was holding her court in the vicinity of her former home, M. d'Etioles' recent appointment (or his own will

* Appendix †.

backed by royal desire), necessitated his absence from Paris or its vicinity; and, in making a tour of the provinces, we are told that he was fêté by the men, while sought and caressed by the women!

M. d'Etioles had received orders from the King "that if ever at the opera, or elsewhere, he came across Madame la Marquise, he was not to make sign of recognition, or in any way to presume to lay claim to previous acquaintance with her." But though thus restricted, he had never before been so popular. Nevertheless, such is the craving of some people for sympathy, M. d'Etioles did not weary of bewailing his own forsaken lot. Within a certain distance of the Capital, the marks of flattering sympathy were as many as mile-stones. But as the distance increased between him and the great centre of civilization, he found that people generally were in a more blissful state of ignorance respecting the scandal of the court, although the *grands seigneurs*, who kept up a correspondence with it, hailed the melancholy traveller with the consideration due to his wife's elevation, and its possible future influence, through him, on themselves. So it came to pass when an old gentleman, one of the humbler neighbours of a certain provincial grandee, was

invited to meet "the distinguished traveller" at the château, he asked, on entering the sâlon, "Who is this man whom my lord delights to honour?" Being answered in a mysterious whisper, "He is the husband of the new Marquise de Pompadour," the old gentleman bustled forwards towards M. d'Etioles, overwhelmed by finding himself in such high society, and bowing low before him, with his hand on his heart, exclaimed: "Monsieur le Marquis de Pompadour, permit me to have the very great honour of saluting you." Everybody smiled except the hero of the fête, who was only less to be commiserated than the poor old gentleman, whose ancient notion of good breeding had led him to sin so grossly against *les convenances*, with the best intentions.

It is, however, impossible to sympathize properly with the forsaken husband, when an old chronicler (who is, nevertheless, altogether inclined to make a party of him against the wife) proceeds to tell us that M. le Normant de Turneheim, "uncle of the Marquise"—he who originally planned her ill-fated marriage with his nephew—at this time obtained the appointment of Director-General of Public Buildings, to be held, with all the emoluments of such an appointment,

until such time that the brother of the Marquise was qualified to undertake its duties. The chronicler—who is anonymous—then adds what he considers a satire on the woman from whose hands her unloved husband and his family seem eagerly, though hypocritically, to have accepted favours; this poor joke is, that when her brother, above alluded to, was created Marquis de Vandieres, the lampooners, opposed to her as to all in power, called him "le Marquis d'Avant Hier" (of the *day before yesterday*).*

Madame de Pompadour herself was too deeply engrossed by other considerations to heed such paltry annoyances. Her formal presentation to the Queen at Versailles seems to have inspired her with a fresh zeal for the welfare of the state, and with an affectionate respect for the woman of whom she was the rival.

By etiquette it was essential that the new Marquise should be presented to the Queen, and to the royal princes and princesses. She accomplished this duty with a perfect grace and dignity, conducted by the Princess de Conti, whom the King appointed to introduce her. The Queen

* This brother of the Marquise was afterwards created Marquis de Marigny, by which title he, through his works, still lives in France.

addressed some kind words to the Marquise, and asked her some courteous questions respecting the Duchesse de Lauraguais, la Marquise de Bellefond, and Madame d'Estrades, with whom Madame de Pompadour was already acquainted. The new Marquise, in saluting the Queen with marked respect, said: "Madame, I desire passionately to accomplish all that your Majesty may command me for your service."

This sentiment of regard was subsequently mutual, according to the Queen's own confession (to be recorded in its proper place) to one of her ladies of honour. As an apology for a position so mutually anomalous, the evil must be remembered of those precedents of which the life of Henri IV., surnamed "the Great,"—that bulwark of Protestantism in the history of France,—is a signal example. Happily, the insults under which this hero permitted his Queen to succumb from his mistress has no parallel in the reigns of his successors; much less in that of Louis XV. during the favour of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour. The King, as we know, had complained to de Richelieu of his wife's coldness; the King's mistress does honour to his wife in these terms:

"The Queen possesses great virtues; she has

laid at the foot of the cross her domestic troubles. Far from murmuring at a destiny which would have filled the days of one less excellent with bitterness, she rather regards it as a trial to her constancy, which will find its recompense in another life. She is never heard to utter any of those angry words which announce the soul's discontent. She is ever the first to exalt the noble qualities of the King and gently to draw a curtain over his weaknesses. She never speaks of him but with respect and veneration. It is not possible for a lady to exemplify in a higher degree of perfection Christianity, or more amiably to conciliate anomalous qualities in a rank where, too often, the least defects efface the greatest virtues."

Was it not well for this Christian Queen—since it must needs be that evil should abound and accumulate round her—that the choice of the King had fallen on one who, though in another sense an equal victim to their generation and its traditions, was noble enough at heart to appreciate the goodness of which she had never until then seen so bright an example?

The Marquise had hitherto seen more of the bad than the good side of the world. Her reverence had been for Intellect. In the society of

Philosophy and artists she had shielded herself from the grosser elements of society, of which her own mother afforded a revolting example. Intellect only had not enabled her to redeem herself from the more refined corruption of her century, as is seen in her present position at Court. That position offered her new examples of the turpitude of mankind, by which, in contrast, the Queen's Christian virtues shone out with greater lustre. While the envy of some, who had nothing to gain by her elevation, mocked at and reviled her origin, the time-serving self-interest of others disgusted her with its adulation. She received letters from writers unknown to her, claiming the honour of relationship, and servilely beseeching their illustrious "cousine" to intercede in behalf of her own kindred with the King. To one of these who was of noble birth she haughtily answered: "Sir—I will lay your case before the King, but in return I must ask the favour of not having the honour of your relationship. I have family reasons which forbid my believing our ancestors were identical."

Henceforth the Marquise was installed in the little apartments at Versailles, where she became the centre of attraction. The King looked to her,

constantly, for amusement and advice. The responsibility of the latter entailed on her a life of reflection so ponderous that nothing but her ever-increasing love for Louis could lighten it. A sense of great weariness often overpowered her, but, struggling against this, and every other adverse element to the destiny she had voluntarily accepted, she was always the first to propose the amusements, both at Choisy and at Versailles, which diverted the King from those state anxieties that she shared.

So at the end of the eventful year of Fontenoy we find the King no longer weeping as on the last anniversary, but in the theatre of Versailles, where, in presence of the most distinguished and exclusive audience in Europe, he and his Court performed the play that Voltaire had written. This was not the first representation. The taste for amateur performances was initiated by the Marquise, whose artistic tastes and mobile genius rendered her the most perfect actress that ever enchanted an audience, even critical as was that of the drama-loving Versailles. Voltaire was at her orders, and he dropped some of his most sparkling verses, like diamond dew, at her bidding. Also, desired by her, he, in a pompous programme,

declared that "the King has commanded a spectacle which may serve at the same time to amuse the Court and to encourage the fine arts. The culture of which he knows must contribute to the glory of his reign."*

Of course these Christmas revels were no more intended to represent the real genius of Voltaire than to consummate the real victories of the King, who appeared in the allegory of "The Temple of Glory" as Trajan, with Madame de Pompadour as Plotine, who, addressing Trajan as master of the world, says:

"Reviens, divin Trajan, vainqueur doux et terrible,
Le monde est mon rival, tous les cœurs sont à toi:
Mais est il un cœur plais sensible
Qui t'adore plus que moi?
Grands dieux! Vous habitez en cette âme si belle
Et je la partage avec vous."

Then, after the chorus has shouted forth a refrain of victory and love, Trajan himself steps forth, and, addressing his soldiers, and the assembled Roman people, exclaims:

"Peuple de héros, que m'aimez et que j'aime,
Vous faites mes grandeurs,
Je veux régner sur vos cœurs."

Adding, while pointing to Plotine, significantly,

* Preface to the "Princesse de Navarre."

" Sur tant d'appas, et—sur moi-même."

At the end of this symbolic representation, Voltaire, who was seated in the royal box, near the stage, was so enchanted with his own success and that of the King, that, with characteristic vivacity, he leaned forward and caught hold of his Majesty, exclaiming, " Is Trajan satisfied ? "

Instantly the sentinels near the door started towards the King, and Louis himself was for a moment taken aback by such unaccustomed familiarity; but, recovering himself, he said, though somewhat drily, " Yes, Voltaire, it is well done."

After the play was over, the Marquise apologized for Voltaire, and, as an earnest that his Majesty was not offended, succeeded in obtaining for him the office of " Gentleman of the Chamber," which attached him to the royal household. The Marquise herself defrayed all the fees and expenses incidental on this new dignity, and even after the recipient of her favour and bounty had proved ungrateful to her, she permitted him to sell his post (which was customary) in keeping its honours ;—or, in other words, to appropriate to himself a present of 150,000 francs.

Thus she rewarded evil with good, though in after times she had no more bitter enemy than the

poet, who, her confidant a year before, had thus used her "destiny" as a stepping-stone for himself. There were thorns beneath the roses he showered down on the graceful head of his patroness. Around that head were budding many prickly cares. Already the King and his people looked to the Marquise for weal or woe, and while the energies of her brain and heart were daily more concentrated for the welfare of the monarch, she knew, by fatal precedent, that his subjects were ever eager to cast the blame of untoward events on one in her anomalous position. The great Cabinet difficulty at the close of that eventful year was the want of funds to carry on the war, for which the King's generals were still so eager, that Louis, when listening to their representations, sighed, as, thinking of his exhausted exchequer, he exclaimed:—

"Alas! their advice always reaches me in the shape of fiery bullets." Nevertheless, it was impossible to deny that to retrograde from the path of glory would be even more ruinous than its pursuit.

As to the King of Prussia, the Marshal Belleisle said of him, "If this man who adores war found peace to his advantage, he would embrace her on

the first occasion." He did so. Frederic assured himself of Silesia, and thereby verified the prediction already recorded of the Prince de Soubise concerning him.

Maria Theresa, forced to forego Silesia, turned her eyes towards Italy, in the hope that the war in that direction would be fatal to France. It had become a proverb: "Italy is the coffin of France."

Thus, with one campaign yet to be consummated, so as to render the previous costly conquests of more worth than that of empty fame, and with another just rising above the horizon of the future, the internal condition of France was inextricably complicated. Nor was this attributable alone to vain love of the glory she had, as a military nation, achieved.

"Nobody," as says the Count de Ségur, "can reasonably reproach Louis XV. with the disorder of his finances, caused originally by the ambition of his predecessor, and aggravated by the culpable folly, which Law, the Scotchman, and financial adviser, had induced the Regent to sanction during the period of the minority of Louis XV.

"The minority of the young King (Louis XV)," adds de Ségur, "ought equally to shelter

him from the reproach of the excessive license in morals prevalent, and established under that same Regency."

Maurice, Maréchal de Saxe, was regarded at the close of the year 1745, as the tutelary angel of France. Of mathematical mind, it was said that his military system was the perfection of geometrical calculations. Yet even he, when hastening away from Paris to prosecute still further the campaign in Flanders, declared that "only a saint or a devil could restore order to the administration of France."

Upon which a courtier remarked, "*Eh bien!* Then we must necessarily be in the intermediate state between heaven and hell, since neither saint nor devil can be found among us."

The woman upon whom these complicated cares of state were daily more devolving was certainly neither the one nor the other. It was therefore impossible that she could escape being torn by conflicting elements from above and below. We shall see how she bore the full brunt of the storm.

In was at this time, when the clouds were already portentous enough to overshadow the fêtes of Versailles, given in honour of dazzling victories,

that her friend and political tutor, De Belleisle, declared one day to the King in her presence :—

"Sire, if all the powers were to declare war against you, I could still contrive to raise in your states an army of five hundred thousand soldiers to face Europe: but if I had to combat a fleet of a hundred vessels of the English line, I should not know where to find 20,000 sailors."

CHAPTER IV.

The sarcasm of popular applause — The young Pretender— Origin of "God save the Queen"—Voltaire's Stuart Manifesto—The Duc de Richelieu at Calais—Jacobite letter addressed to the King of France—The Cardinal de Tencin— Another Jacobite letter to the King—First flush of success —Letters of the Pretender to the King of France—French Colonies — Shocks to France—Marshal Saxe at the Brussels Ball—Austria looks to Italy as France's "Coffin"—The Dauphin detained at home—Accusation and vindication— Letter from Madame la Marquise to the King's Chamberlain—"Pompadour fecit"—"Pompadour delineavit et sculpsit"—Bibliothèque Impériale—Biography engraved on stones contained there—Crozat, the guide to the old masters—Why the Marquise sent her brother to Italy — The Controller-General of Finance, and his system of Taxation —The best friend of King and People—Artistic refinement opposed to vulgar ostentation — New head of the Exchequer — King Louis in Brussels — Death of the Dauphiness — Dauphin's despair — Royal, righteous, and brave—Letter of Madame de Pompadour to Marshal Saxe

— Capitulation of Namur — How 12,000 men were lost in action for want of one man — Letter of the Marquise to the Marshal — Drama in the Camp, and the effects thereof — Fanaticism in Languedoc — Memorial of Commander, Duc de Richelieu, to the King in behalf of the Protestants — How love and mercy prevailed after ten years' useless appeals from justice—The Pope's ideal of a King—The Pope's parallel between Religion and Reason —The Pope's philosophy — Montesquieu, the defender of religion and enemy of intolerance — Three types—Wits of Choisy—Marmontel—Boudoir of the Marquise—The Abbé de Bernis—Gratitude and Gallantry—Lines of Voltaire to the Marquise—His envy—Letter of Madame la Marquise about the Dutch Ambassador, &c.

In the year 1746, the people of France were again worshipping in a Temple of Glory. The King of France was everywhere saluted as a hero, but he was painfully aware of the price his laurels cost him. If people only knew the unconscious sarcasm of such applause! and yet the rulers of the earth are compelled to foster and maintain this secret sting, or by exposure it would become fatal. "Truly all the world's a stage," and kings, generally, are forced by the hard taskmaster, necessity, to become the best actors. So, when the mob of Paris shouted ever and again, "Vive le Roi!" the poor King thought of his empty exchequer and decimated provinces;

and when, from the advice of his generals, he was certain that no retrograde was possible in the matter of the Flanders campaign, he turned to one of his courtiers and gloomily said: "These Dutch are a terrible people. Would that that Republic had been a thousand leagues from my frontiers! It is the source of more trouble to me than all Europe put together."

Louis, always desiring peace, was never able to achieve it. Every victory seemed by a paradox to lead him further from peace.

"The treason of Prussia in regard to France in signing unexpectedly a treaty with Maria Theresa and England, facilitated for Austria a campaign in Italy which she hoped would ingulf the glory of the enemy.* The Austrian army, having no longer to combat the Prussians, nor the Bavarians, nor the French on the Rhine, could precipitate itself on the French and Spaniards beyond the Alps, a military operation easy to be achieved with the co-operation of Piedmont. Philip V. of Spain was dead.† Could the Spaniards still be reckoned on with the same confidence? In Italy, therefore, France would have to encounter the Piedmontese, the Austrians, and the Sardinians.

* See Appendix G. † Ibid. H.

The South of France was exposed to invasion, and the Var was an insufficient barrier against a coalition army. The cabinet of Versailles learned also that Russia had signed an offensive and defensive alliance with Austria. The Czarina of Russia and the Empress of Austria were in some things kindred spirits. An intimate and inspiring correspondence had been maintained between them. To add to these perplexities in the cabinet of France, her honour in 1745 was pledged to support the cause of the Pretender in England, or, as in Paris he was called, the King of England."*

France had engaged to support Prince Charles Edward, and strove to blow the dying embers of the Stuart cause into a flame in the hope of producing an internal distraction to England. But Louis thought it a better cause than it was, as regarded its ultimate chances of success; for kings, like humbler folk, can only afford to measure merit by success!

Indeed almost as soon as France had determined on war with Great Britain, emissaries were dispatched to Rome, where Prince Charles

* Causes Intérieures et Politiques. Récit Contemporain.

Edward then was, with offers of assistance in his cause. "The Prince embarked, on a stormy sea, like an ocean bird in a tempest," and had to pass many an English ship on his voyage which little dreamed of his intention. He was secretly received by Louis XV., who had given orders to facilitate his journey to Paris, always the hospitable refuge of the unfortunate Stuart family. France still descants on his beauty, which she declares, even in this sober age, was the revivification of the portraits of Vandyck. The Marquise de Pompadour was an enthusiast in the Stuart cause, and the intimate friend of the Prince. "Everybody," contemporary French history declares, "with poetry in the head, or enthusiasm at heart, declared in Scotland and England for the Prince Charles Edward." France still conserves the Jacobite chant, which by a strange revulsion of destiny has become the Hanoverian "God save the Queen."

"May God bless our Lord the King! May God preserve our Lord the King! May he render him victorious, happy, and glorious to reign a long time over us! God save the King! May God send him a royal heritage! May God bless the King and the Queen, so that we may see Great

Britain delivered from the Whigs, from George, and from his Frederic. So be it! May God hasten the happy moment! May the Omnipotent be our help, so that all the family which is in Italy may soon return, and that suddenly, to Whitehall! May God bless the Church, and preserve her pure from all *Whiggery*, and from the hypocrisy of the Whigs who wickedly sought to soil her! Courage to all faithful subjects small and great who will recall the King, the only King who has the right to reign! His return alone can save Great Britain."

With this chant the Prince was greeted when he had crossed the water, with the following manifesto from the pen of Voltaire in his pocket, which those to whom it is familiar can skip:

"The most Serene Prince Charles Edward, having landed in Great Britain, without any other resource than his courage, and all his actions having secured the admiration of Europe and the hearts of all true Englishmen, the King of France has adopted the general sentiment. He has thought it his duty to assist, at the same time, a Prince worthy to occupy the throne of his ancestors, and a generous nation, the soundest part of which has at length recalled Prince Charles Stuart

to his country. He only sends the Duke of Richelieu* at the head of his troops, because the best-intentioned English have asked for such a support, and he sends but the precise number of troops that has been required of him, being ready to recall them whenever the nation shall desire their absence.

"The sole object of his Majesty in affording such just assistance to his kinsman, to the son of so many kings, to a Prince so worthy to reign, is to restore peace to England and to Europe; being fully convinced that the most serene Prince Charles-Edward places his confidence in the good-will of the English nation; that he considers their liberties, the support of their laws, and the promotion of their happiness as the end of all his undertakings; and that, in short, the greatest kings of England have been those who, nursed in the lap of adversity, have merited the love of the nation. Such are the sentiments which have influenced the King to afford assistance to the Prince who is

* The Duc de Richelieu was stationed at Calais at the head of 30,000 men constantly ready for embarkation. A squadron, commanded by M. de Roquefeuille, cruised in the Channel, which (as says a French contemporary) much "disquieted the English!"

come to throw himself into the arms of the English; the son of him who was born heir of the three kingdoms; the warrior who, notwithstanding his valour, trusts solely to the people and their laws for the confirmation of his most sacred rights; who can never have any other interests than their interests, and whose virtues have moved the minds of those most prejudiced against his cause. He hopes that such an occasion will tend to unite two nations who ought to retain a reciprocal esteem for each other, who are naturally connected in the mutual ex-agency of their commerce, and who ought to unite, in this instance, to promote the interests of a Prince who merits the good wishes of all nations. The Duke of Richelieu, who commands the troops of his Majesty the King of France, addresses this declaration to all faithful subjects in the kingdom of Great Britain, and assures them of the constant protection of the King his master. He comes to join the heir of their ancient monarchs, and shed, like him, his blood in their service."

English historians are mistaken when, in noticing this manifesto, they suppose that France did not really believe in the probable success of this ill-advised invasion. War had cut off such

free intercourse between France and England as to prevent the former judging of the chances of the Stuart cause for herself, and the Jacobite party continued to prompt France by such letters as these:*

"The Tabernacle is ready. The holy Sacrament has but to appear. We will march before it with the Cross. The procession will be numerous. But, as people here are hard of belief, soldiers and arms are necessary. Transubstantiation can only be established to-day in England but by force of cannon. Rely on us. We will do all that is necessary, and we can assure you beforehand that after the disembarkation, we need only pronounce these words: 'Ite, missa est.'"

This was just the sort of letter to touch a key-note in the King's character, which has not, in this narrative, been yet, perhaps, sufficiently played upon, and that was, the fanaticism that alternated with his love of pleasure when he was satiated by the latter. His character was an anomalous compound of the elements, instilled by the Church

* These Jacobite letters were preserved by the Marshal Belleisle among private State papers, published at Liège, 1766.

on the one hand during his long minority, and by the corrupt practices of the Regency on the other. Naturally of noble instincts, and with "the blood of the hero and the legislator flowing in his veins," Louis XV. was unconsciously, as the type of his century's evils, hastening the revolution, which was their climax and its close.

The Cardinal de Tencin* had succeeded De Fleuri at the court of France. Habitually the King placed confidence in him, but the glory of the Roman Purple is not evident at this time, as in the old days of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin.

Individualism began everywhere to assert itself; which, though essential to the law of progress and national development, yet helped for the moment to complicate difficulties.

Louis found a secret solace for his troubles, and perhaps hoped to gain absolution for all his sins, past, present, and to come, in the belief that he was born to plant a crucifix on London Bridge, for thus again wrote the Jacobites, though here they pulled another string. "Whatever may be said of it, the expedition is not difficult, the disembarkation is easy. Everything favours the

* See Appendix I.

revolution. Religion gives the least advantage. Politics will do everything. The Hanoverian is not loved, he continually tricks the English. On one side he seeks to become absolute, and on the other he desires to despoil the people of their money."

The hopes of Louis were still further flattered by the first result of the invasion to which he had stood sponsor. It seemed to corroborate all that his Jacobite correspondents had secretly promised. The reader will easily remember how the young Stuart Prince was enthusiastically received in Scotland, how he there, for a moment, overcame the royal forces, and how he even entered England, where the emergency was considered sufficient to recall the troops from Flanders so as to leave a clearer field there for the French. But who has not heard of the young Prince's defeat at Culloden Moor, nor fails to be familiar in song and story with the miseries that ensued to the heir of a right royal but unfortunate race, and to his devoted adherents?

There is a letter extant from Prince Charles Edward, at the castle of Navarre, to the King of France, which shows that the time of his disembarkation in Scotland was well chosen when

England was struck with dismay at the success of the French arms in Flanders. This is it:—

"12 June, 1745.

"Monsieur Mon Oncle,

". . . . I should not have come to France, if the expedition projected more than a year ago had not made known to me the good intentions of your Majesty in my behalf, and I hope that the unforeseen accidents which have hitherto rendered that expedition impracticable have not changed those good intentions. May I not flatter myself at the same time that the victory which your Majesty has just gained over your enemies and mine (for are they not the same?) may have brought some change in affairs, so that I may derive some advantage from the new splendour of the glory which surrounds you? I pray your Majesty to consider that in sustaining the justice of my rights, you put yourself in a condition to attain a solid and durable peace, the only end of the war in which you now find yourself engaged. In short, I desire to attempt my destiny, which, after the hands of God, is in those of your Majesty. If you make me succeed in it, you will find a faithful ally in a relation who has

the honour to be so. With the most respectful attachment,

Monsieur Mon Oncle, &c."

The Prince embarked with seven of his partizans in a fishing vessel. During one part of his voyage he was disguised as an Irish priest. When he first trod on Scotch ground, he religiously kissed it.

When Prince Charles landed in Scotland, he again wrote to the King of France thus :—

"M. Mon Oncle,

". . . . A succour which would cost little to your Majesty would put me speedily into a condition to enter England, and would oblige me to a gratitude equal to the respectful attachment with which I shall ever be, M. Mon Oncle, your Majesty's very affectionate nephew,

Charles."

France awaited with breathless anxiety for news of him. Apart from self-interest, her chivalric and romantic character was enthusiastic in his cause. To this day the name of Flora Macdonald, the heroine of the Prince's misfortunes, is tenderly remembered in the country that favoured his cause. He was loved the more in France

because it was the fate of himself and race to be sheltered by good and gentle women.

The disappointment and difficulties he had encountered seemed subsequently to cause a revulsion in the Prince's character, as we shall presently see, which laid him open to the suspicion of temporary insanity. He was scarcely recognisable when he returned to France, the home of England's royal exiles, and their refuge through generations.

The shock of the ultimate defeat of the Prince was terrible for France. To the King it was a treble calamity, ingulfing men, money, and religious hope. The disappointment must have been the more keen as coming at a time when in so much need of the two former to carry on the campaign in Flanders and Italy, and of the latter to sustain him against the reduction of the city of Louisburgh and the Isle of Cape Breton in North America to the English; as also to endure the loss of several vessels, richly laden, which fell a prey to the superior navy of Great Britain.

The attempt to help Prince Charles to his rights cost France more than one gem in her crown, if, as declare her commentators of that

day, England was henceforth implacable in her resentment.

In the French newspapers of the time the idea of England's revenge on the sea and in the French colonies is traceable, and in the Causes *Intérieures et Diplomatiques*, believed in and acted upon by the French Cabinet, it is stated that henceforth Great Britain resolved to employ all her resources to crush the colonial commerce of France and Spain. France declares herself at that time the first colonial power after Spain. The following is a sort of dirge to her past glory.

"At that time French colonies did not only consist in some costly establishments thrown in the midst of the seas, but they were as a diadem resplendent with gems. Independently of her own coasts and of Italy, she had in the Mediterranean, the *échelles* of the Levant and of Egypt; the capitulations of François I. with the Porte, enlarged again by Louis XIV., assured to French consuls an absolute influence. No other power than France stretched her pavilion to Thessalonica, Smyrna, and even to Constantinople. Other flags placed themselves under her protection. Malta even, all filled with noble chevaliers,

was she not morally under the influence of France? In India she exercised by the Company an imposing sovereignty. Madras, Pondicherry, the coast of Coromandel, the banks of the Ganges, beheld the troops of the King, under a governor chosen from among brave seamen. Descending the seas, the Company possessed the double station of the Isles of Bourbon and France, fertile volcanoes thrown into the midst of the waters. In America, independently of the Antilles, France extended her dominion over her loving Canada, Louisiana, and the vast colony of St Domingo, so fertile and so richly cultivated. Thus, French commerce was the most flourishing of Europe. . . . The King's ships escorted in time of war those merchant vessels of India and America, 'as the eagle or the falcon might protect a myriad birds in their bold flight."

As to Spain, Peru, Mexico, Cuba, the Philippines, and Lima, cast their wealth into her lap.

Who can blame France, when she felt her "diadem of gems" being torn from her brow by "English corsairs," that, though inwardly mourning, she preserved her proud attitude and would not bow her head? French contemporary notices of the struggles between France and England on

and across the ocean say little about the griefs of the former, and a great deal of the man of energy, Dupleix, on the coasts of Hindostan, and of the brave de La Bourdonnaye, the governor of the Isle of Bourbon, who, vigorously drove off the English. And to-day France echoes :—

" Who, that reads or writes a history of India dare forget those two names! Those brave men united in the struggle against the monstrous establishments of Great Britain on the Ganges, then in their origin. Forgetful as we have become of ancestors, can we cease to remember in our political passions, the fine names of France in India?" But France had cause to be in perpetual fear of British ships in the horizon of her possessions, while exposed at home by the treacherous defection of Prussia to an invasion of her own territory.

" The Austrian and Piedmontese army, favoured by a fleet of His Britannic Majesty, had passed the Var and entered Provence (30th November, 1746). There was the design of falling on Toulon and Marseilles under cover of the English navy. The Isles of St Marguerite and St Honoré were taken. The Marquis de Mirepoix" (afterwards, as we shall see, sent ambassador to Eng-

land), "who commanded in that part, had only been able, with the brigades he had, to harass the enemy and retard its march." The cabinet of Versailles was alarmed. The King detached some regiments of the army of the Rhine, and placed them with the superior government of Provence under the guidance of Marshal Belleisle.* Belleisle convoked the noblesse and the militia, and in a fortnight found himself at the head of an army capable of taking the offensive. In the mean while, Marshal de Saxe, having returned to Flanders after his parting *mot* in Paris, seemed only to be occupied with the pleasures of the Carnival. He was accompanied, or followed, by his mistress, Madame Favart, who was an excellent actress; so much so, as seemingly to have imbued her hero with something of her own talent for a *coup-de-théâtre*. One night, when the Marshal gave a ball to the ladies of Lille (who had torn up their under-clothing for lint to dress the wounds of the brave of Fontenoy), in the midst of it a despatch was delivered to him. He was watched by a thousand eyes while he stood beneath one of the chandeliers to read it; and in a moment he joyously cried:—"Brussels at this mo-

* January, 1747.

ment is invested. In a few days it will be the King's. Vive le Roi." In less than a fortnight the city was obliged to capitulate. By this capitulation France gained a garrison of 9000 men.*

This was but the prelude of new conquests. The Dutch began to fear that they were victimized by a quarrel between two powers from which they had nothing to gain; King George of England, who was exasperated, and Louis of France, who had tried to supplant him on the throne.

As Italy was proverbially "the coffin of French glory," Maria Theresa flattered herself that French laurels would there be trampled on in the course of the present year. Dutch valour waned and paled before the stern realities it had entailed.

The King of France, notwithstanding his declaration that the Dutch were more trouble to him than all Europe together, managed them well, especially when as now he had more than 30,000 of their men prisoners of war. The States-general found themselves in great perplexity. The storm had come from them, and they now felt their weakness. The magistracy desired peace, but the English party, which already took all mea-

* January, 1746.

sures to give a Stadtholder to the nation, and which was seconded by the people, cried always that war was necessary. The States thus divided, conducted themselves without principle, and their conduct announced their trouble! This trouble was increased when the news spread that Louis was about again to appear on the field in person.* They sent a minister plenipotentiary to Versailles. This deputy, on the 27th February, confided to his Majesty of France the grief, the fear, and the confidence by which his countrymen were afflicted but upheld.† As usual on such occasions, he was answered by the blandest courtesy, and an assurance of good intentions. But these good intentions paved the way for the personal presence of Louis in Flanders, possibly to get rid of more troublesome affairs at home. The cabinet at Versailles was a harder field of combat than that of the campaign in Flanders. In fact it was a cabinet within a cabinet in France at that time. Louis XV. did not at this period of his life confide himself entirely to the guidance of his public ministerial advisers. He had what was called his *politique privée*, by which he not only judged for himself,

* Voltaire. "Siècle." Ed. 1770. Vol. i, p. 189.

† Affaires Diplomatiques. 1746.

but sought counsel with those in whose love and loyalty he most trusted. It was thus that the Marquise de Pompadour first influenced the royal counsel. Now, that the King rejoined his army, he was accompanied by M. Dutheil, his old and intimate adviser, and the chief commissioner of foreign affairs.

English money was said to be the most powerful enemy of France now that Holland had to be "cut up." Prince Maurice of Nassau was declared Stadtholder * in 1747.

In 1746, the Dauphin entreated permission once more to accompany his royal father. He was refused on the plea that his wife was *enceinte*. The monarch was in dread of a double calamity befalling the nation at this time of outward show but internal difficulty. He did well to leave his successor in Paris. But his refusal, though easily to be accounted for by more than one reason honourable to Louis as a King, a man, and a father, has been wrested to the disadvantage of Madame de Pompadour by her enemies.

"The King did not want his son," says one of these, "to be witness of his weakness;" whereas, for months preceding, the Marquise had not only

* Appendix J.

been an inmate of Versailles, but treated as a friend and disinterested adviser not only by the King, but by the Queen and royal family.

Nobody seems to have taken into consideration the natural revulsion of feeling on the part of the young Dauphiness towards her once unloved husband, now that she was about to become the mother of his child; nor how the King himself, a tender father, was likely to be taken into the confidence of the young daughter-in-law, who had acquired fresh importance in his estimation, and to co-operate with her for her womanly happiness. Besides, Madame la Marquise did not immediately accompany the King. Voltaire describes her, as dwelling on the image of her absent lover with affection; nor does he, though faithless in sentiment, human and divine, and destined to become the sworn foe of Madame la Marquise, presume to doubt of her love as co-existent and even pre-existent to the period now recorded. It would also appear that Madame de Pompadour was for some time after the King's departure anxious and unhappy at his silence; for thus she writes to M. Binet, who was her cousin and his chamberlain.

1746.

. . . . "I am ready to weep over my mad-

ness, but I know not yet how to repent it. What says the King? Does he speak of me? Does he not desire to see me? Has he not some esteem for your cousin?

"For mercy's sake, release me from the cruel uncertainty by which I am oppressed.

"Alas! I begin to feel that ambition brings the greatest of punishments; above all to the *heart* of a woman. . . . My little Alexandrine* sends her love to you. I hope that she will be better and happier than her mother."

This letter bears no date as to place. It was probably written from Choisy, where its writer had spent so many happy hours with the King, and where she was still studying as to the ways and means of his welfare. During his absence she sought distraction from anxiety in the presence of her child, who habitually resided at the Convent of the Assomption; but, harassed by suspense, the sight of her little daughter, and her questions, with which children habitually torment those who love them best, must have been anything but tranquillizing to the mother.

We can understand, therefore, how some

* The daughter of Madame de Pompadour by M. d'Etioles, her husband.

of Madame's countrymen of the present day declare that "it is with indescribable emotion" they gaze on the exquisite works of art with which she also strove to beguile her melancholy reflections at Choisy.

The words "Pompadour fecit," invariably inscribed under these works, now in the Bibliothèque Impériale, touch more senses than that of sight which is gratified by these masterly engravings.

Her greatest pride was to associate herself with artistic contemporaries. Her studio was the common ground of equality, in which they conversed with her on the subjects wherein she was really their superior, but upon which she condescended to learn from them; and so in this same volume of engravings are to be found the drawings of Boucher, de Vien, and de Leguay, whose names are inscribed with hers as comrades of the workshop.

Sometimes an engraving is inscribed "Pompadour delineavit et sculpsit," as in the "Genius of Music;" and as if to show the infinite variety of this gifted woman's perceptions, there is another so inscribed of a grotesque but primitively military character, whose appearance had amused the King at the reviews. The first sheet is a fine allegorical representation of the triumph of Louis

XV. at Fontenoy; another represents "Apollo Crowning the Genius of Painting and Sculpture." Another, "Love and the Soul." Another represents laughing "Bacchante Children beneath vine leaves." There is also one of an "Egyptian Priest," but above all, as most emblematic of the life of the artist (though the time had not then arrived for its fulfilment), there is one engraved on white cornelian of "Love's Sacrifice to Friendship."

Of course these (among many others) were not all executed at the present date of this narrative. Each subject implies the time to which it is applicable, and the whole forms a history in itself. The celebrated Crozat was also the friend and artistic associate of Madame de Pompadour. It is possible that in childhood she was his pupil, as he had known her from infancy. That great work, entitled "Cabinet de Crozat," the incontestable guide for the recognition of the genuine works of the Old Masters, was continued, after his death, under the auspices of the Marquise. Her young brother, the Marquis de Marigny, was sent to Italy for the prosecution of his studies as superintendent of public buildings, concerning which his sister was storing up plans for time of peace.

In 1746 these buildings were only the airy

fabrics of her own fancies; but her secret desire for the future architectural adornment and real improvement of Paris increased her anxiety for a more flourishing state of the exchequer; the more so, as the office of controller-general of finance was mixed up with that of Public Works. At the time of her elevation these offices were held by M. Orry, who, placed in them under the late fatally temporising administration of Cardinal de Fleuri, was unfit to cope with the present difficulties and poverty which that policy had entailed on the kingdom.

Of him Madame afterwards declared:—

"The Controller-General, Orry, was supposed to possess ability, because he knew how to imagine many new tax duties. During the first months of my installation at Versailles he contrived not less than twenty-five, which would bring two hundred millions into the coffers of the King. *He was called the great financier, because he found these resources for the King in diminishing those of the State.*"

Now, as Madame la Marquise, being the king's mistress, would have been the first to profit by these resources that were wrung from the people's necessities, it is some vindication from the

charge of rapacity to have advised the dismissal of M. Orry, who contrived them. For this, however, she has been unjustly reviled by her enemies, who display more malice than logic. Enmity has even perpetrated the absurdity of declaring that the private theatricals at Versailles had been of such extraordinary expense to the nation, that not being able to get money enough to carry on "these diversions to perpetuate the enchantment of her royal slave, she wanted a man at the head of the exchequer who would be absolutely at her orders."

This instance of malevolence straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel, carries with it its own refutation. Anybody can see this, who in the preceding chapters has read of the unbounded display of the Dauphin's marriage fêtes, of the King's triumphal entries, and of the general magnificence of his retinue in court and camp; and who remembers that Madame de Pompadour was the first to inspire the King with a taste for artistic pleasures and the enjoyments of the home life at Choisy.

It may also be here observed that the young woman of a taste so delicate and distinguished, living voluntarily among authors and artists, and associ-

ating with them in the dignified liberty of genius, as a relaxation from the toils of State imposed upon her, was not likely to be seized by a vulgar monomania for ostentation. But as a daughter of the people, she was no doubt indignant at the system she discovered which enslaved their rights and liberties. And thus, true to the class from which she had sprang, she was even more true to him who had raised her above it, in counselling him to reject the advantages wrung from it by injustice. She was also justified in permitting as she did the other office of public works to be reserved for her brother. She knew there was nobody in France prepared to carry out the principles of such an office, even had there been funds to do so; and it ceased to become a sinecure the very moment she despatched her brother to Italy to prepare for the execution of plans for which Paris has everlasting cause of gratitude. It must also be recalled to the reader that M. le Normant de Tourneheim, her husband's uncle, was well fitted by education to hold the post until her brother was prepared to do full justice to it. In sanctioning him to fulfil its duties, temporarily, she must have made

an effort to overcome her own personal feelings. Her husband's relatives could not be pleasing to her; especially this man who had promoted her unhappy marriage.

Orry was replaced by M. de Machault d'Arnonville, at the head of the exchequer. This d'Arnonville was the son of a man so severe as to earn the soubriquet of "Chop off your head;" but he dreaded that for him, as for others, the tide that had set in long before the present generation would be too strong.

At first Machault refused the office. The King wrote to him on the 8th Oct., 1745.

"Your representations augment the esteem that I had for you, and prove to me that you are one of the most honest men in my kingdom, and the most capable of serving me well in this place; thus, everything confirms me in my choice, and I expect from you this mark of devotion."

On the 4th of May, 1746, King Louis entered Brussels. The chief magistrate received him at the gates of the city with a flattering harangue, and the Count de Lowendhal, who had been made governor, presented him with the keys. His Majesty then put himself at the head of his army, which

filed into six columns; and by the time the favourite was summoned once more to become part of the "elegant baggage," the march had become one of continual triumph. Fortresses were evacuated, and voluntarily surrendered, as the King's approach was heralded; and on the 4th of June he entered Antwerp, and thus took possession of the two capitals of the Low Countries.

In this month of June the King was recalled to Versailles by the intelligence of the accouchement of the Dauphiness, and her consequent danger.

The birth of a daughter (who did not long survive) was fatal to her. So, this time when the Well-Beloved came home from the wars, with fresh laurels on his brow, Paris was in mourning.

The young husband, at whose marriage all Paris had rejoiced, was inconsolable. A mutual tie had of late caused the Dauphin to be more tenderly regarded by the object of his adoration. She was now dead, and the pledge of a love which was just dawning to her, but with him had been from the moment of marriage the enthusiasm of a hitherto unknown passion, served but to increase his uncontrollable anguish.

It must, however, have been one consolation that his father had prevented his absence during those last days of his brief union with the wife who was his first love; and, if Madame la Marquise had had a share in preventing his departure (possibly, as a woman and a mother), he must have been thankful to her for what others have imputed as blame. While the Court was plunged into deep domestic grief, success still attended the Camp under Marshal Saxe, to whom the King had confided its command.

The devotion of Maurice Saxe to Louis XV. was extreme. By England he has been called a mere soldier of fortune, and by his illegitimate birth he had no ties of kindred and country; but where Louis XV. was concerned, the cause for which Saxe fought became doubly his own, which proves that, whatever the private failings of that Monarch, he had the power at one time of attracting the hearts of brave men to him. After the battle of Fontenoy, Saxe fell down at the King's feet, and almost sobbing with excitement, exclaimed: "Sire, I have lived long enough; I but wished to survive this day to behold your Majesty victorious." The King, equally moved by gratitude, raised him and tenderly embraced him.

Louis felt safe in confiding his interests to Saxe. To the Prince de Clermont was confided the siege of Namur.*

In 1746, Prince Charles of Lorraine was at the head of the confederate army, which was reinforced by Hessians and Austrians to the amount of 87,000 men. In one of the engagements the Marquis de Fenelon, nephew to the celebrated Archbishop de Cambrai, (author of Telemachus, &c.,) was slain, and many of the young French noblesse were seriously wounded.

The Marquis de Fenelon had been educated by his uncle, the "immortal Archbishop of Cambrai!" He was another of those shining lights of courage sustained by faith in which France delighted in the 18th century. The memory of these heroes does something to purge the foul scandals with which enemies at home and abroad have, during the intervening century, blackened the memory of a King for whom they fought and died. Their personal affection for Louis was generally extreme. Could this have been so had he been debased below humanity? These heroes testify that, in spite of the ever thickening cloud of

* September, 1746.

abounding evil, Heaven had still its witnesses. Even Voltaire confesses, with deep respect, that young Fenelon's extraordinary intrepidity was augmented by his extreme devotion, and adds; "he thought the action most pleasing to God was to die for his King,"—and then the sceptic reflects, "An army composed of men so believing, should be invincible."

The young Count de Ségur (who survived Anarchy, to vindicate the memory of his royal master by showing that King's crimes so foully exaggerated as an excuse for anarchy were those of the century more than the individual) received a ball in his breast, which was extracted by the spine. Many heroes, years afterwards, bore in their bodies the marks of their devotion to Louis XV.

The following letter from Madame de Pompadour to Marshal Saxe may serve to give a further insight into passing details:—*

"Choisy, 1746.

"You are always ill, M. le Maréchal, and you are always fighting. This is, for your friends, a subject of equal grief and joy. Little souls

*Appendix K.

would cry, 'Less glory and more health;' but yours is not one of that number.

"At home there are great complaints on the subject of the provision-contractors; these greedy men go to the war not to acquire honour there, but riches: they are blood-suckers, and you do well to repress them.

"I have been told a little anecdote that concerns you; and if you do not know it, you deserve well to do so. After the battle of Roucoux, the Chevalier d'Aubeterre was struck by the graceful mien and warlike air of an English prisoner, and said to him:—

"'I believe that if there had been 50,000 men like you in the enemy's army, we should have had a hard fight to have conquered it.'

"The English soldier quickly replied, 'There were men enough like me, but we wanted one man like Marshal Saxe.'

"In this answer there are wit and truth. The Duke of Cumberland is, in comparison to you, what poor Marshal de Villeroi was to the terrible Marlborough, a pigmy which fancied it could face a giant. For the rest, he is a generous and magnanimous prince, though dishonoured by the

affair of Culloden, in ordering the massacre of the brave Highlanders who craved on their knees for life. . . . As to his victory over the Scotch, those, though vanquished, have earned more glory than he. Twenty thousand men can naturally conquer five: there is no prodigy in that.

"It is believed that your next engagement will be difficult. But is there anything difficult for you? Make haste with this conquest in spite of our politics, and then come and sing a *Te Deum* with us. You shall see the Church of Notre Dame hung with your trophies: you may be justly called 'the upholsterer,' as was the Duke of Luxembourg.—Adieu, Mars. Everybody loves you and longs for you."

To explain this letter:—On the 19th of September, the garrison of Namur, though defended by 7000 Austrians, could hold out no longer. The city capitulated, and at the end of eleven more days the garrison surrendered as prisoners of war.

In the month of October, Marshal Saxe, who loved his troops, and was touched by the fatigues they had endured in a campaign which had lasted ever since January, proposed, through a trumpet,

to take winter quarters for motives of humanity. Prince Charles haughtily replied that he accepted neither order nor counsel from Marshal Saxe. "Very well," replied the latter, "I will force him to do so;" and accordingly Saxe gave orders for battle on the following day. On the eve of this engagement there were amusements in the French camp as usual, and Madame Favart, after performing a comedy, came forward, and thus addressed the audience:

"Gentlemen, To-morrow there will be no performance on account of the battle. The day after we shall have the honour of giving you, 'Le Coq de Village.'"

This, as says a contemporary historian often alluded to,—who appears to have been a personal witness of many of these events,—"this, which at another time would have been bravado, served on this occasion to inspire the troops with confidence and with the certainty of victory."

That battle, which was called the battle of "Roucoux," was fatal to the enemy, who (says France) left 12,000 men on the field, and had 3000 taken prisoners, while the French scarcely lost 1000. It was to one of those prisoners that Madame de Pompadour's letter to Marshal Saxe

refers, and her fear of future difficulties must be a prognostication of the revenge that the allies were likely to take for such a defeat.

More recent experience has mourned the loss of many men for the want of one man. Before proceeding to open an account of the Italian question, which subsequently drew France from the consideration of her affairs in Flanders to those in the South, it is necessary to recall as briefly as possible to the reader's remembrance the internal religious strifes that about this date agitated the province of Languedoc.

The Duc de Richelieu was in command of Languedoc, and what is about to be recorded may be accepted in some sort as a balance to his notorious libertinism. Cruelty is too often the twin sister of licentiousness, and the companion of cowardice. Richelieu was brave and merciful, although his private life was scandalous. For some time past, the Protestants who had taken refuge in Languedoc were treated, by the authority of the priests, with a rigour that frequently led to scenes of martyrdom. It would form a voluminous history in itself to show how every effort at toleration, on the side of the Parliament, had for years been repulsed with threats, and now

even the King himself was held in check by those who, holding the keys of Rome, had power to excommunicate him, as also his people.

The fanaticism to which the naturally gloomy nature of Louis XV. was prone, had co-operated with the intolerant power of the Jesuits in restraining him from such acts of clemency to which, if left to himself, he would have been inclined. The pacific conduct of the commander of Languedoc, however, had for some time past soothed the fermentation of party-spirit for which his province was famed, until, about this period, some fresh acts of intolerance on the part of the priests caused it to effervesce anew. One act of tyranny followed another, and antagonism revived a zeal that knew no discretion, until a new superintendent happening to be appointed to the province, he thought to gain the favour of ecclesiastical power by imprisoning a number of Protestants suspected of importing books of the reformed religion.

The Duc de Richelieu, to whom no creed was burthensome, foresaw that the province was threatened by a re-production of scenes dishonouring to the name of religion itself, and that the contagion of fanaticism, if not at once suppressed

by civil or military authority, would spread to other parts of the kingdom. In vain he represented this to the bishops and priests. He therefore resolved to present, on his own responsibility, a memorial to the King, from which the following is extracted.

"Sire,—The distance of Languedoc, the singular genius of its inhabitants, and its situation, as regards adjacent countries, &c., have caused its affairs to be indifferently represented; to which alone are attributable the miseries by which this province is threatened. In more remote times, however, such miseries have existed on account of the differences of religion, of which the vivacity of the inhabitants has caused them promptly to embrace the errors that have been maintained by them under the greatest martyrdom. The late King revoked the edict of Nantes, which had legally established the sect of the Calvinists; and by that act declared that he would no longer suffer any other than Catholics within his kingdom. It was found, however (contrary to what had been presumed), that too great a number of citizens left the kingdom in consequence, and believing that many of them were led away by compliance with others, an order was issued by which all Calvinists, who were self-called 'newly converted,' should be arrested on the frontier, condemned to the galleys, and their wives be degraded and imprisoned for the remainder of their lives.

"It is seen, therefore, that if they stayed, they must renounce their belief, or, as excommunicants, be deprived of the power to marry, of having legitimate children; and that if they wished to escape, they ran the risk of being sent to

the galleys. This violent remedy, useful in a time of crisis, is still in force. The order which prescribes it has not been revoked . . . Protestants, though humiliated, are not destroyed. There are still, at this time, a hundred and sixty thousand of them in a territory of small dimensions, and of difficult access. Nevertheless, they have not, since that period, done anything to give offence. Some of these people assemble at night in the woods and on the rocks to pray to God, according to their religion.... A great number have submitted themselves to certain proofs that have been prescribed to them, as tests of their apparent catholicity; after which they have been married before the priests..... It must be confessed that there are great obstacles (as to legitimacy of children, when not baptized according to the rites of Rome) in the difficulty of reconciling the delicacy of the bishops with the possibly desirable policy of civil laws in the marriage of Protestants . . . It is easy to understand that in such a situation, a new system, however moderate it may be, would not succeed, without a certain amount of force to render it appreciable; but that that same force, without announcing something new to quiet excitement, would make but fresh martyrs and victims . . . If the King would declare that he would only tolerate Catholics in the kingdom, but that he allowed the liberty of departure to those of a different religion, I do not believe there are many who would avail themselves of it. These people are more attached to their wretched province, where they only eat chestnuts, than desirous of any other land, however rich and fertile. If, on the other hand, a medium course were pursued, forbidding other acts of worship to them and assembly, but granting them some facility of marriage, &c., it is certain that the most considerable portion of the inhabitants would be glad to remain, and thereby

influence others by their example," &c. &c.—*Memorial of the Duc de Richelieu to the King, respecting Languedoc Protestants.*

This memorial produced the desired effect, contrary to all precedent, which was rather attributable to the voice of the woman in the King's council, than, as supposes the biographer of the Duke, to the favour in which he was held. Such favour had not availed before. The toleration granted was comparatively inefficient, when it is considered that the civil and military authorities were both under the control of the established religion, which was supposed to hold the power of life or death; but it was a step in the right direction.

The Duc de Richelieu had, for ten years, been trying to obtain the present comparative moderation in the treatment of the Protestants. The miseries that had intervened are not attributable to pure Catholicism, but to the insane malevolence to which polemic party-spirit can attain in a country traditionally submitted to it. These miseries and cruelties also show that a King is but the shadow of authority, however many and glorious his conquests may be, if fettered in conscience to

act for the good of his subjects and to the honour of common humanity. One Pope himself confessed this, though those to whom his power was delegated were prepared to resist this first principle of civilised monarchy, as we shall presently see. Yet the following was the reflection in that century of the head of the Church.* "A king ought to be as the image of God, not only as His representative of power, but by the intelligence dwelling within him. David was but a shepherd-boy, but he was inspired to become a great king."

The press bore spasmodic testimony to the spirit of freedom that now began to assert itself. The "*Nouvelles Ecclesiastiques*" had long harassed the Jesuits, and had encouraged philosophy to issue pamphlets containing speculations directly opposed to tyranny of conscience. Voltaire, as foretold by his tutor Father de Jay, was the leader of that counter-movement, which, like all the re-actions of necessity, was subversive, for a time, of the faith of many. Even the Marquise, as beforesaid, was alarmed at the progress of scepticism, though her influence was ever used with the King, as we have seen, in behalf of the liberty of the subject. It was not until afterwards, when

* "Lettres du Pape Clément XIV." (Ganganelli), 1776.

ecclesiastical intolerance, exasperated by what it felt to be a losing game, closed in a final strife with the conscience of the King himself, that she ranged herself on the side of the encyclopédistes. For proof of this, hereafter. The King himself was naturally opposed to discussion which warred against his own occasional fanaticism and the antecedents of his youth, and yet in 1762 we find Pope Clement declaring: "If the religion established by God has taken divers forms, and become perfected since the Advent of the Messiah, it is that God hath treated it like our reason, which at first is but a feeble light, but which developing more and more, at length emerges into full light."

And again the Pope reflects: "The gradations of religion are admirable in the eyes of true philosophy."

But the dawn of reason was fiercely combated at this time when "every man had his own Jesuit." Nay, for the fashion of the thing, so had also Voltaire, an equal tribute to the ductile genius of both parties.

France had reason to deplore her suppression of free discussion. Her writers, taking refuge elsewhere, and exasperated despite their professed

philosophy, degraded her as "a country of intolerance and fanaticism." "One may think in England, one may be free and philosophic but at Berlin; one is well governed but at Geneva or Amsterdam." Thus some of the talent of France, like the cupidity of calumniation, was invested on the side of the enemy. Montesquieu, whose inheritance of high position and wealth placed him above the temptations incidental to the majority of his literary brethren, had leisure calmly to reflect. On the consequences of such reflection England may congratulate herself. This great French thinker extolled her constitution above all things; so that a zealous countryman of his own exclaims: "Montesquieu is seduced by a single thought. He sees no resource, no greatness, no political future, but in the government of two chambers, which is in England but an historic and national fiction."

Montesquieu was just at this time preparing for a new publication of his "Spirit of Laws;" but in his Persian Letters he had expressed himself freely, not on Christianity itself, but on those matters which France confounded with Christianity, viz. on the spirit of persecution, on ecclesiastical usurpation of temporal power, on party-spirit

as adverse to true religion, on the multiplication of monasterics, which "without giving unto God more worshippers, deprived the state of its subjects." His work was, impartially considered, favourable to Christianity and to divine revelation, since it shows how wanting in their attributes is human reason if left to itself, and the lamentable consequences thereof.

Montesquieu's opinions his friend the Marquise had imbibed, and had striven to imbue the King with them; but the liberty of her intellect was opposed to licentiousness, while she equally abhorred tyranny and French parliamentarian assumption. Her first abhorrence of some of the tenets of faithless literature may be ascribed to the horror which she had conceived at the practical working of such in the character of her mother.

Her mother was, as beforesaid, the worst type of her time, as cloaking immorality under the garb of philosophy. Her friend Montesquieu was, in the dignity of his private character, one of the best types of the new "religion of reason." She herself, who adored intellect, is not, eventually, the worst type of the soul's pains and penalties, if erring from the right path.

In the mean while she, in creating a new circle round the King in his leisure hours, had introduced other spirits of a gayer character than those portentous of war with his own masters—the Jesuits. It is, nevertheless, observable that most of those sceptics who subsequently ranked as "Encyclopédistes" were, originally, pupils of the Jesuits.

There was her own secretary, Marmontel, with his charming powers of narration, sufficient to relieve the *ennui* of even an Eastern voluptuary. He was, at this time, about thirty years of age, and, although formerly a pupil of the Jesuits, a lover of pleasure, and sipping all the delights of his time with an extra relish after intense study. Madame la Marquise, when Madame d' Etioles, had drawn forth Marmontel from the obscurity of poverty, and now that he shared with his generous benefactress her elevation, he, devoted to her service, was often useful to her in proposing some scheme for the good of the people to the King, under the graceful garb of verse or allegory. And then there was the "Gentil Bernard," and, above all, for society's sake, the witty, fascinating, but somewhat unscrupulous Abbé de Bernis, who laughed when he was obliged to

borrow a few sous to pay his coach-hire, and had dreamed as pleasant dreams in his meagre lodging as now in his apartment at the Tuilleries. A favourite of the Marquise, he was equally, during his life, petted by the ladies of Paris and the Pope of Rome. Innocent of sin, yet fond of pleasure; joyous, ductile, though faithful to his benefactors, he was sometimes ambassador of France, and sometimes of Rome. He knew how to charm even diplomacy into concessions by his wit, to write a poem on religion that would draw tears from the penitent, to preach a sermon that might save a soul, or to provoke even the King to laughter when, as was his custom, he joined the royal circle in the boudoir of the Marquise on a Sunday. She, treating him according to his humour that amused the King, would address him by some appropriate soubriquet, and Bernis, at table, would, in reply, improvise those exquisite little couplets, that have since been remembered and reproduced in print, with the more serious effusions of the gay Abbé. Nor was the Marquise left behind in repartee; for, on occasion, words not only sprang to her lips, but they burst forth in spontaneous snatches of song, which, repeated, became afterwards so popular as

roundelays. She sometimes danced, also, with the same childlike *abandon*. It was in all this she was so charming. Versatility is fascinating, but unusual. It was in that she was distinguished from most of her sex. Learned, but gay; ambitious, but unpretending; exalted, yet condescending; a great lady, but a merry girl; the counsellor of the King in periods of anxiety, his amusement in moments of relaxation, with plenty of head, but still more heart.

The latter never failed her where true merit was pining for recognition. Thus, she not only drew around her the brilliant and gay, and showered down benefits on those who could entertain the King and herself, but her protection sheltered the old, the decrepit, and the unfortunate. There was Crébillon the elder, who had written fine tragedies, but who was now broken down by infirmity, whom she revived by the magic of her kindness in obtaining for him the honour of a gratuitous impression of his works at the *Imprimerie Royale*, and for this grand edition (of the Louvre) herself engraving the illustrations. When the good old Crébillon, then 81 years old, heard of this, he was half mad with joy, and started at once to Choisy to thank the Marquise, who was

ill there. She gave orders for the aged author's admission, and even permitted him to seat himself near the balustrade by which her bed was surrounded. In a transport of gratitude the old man caught the hand of the Marquise, just as the King entered. The wit of Crébillon was startled into fresh life by the occasion. "Ah, Madame," he cried in mock terror, "we are lost; the King has surprised us!"

The King himself laughed heartily at this exclamation, and, approaching the Marquise, gallantly raised her hand to his own lips, in appreciation of her kindness to his subject. This appreciation was the more praiseworthy because old Crébillon's son had been guilty of some coarse compositions on the amours of the King. It was even magnanimous in one who, by her elevated yet equivocal position, could not fail to be attacked by the lampoons which formed the licentiousness of the press and helped to retard its liberty. Libertinism of thought or action is usually the result of enforced or tyrannical restriction. To this fact let the literature of France in the present day bear witness. Talent shut out from the free discussion of noble subjects vents

itself on objects which prostitute it to the perversion of all things pure in the reader. But, to return!

Voltaire never forgave this and subsequent acts of Madame de Pompadour's favour to Crébillon, but, as he would have been the loser by an open display of malignant jealousy, he continued thus to eulogize her:

"Ainsi vous réveillez
Tous les arts, tous les goûts, tout le talent de plaire
Pompadour, vous embellissez
La cour, le Parnasse et Cythère.
Charme de tous les cœurs, trésor d'un seul mortel,
Qu'un sort si beau soit éternel,
Que vos jours précieux soient marqués par des fêtes,
Que la paix dans nos champs revienne avec Louis.
Soyez tous deux sans ennemis,
Et tous deux, gardez vos conquêtes."

The versatility of Madame de Pompadour's character was significant of sensibility to passing impressions of joy or sorrow. It was this sensibility that made her a great artist and a fine actress, but it is a temperament which, while capable of giving and receiving exquisite bliss, is also prone to self-torture and sorrow. Before passing on to

some of the darker shades of her eventful life, and to the rigours of the Italian campaign, let us pause for a moment to smile at her humour and pity her evident self-dissatisfaction. The following letter is addressed to the Countess de Brézé, and dated 1746:

"You make me laugh at your big Dutchman; he is so awkward and heavy. He is burthensome, nevertheless he must be endured because he is one of our friends. If you will that your acquaintances be perfect, seek for them among the angels. The ambassador is quite of another sort to those, but he has merit, and you are right to esteem him; he is sometimes even agreeable and piquant, as you are about to see.

"The Marquis de Fontaine invited him to supper last Tuesday; at dessert there was a big Dutch cheese placed on the table, and Fontaine said to him:

"'Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, it is the fruit of your country.' At these words Van Hoy rose briskly, put his hand into his pocket, and throwing on the table a handful of ducats, 'Ah,' cried he, 'and there 's some of another sort.'

"If you go to the Val de Grace, I beg you to convey my remembrance to Madame de . . . . . Ah! she has chosen the better part: the world was not worthy of the heart she has given to God, or that He had given to her."

CHAPTER V.

The House of Bourbon in Spain as affecting Italy — King Philip's peculiarity — Cardinal Alberoni and Elizabeth Farinese, the mother of Dons Carlos and Philip — Sardinia — What the Genoese did — Italy's vivacity and vitality — France and her Generals in Italy—Richelieu in the Doge's palace — Letter of Madame de Pompadour to the Duc de Boufflers at Genoa — Fiddlers paid beforehand — The Duchess *sans Souliers* — Advice of the Marquise to the King about the Dauphin — Naples under Heaven — New matrimonial projects for the Dauphin—Secret instructions of the King to the Duc de Richelieu—Richelieu's pomp in Poland — Polish rapacity — Strange prophecy of a Nun to the Princess—Arrival of the new Dauphiness at Versailles — What she said to her bridegroom, and how she won the Queen's heart — Voltaire at mischief — What Madame la Marquise thought of Madame la Dauphine, and about herself — Her reflections on kings and courtiers — Letter of Madame la Marquise to Van Hoy the Dutchman—Honours to Marshal Saxe — Court ball at Versailles — People's ball

at Versailles — The Swiss at the sideboard — Change of Ministry—Letters of Madame la Marquise on the aspect of politics — Triumphs of the British Navy—France and England in Flanders again—"La Pucelle"—Marshals Saxe, Lowendhal, and the Prince de Conti — Letter from the Court to the Camp — Reflections of a British bull-dog.

DURING the preceding chapters divers glimpses have been afforded of the Italian question such as it was when the old year of 1746 rang out and the new year of 1747 rang in. Concerning this question, both past and present, we must go to the Court of Spain for a moment.

Philip V. of Spain succeeded to the throne in 1700. He was grandson of Louis XIV. of France by the eldest sister of the late King of Spain, and, therefore, also the Duc of Anjou. He was the first Spanish monarch of the House of Bourbon. Of this Prince, the creature of priests and parties, strange stories are told; among the rest, that familiar one of his refusing to be shorn or shaven, until he, being more in the state of Nebuchadnezzar than that of a "most Christian" King, and his courtiers being therefore at their wits' end,—was charmed into submission by the voice of Farinelli the singer, who thus became a second David in exorcising the evil spirit. Philip was also "weak enough to abandon the state of life to

which he had been called for the sake of his salvation, and was guilty of a weakness still greater in renouncing his salvation to re-ascend the throne." The only energy he had was from his wife, Elizabeth Farinese.

The Abbé Alberoni,* similar in birth and character to the present Cardinal Antonelli, had arranged the marriage of Philip V. of Spain with his queen, Elizabeth Farinese, heiress of Tuscany, Piacenza, and Parma. This Princess was of superior genius, and one of the most enlightened and enterprising women of her time.

Alberoni was certain that the empire of government must devolve on her, by force of character over the weak husband he, politically, selected for her. The royal bridegroom elect had, as usual in those days, a favourite. The wily Abbé represented to this lady that the future queen was devoid of natural power and grace, and so she consented to withdraw any opposition to the marriage. The indignant astonishment of Madame la Princesse des Ursines (such was the name and title of the favourite) was boundless when the noble Elizabeth Farinese stood before her, she having imprudently and indecorously insisted on

* See Appendix J.

accompanying the King of Spain to meet his bride at Guadalaxara. Trying, however, to conceal her surprise and mortification, Madame d'Ursines grasped at her last shadow of authority in hinting that the head-dress of the young Italian Princess was not à-la-mode. The Queen bride, in answer, turned to her attendants, and, pointing at Madame d'Ursines, commanded: "Remove that mad woman from my presence, and never let her re-enter the kingdom."

Thus, for ever, disappeared the Spanish favourite. Of course this result was a foregone conclusion on the part of Elizabeth Farinese under the tutelage of Alberoni, her director.

When such a woman became the mother of sons, Carlos and Philip, it was only to be expected that she would seek to establish them in Italy.* Being the second wife of Philip V., king of Spain, the succession to that throne devolved on his elder son, Ferdinand. She, therefore, combated with Austria the succession of the Italian states. In 1733, the infant Don Carlos had been proclaimed King of Naples. The claims of his younger brother, Don Philip, who had married the daughter of Louis XV., were supported by

* Appendix L.

France in opposition to those of Austria. In fact, France—trebly allied with Spain by marriage—could not have refused every assistance in this crisis, even had not her political animosity to Austria compelled it.*

Having already established one of her children King of Naples, and wishing to restore the patrimony of her house to the other, Elizabeth Farinese sustained her pusillanimous husband. But over his successor, Ferdinand VI., who succeeded in 1746, she had not the same influence; Ferdinand, not being her own son, had not the same deference for her; nay, he distrusted the ambition of his mother-in-law, and was altogether, on account of the Savoyard blood of his own mother, more inclined to favour, in Italy, the views of the King of Sardinia. Thus, the influence of France in Italy was already weakened when the Imperial army in 1746 presented itself before Genoa.

The Senate there, despairing of help, and fearing to irritate the Conqueror, threw open the gates to General Nadasti, and, while the garrison

* Times and seasons have shifted and changed, but Spain still remembers "the family compact," and argues from it at the present moment, Isabella now being "daughter of the house" on the throne at Madrid.

was imprisoned, sent the Doge and six senators (as formerly to Louis XIV. of France) to make excuses to Maria Theresa for having been leagued with her enemies, to implore her clemency, and to agree to pay about £400,000 for distribution among German troops. The Marquis Bota d'Adorno was established commander of the city. So much for the want of Italian "vivacity," as Richelieu would have called it.

But Italy's vitality was not extinct. Three days afterwards, when the Austrians demanded another tribute, the people rose as one man against this immoderate extortion. The State could not comply with the demand; the Bank was exhausted, credit was lost, commerce ruined, villages laid waste, suburban residences demolished. The inhabitants were already enslaved by the soldiers. There was nothing to lose and everything to gain; and, on the 5th December, 1746, this people, supposed to be so weak, when beholding their artillery being carried off, united just in one of those sudden and promiscuous attacks — pell-mell — whereby some declare had been won the victory of Fontenoy. This desperate movement was so sharp and unexpected that the Austrians were,

for the moment, routed. Italian energy, long dormant, effected for itself what neither the King of France nor the King of Spain had been able to achieve. The Republic was free!

The Austrians called this liberty, "Revolt."

In Italy, to fight is the thing to do, and not to talk. The Marquis Botta was amusing himself by negotiations when he was startled.

For generations Italy had been dreaming "like pilgrims on the ruins of the past," but her sleep had not been the less effectual to renew her strength. The Senators, however, played an under-hand game in the matter. Their case was not so desperate as that of the people, and they, too, talked when others fought, and even united with Botta in the attempt to replace the yoke on the citizens and peasantry. But this only made the people more eager to retain their attitude of freedom at any price.* But, in spite of their courageous efforts, the Genoese, standing victorious on their hearthstones, were not enough accustomed to war, nor provided with its implements, to defend their fields. There they feared the regular

* Ce qui blessoit surtout l'orgeuil de ce Peuple Roi, c'etait de voir la Corse lui échapper insulter à sa misere, et recouvrer une liberté qu'il lui disputoit si longtems."

troops would conquer them. An English squadron seconded the Austrian army by a blockade.

France, whose fate in this Italian war was one of continual self-sacrifice, sent money, men, and leaders to sustain the people's cause. "This was," says a contemporary, "the more generous as she had reason to fear for herself."

The Marquis de Mirepoix, who commanded this army of help, was not able, as before said, to do more than retard the march of the enemy. To arrest its progress, all eyes were turned to Madame de Pompadour's old friend and political tutor, the Marshal de Belleisle. Belleisle was famous at this sort of chicanery war, as also for a spirit of order, detail, and combination. "When he arrived, the allies had formed the siege of Antibes. The English bombarded by sea, whilst the Austrians made the siege in the usual forms. There was no navy at Toulon that could hold out against the English, those masters of the Mediterranean."

This was in January, A. D. 1747.

The coasts were defended by scared militia-men. Undisciplined troops, undisciplined in aught but the cupidity of war, snatched from these militia-men the forage they collected for

themselves and their mules. Then came death of man and beast from hardship and starvation, while the Austrians devastated everything from the Var to the river Duranza.

Belleisle counteracted all this as best he could until his reinforcements arrived, and then, seconded by the Marquis de Minas, commander of the Spanish troops, he came to the rescue of Antibes; Count Brown, an Irish Austrian general, fearing to find himself without hope of retreat, made haste to repass the Var, and left behind him some of his artillery and all his ammunition.

The thing that most alarmed Count Brown was the sight of conciliation between France and Spain. Then Belleisle, by fierce impulse (after stimulating his brother to re-take the Isles of St Margaret under the very eyes of the English fleet), had the audacity to march into the States of the King of Sardinia, to menace Piedmont, and to force the King of Sardinia to recall his troops from the blockade of Genoa, which movement obeyed, so enfeebled the Imperial assailants, that Vienna sent orders for retirement, which retirement the English squadron thought fit to share for the moment. The King of Sardinia fell sick of the small-pox at Nice, but soon re-

covered. The Duc de Boufflers died at Genoa of the small-pox, a calamity to France and to her army. He was replaced by the Duc de Richelieu, "the fortunate," who came to wear the laurels that had budded for another.

De Richelieu succeeded in preventing Austria from re-possessing herself of Genoa, and for that feat his statue was erected in the palace of the Doge, and he was created a Genoese noble. Before closing the grave, however, over the brave Duc de Boufflers, let us glance at his warrant of authority that came through Madame de Pompadour.

"You know, Monsieur le Duc, all my esteem for you. An occasion has presented itself of giving you a small proof of it, and I do not let it escape. The King has appointed you to go and command at Genoa, that the Austrians menace afresh, but which they will menace fruitlessly when the Republic will have you for its defender. The poor buffoons are not able to defend themselves.

"Nevertheless, this singular revolution, by which the Genoese have recovered their liberty and driven away their tyrants, will be admired in history, and one perceives with surprise that in

the present actual state of Italian humiliation, there remain still some sparks of that fine fire which animated the old Romans. Go, help to rekindle it.

"The Genoese are useful in the present crisis of affairs. They have forced the road of Italy to Don Philip; by that they assure power to the House of Bourbon; be it your care not to let them repent it.

"France, anyhow, is their natural ally, and they know it well. As to the Imperial rule, it qualifies itself as in succession to the Cæsars, and in virtue of this chimera pretends to the right of each Italian State which it can lay hold of, as a fief of the Holy Empire! In consequence, the princes of Italy, who are in continual need of protection, can have none safer than that of France (de la Maison Bourbon).

"Nevertheless you will find the Genoese turbulent and factious . . . . . Louis XI. knew them well. One day they sent deputies to him to offer the sovereignty of their republic. 'You give yourselves to me,' said the King, 'and I give you to the devil.' But, Monsieur, do not you give them over to the devil, but save them by gratitude, and for the interest of your country.

"I will see you before your departure, and wish you all the courage and genius necessary to succeed. You have all that. But, you will also need patience. Have you it, also?"

As we already know, the good wishes of the Marquise were frustrated by death.

Genoa was re-established on her ancient system of government, and knew no further bondage then; but battles in Italy there were, and are, so many that, now Genoa is settled, we are glad to repose for a moment in the court of France, from whence had issued Victory. News reached Versailles of how the above-named Don Philip danced as well as fought;* so that the prudent Marshal de Noailles, whose logic was more useful to the Council than the Camp, declared that each dance that Don Philip danced in Italy cost a hundred pounds to Spain: and that his indulgent though ambitious mother paid the fiddlers in advance.

The Italian Campaign must have been an anxious time for the Queen of France, when the interests of her beloved daughter, Don Philip's wife, were bound up in its issue. By marriage ties between their children, the most ambitious

* Appendix M.

woman (Elizabeth Farinese) and the meekest (Marie Leczinska) were drawn together.

The Duke of Modena liked dancing as much as Don Philip, only the war had so impoverished him, that, even after being re-established in his states, his wife, the Duchess, then at Paris, came to the Palais Royal without shoes, and declared that she had not wherewith to "step a minuet." Upon which replied unto her Louis XV., the benefactor of Italy; "Well, Madame, I am not much better off than yourself; but I have a cobbler, and, if you wish, I will send him to you."

Rome breathed for a moment. The country around was free from troops. Although the common father of the faithful might be neutral, he could not fail to feel for his struggling children.

Festivities recommenced at Versailles, but animosity smouldered beneath; so that, one day when the Austrian Ambassador met the Genoese Envoy in the great gallery, the former looked threateningly at the latter, and, under the bland courtesy of such occasions, hissed out; "Austria credits the score of your revolution to Revenge."

Already there was fresh talk of the marriage of the Dauphin, who, nevertheless, remained inconsolable among all the Palace fêtes got up to celebrate victories and to distract his woe. The king, whatever his own faults, religiously guarded the youth and maturity of his son from the evil influence of the times. He was scrupulous in surrounding him with all that could tend to elevate his soul and keep him free from the taint of corruption which, once imbibed, had eaten like a canker-worm into his own conscience and destroyed his happiness. He was distressed to witness the continued grief of his son, but so respected its cause that he knew not how to wean him from it, and still less how to propose to him what was essential as the heir of the kingdom; viz. a second marriage. So the king consulted the Marquise, thus:

"What would you do, Madame, if you were in my place?"

"Sire," she replied, "I would admit Monseigneur le Dauphin into all my councils, and I would render to him all the honours due to his rank and birth."

"Very well," said the King, "I will follow your advice," and a few days afterwards the Dauphin was initiated into the mysteries of State

administration, and the secrets of the Council Chamber.

Nevertheless, these good intentions on the Pompadour's side payed the way to the hell of party politics, which soon afterwards combined against her the faction that was formed in favour of the Dauphin.* The young man was harmless, but he was under control of the Jesuits, who dreaded the increasing power of the Marquise, and with reason.

One day, about this time, during a ministerial reception, an ambassador said to Madame de Pompadour, to whom the eyes of foreign powers began to turn:

"Ah, Madame, if I had the ambition to turn king, I would not seek my sovereignty in France, Spain, or Germany, but I would desire Naples for my kingdom. There, power emanates direct from heaven." Sardinia thought so too.

The Dauphin, now that he was admitted to the dignity of the Council Chamber, was sufficiently impressed by a new sense of his own importance, to agree, reluctantly, that his private feelings ought to be held in abeyance to the interests of

the State so far as to induce his compliance to a new marriage contract.

But where find a bride for him? Spain had no longer one eligible.* Portugal, absolutely under the yoke of England, offered no political advantages. Sardinia was at war with France; otherwise the King of Sardinia had a daughter who, although rather mature in age, would have served as a political puppet as well as any other royal maiden. At last, however, the choice was made, and, though it astonished the world, it only proved that if royal young widowers must not enjoy the luxury of woe for ever, kings cannot indulge their private resentments to the exclusion of political advantages. In fact, the new daughter-in-law of Louis XV. was the daughter of the King of Poland, who had usurped the throne of the father-in-law of Louis XV.; who, by an insulting rejection of the political offer of France, was closely allied with her enemies, and who had lately seen his states devastated by Russia in concert with France.†

* Appendix O.

† This matrimonial intention ought, by right of date, to have been inserted with the affair of Genoa, as it was on the tapis in December of the year 1746, but for clear comprehension of the narrative, events must take the lead.

For the poor Queen of France, here was fresh cause of domestic trouble. Whether she was born cold as the "Venus of the North or the Frega of the Scandinavians," or had been refrigerated into such an icy statue" by her husband's infidelities years ago, it is certain that she did not desire for her daughter-in-law the child of the man who had thrust her own father from the throne.

De Richelieu was in France when the decision was made, and influenced his royal master in it. Immediately afterwards, he was appointed Ambassador to Saxony, so that he might secretly negotiate the marriage. Indeed, the matter at first was held so secret between Louis and his wily Envoy, that the Duke privately begged in writing for instructions of the royal will as follows, and was answered thus:

THE DUKE WRITES.	THE KING WRITES.
"It is essential, in order that the King be served according to his will, that the Duc de Richelieu be informed of the time he is to depart."	"It cannot be fixed yet because in Varsovia it is essential that nobody know anything about anything."
"It is impossible to compel the workmen who must pre-	"No carriages; that would show too much haste."

THE DUKE WRITES.	THE KING WRITES.
pare for the occasion to keep the secret, or that the necessary acquisition of carriages be made secretly."	
"Is the Duc de Richelieu to wear mourning when arriving at Dresden?" *	"In mourning until the day of his audience at least; for I know not whether he can or ought to leave it off."
"Good bargains are made with ready money; and workmen work according as they get it. The Duc de Richelieu, who has not much, prays that the King will cause him to be supplied with it."	"He shall be sufficiently and incessantly supplied."

It may easily be supposed that the pleasure and pomp-loving Duke left nothing out of his calculations to increase his own importance as Envoy extraordinary, and Minister matrimonial. It was just the mission to suit him. He started for Dresden with twelve gentlemen in his suite, of whom the Count de Lalli (since decapitated) was one; 84 pages; 12 equerries; 50 footmen; 6 runners; and all the magnificent plate for his use for which he was famous at home. The King of Poland, however, insisted on "lodging and

* The Court was still in mourning for the late Dauphiness.

nourishing him," says an old chronicler; "which must have been no light matter for such a splendid guest, who, moreover, generally repaid his hosts by the gallantry of love as by acts of generosity." Wherever de Richelieu went, he left behind him tears or blood. Cupid claimed at his hands as many victims as Mars.

He was then more than fifty years old, but even the young Princess thought him preferable to all the Poles she had ever seen, and was willing to embrace the land of her adoption, if such were her heroes in Court and Camp.

Richelieu, so encouraged, sur passed himself in wonderful fêtes, with which he astonished all the good people of Dresden and elsewhere. At one of these a party of Poles begged admission into the state chamber after the distinguished guests had departed. There de Richelieu appeared in all his magnificence before their astonished gaze; and, when he saw how curiously they eyed not only himself, but the barley-sugar fabrics that his confectioners had placed on the table, and that looking led to such longing as to induce a surreptitious removal of some of these things;—"Take all," he cried, and forthwith there was a rush pell-mell. The Poles were inspired by French

vivacity. But not only were from the table taken garrisons in candy, and all the sugar loves and graces that had adorned the feast, but a vast portion, also, of the magnificent silver and gold which had been imported by the ostentatious entertainer.

Richelieu bore his loss like a hero, albeit he was not such to his own valets; for at this time he had not wherewithal of that "ready money" so royally promised and freely spent, to pay for the liveries of his pages.

The King of Poland was warmed into emulation by all this generosity and ostentation, and, delighted at the marriage of his daughter, presented her with porcelain to the amount of £200,000. The marriage was performed by proxy at Dresden, and, in receiving the benediction of the Nunzio, the bride believed she was fulfilling her "destiny," as did the centre star of that Court to which she was bound.

To explain this it must here be told, on the authority of the Church,* that when this princess

* Mémoires de la Cour, written and presented to the King and Royal family by the Abbé Proyart. The Dauphiness also related the anecdote to her confessor at Versailles, the Abbé de Foldini.

was about 13 years old, curiosity led her to enter the convent of "the ladies of the Holy Sacrament" in Varsovia. An old woman there beholding the young Princess, went up to her, took her hand, and asked; "Do you know me?" "Yes," said the Princess, "you are the mother *Saint Jean*." "Certainly," replied the woman, "but my name is also *Dauphine*, and I now declare to you that at this moment the hand of one *Dauphine* holds the hand of another *Dauphine*."—

The prophetess was pardoned at the time, as one in her dotage; but, afterwards, when her prophecy was verified, she is declared to have been living in the odour of sanctity.

The new Dauphiness was met by her bride-groom and his royal father, when within two days of her reaching Paris. She hastily alighted from her carriage when informed who they were, and threw herself at the feet of the King, craving his good-will.

To this act of prostration she was no doubt instigated by the memory of the feud lately existent between her father and himself; but Louis XV. was not the man to be behind-hand in an act of chivalrous gallantry, and he tenderly raised his young daughter-in-law, and, reassuring her of all

things for her happiness and advantage, presented her, with grand courtesy, to his son, her husband.

The Courtiers standing around whispered that the bride was wanting in beauty. But for this opinion, at the moment, there were excuses. In the first place, she was not altogether welcome to the Dauphin's suite, who remembered, like the bridegroom, the charms of her fascinating predecessor; and, in the second, she was suffering from the fatigues of a long journey in the depth of a severe winter, to say nothing of the agitation she evinced, which, when accompanied by tears, is disparaging to beauty, let poets say what they will.

But, if lacking some of that personal grace, concerning which by this time Madame la Marquise had made the Court fastidious, as also concerning the fashions best adapted to its display, the bride was not wanting in head or heart, as evinced by the following anecdote.

The first time she was left alone with the Dauphin in their own apartments, the bridegroom, instead of approaching her, looked round on the place endeared to him by former recollections, and burst into an agony of tears.

The bride was affected by these tears, not to

anger or disdain, but to womanly tenderness and sympathy. "Sir," she timidly said, "weep on. Let your grief have a free course, and fear not that it will offend me. These tears, on the contrary, are harbingers to me of what I may hope for myself, if I am ever happy enough to gain your esteem."

In time she did gain her husband's "esteem," but never could win from him the love which had once been so passionately given, and was now buried with its object. There was another trial awaiting the poor bride, after the first few hours of such melancholy matrimony;—her presentation to the Queen, whose father had been dethroned by her own.

The Dauphiness trembled before her mother-in-law, Marie Leczinska, and the proverbial cold deportment of her Majesty was not likely to reassure her. But after a day or two, the wit of the young Princess again came to her rescue.

It was customary on the third day after marriage, in such matters of royal French etiquette, for the bride to wear the portrait of her own father. The miniature, in the case of the Dauphiness, was set in a bracelet. Now, although religion and policy might both dictate to the Queen to

"forget and forgive injuries," yet it must have cost her — the daughter of Stanislas — a bitter pang thus, in her own home and palace, to behold the daughter of her father's usurper, Augustus, display before her eyes his portrait. Nobody dared to make any allusion to this splendid ornament, which, in its setting, outshone all others, or even venture to glance at it. But, in the later part of this dreaded day, the Queen braced up her courage and courtesy to the occasion, and turning towards the Dauphiness asked, —but in a constrained voice:

"Is that the portrait of the King, your father, my daughter?"

"Yes, Mamma," said the Dauphiness, and then, offering it to the Queen's inspection,—"See, Madame," she cried, "how it resembles him!"

Startled at this audacity, the Queen looked, and there beheld the picture of her own father, Stanislas. From that moment of compliment, more politic than filial, the Queen adopted the young Dauphiness as her own child, and treated her with as much affection as she was capable of showing.

But in most such cases the danger to domestic

peace arises from the "*best friend*" of one party or the other.

Thus Voltaire, looking on, and still writhing with envy as to Madame de Pompadour's noble treatment of old Crébillon, tried to sow the seeds of dissension in the Royal Family by flattering the Dauphiness to the detriment of the Queen.

Voltaire thought it wise to worship the rising sun. He composed some philosophic stanzas on the studious and active life of the bride, as subtly compared with the indolent and wearisome existence of her mother-in-law.

But, though appreciated by after generations, Voltaire's satire fell flat on this occasion. The shafts of his sarcasm had missed their mark, and flattery failed to pervert the head of a young girl, which, though containing a fine and cultivated brain, was out-matched by her heart, in which were the germs of true affection for her husband's mother. So M. Voltaire was obliged for the moment to disown the product of his pen, or,—in spite even of the favour with which the Marquise still regarded him,—it would have cost him all those fine places she had procured for him.

At this winter-time of 1747, the Court, so

recently in deepest mourning for the late Dauphiness, was preparing for splendid festivities in honour of her successor.

All these things, painful evidence that life under the shadow of royalty is indeed but a vapour, were painful to witness by one whose very existence was dependent on Court favour.

In the midst of these preparations for a bridal-funereal feast, the Marquise de Pompadour turned for a moment from the serious political matters which called for her attention (as we have seen and shall see), and, woman-like, thus wrote to the Marquise de Saussai:

"Just now I am more melancholy than usual. I can tell you—to the scandal of all the powers on earth—that notwithstanding the favour of a great and beloved King, I am sometimes tempted to fly from the Court, and, going into retreat, seek consolation from my friends. Is it weakness which retains me? I hate the world, but I cannot leave it.

"What think you of the new Dauphine? She is not beautiful, but she has sense, grace, and a certain *je ne sais quoi*, which is even more pleasing than beauty. Her illustrious husband is too devout; we shall see whether she will cure him of

this malady, which never fails to make a Prince a persecutor, and his subjects fanatics. I do not know a great king of this sort; the 'good Henri IV.' was certainly not. Let us love God and virtue, and leave the profession of religion to the monks.

"The Dauphiness has brought with her a German Jesuit, named Father Croust, who is her confessor . . . . . She has great confidence in him, which makes me fearful of consequences . . . . . .

"I was yesterday surprised to see the Dauphiness with bracelets on her arms that had belonged to her deceased predecessor. The Dauphin has begged her to wear them; which cannot give him much pleasure, and is anything but a gallant proceeding."

Who fails to see, in the above few lines,—with glimpses of an uneasy conscience,—traces of feminine sympathy, just reflection overpowered by evil precedent; a yearning for purity, with ignorance of it as the fruit of religion, and the political foresight that new strength was thrown into the hands of the Jesuits by this new marriage of the Dauphin, for whom the writer had therefore lately laboured in vain?

Though the centre of the most brilliant Court

circle, though the inspiration of the King, to whom she was passionately devoted, and though lately crowned with success in her suggestions for the happiness and welfare of the monarch and his kingdom, the heart of the Marquise was heavy at times with the oppressive sense that "All is vanity."

So thus again she writes to a female friend. "Your letter does not satisfy my heart, for you are of the small number of those whom I esteem and like to see. I feel alone in the midst of this crowd of small grandees who hate me, and whom I despise." (This alluded to the strangers whom the Versailles festivities attracted there, and who, unfamiliar with the internal workings of politics and parties, no doubt regarded the Marquise as merely the King's mistress, whose power was transitory.)

"As for the women, their conversation gives me the head-ache. Their vanity, their affected airs, their pettiness and deceit, render them insupportable. I do not tell them that I am not happy.

"It is now I know that kings can weep like other men. For myself, I often weep over the ambition that has brought me here, and over

the weakness which retains me. Pity my heart-weakness.

"It is said that the King of Monomotapa has 500 buffoons, who go with him everywhere to make him laugh. Louis XV. has 500 apes, who weary him every day when he rises; but it is seldom they make him laugh; he is scarcely less melancholy than myself.

"How I pity them, these gods of the earth who are thought to be so happy! Friendship alone, even more than love, can console them. But kings have no friends. There are, perhaps, but few who deserve to have them. They know but slaves and flatterers." . . . . . .

So even then, in only the third year of her connection with royalty, the Marquise craved for real sympathy among all the empty pomp and panoply by which she was surrounded. Also, as the result proved, she was working too hard for the King's benefit, the tenure of her own position, the distraction of her conscience, and by the necessities which had thrown the cares of state upon her, not to feel the depressing consequences of nervous exhaustion.

That she rose above this when called upon by the exigencies of her position, let the following

extracts from a letter show. This letter was to Van Hoy, the Dutch Ambassador, at whose expense she was so merry in one of her more familiar letters, already transcribed. The Marquise shared with her protégé, Voltaire, in his opinion of Holland, generally, as "Canaux, Canards, et Canaille." But Van Hoy was an Ambassador. So thus unto him wrote the Pompadour.

"April, 1747.

"It is not to me, but to the minister, that your Excellency ought to have written, and to have complained.* Nevertheless I am honoured by your confidence, and I will try to deserve it.

"You know that, in the beginning of the war, the King desired nothing more of your Republic but to remain neuter in that great quarrel among the powers of Europe; and that he offered to replace in your hands the city of Dunkerque as a guarantee of his word.† But the States constantly

* The complaint was as to the continued depredations of Saxe in Flanders.

† Louis XV., as beforesaid, was always seeking for peace and never finding it. The last words of Louis XIV. to him were: "Child, avoid war, if possible."—But Louis XIV. had, nevertheless, sown the storm, and his successor reaped the whirlwind.

despised his prayers and offers: they have furnished to the enemies of France help of all sorts, under pretext of their alliance with England and the Court of Vienna, and they even put an army on foot, which the French have taken the liberty of beating rather often, although with regret. You may rely that at all times the policy of France will be to exact the neutrality of the seven provinces; it is her interest; it is also yours.

"You say that the Dutch will always feel the glory of being the friends of France. That may be, and it is what we wish. But let them, therefore, have the complaisance to give us proof that such is the case. Friends do not fight: nevertheless, you have compelled Marshal Saxe to fight you: permit us to doubt your sincerity.

"For you, individually, Mons. l'Ambassadeur, the King has for you all the esteem you deserve. Possibly, you secretly condemn the obstinacy of your masters. Whatever may happen, you will have the glory of having fulfilled your ministry, if not with success, at least with wisdom."

Signed, "La Marquise de Pompadour."

It must have required all Van Hoy's Dutch phlegm to witness, unflinchingly, the reception

that Marshal Saxe met with in Paris when he went there to attend the fêtes given in honour of the Dauphin's second marriage. Madame de Pompadour's prophecy was fulfilled, "we will have a glorious Te Deum," and the hero of so many fights did indeed behold the churches and city hung with his trophies, as had, in bygone days, that other great martial "upholsterer," the Duc de Luxembourg. The bride herself was proud to claim kindred with the brave Maurice Saxe, although it was by the left hand. It must be remembered that Saxe was the natural son of Frederic Augustus, King of Poland, by the Countess of Königsmark.

France envied the young Princess this privilege of kindred, the only regret of the nation being not to have given her hero birth.

But Saxe was a Frenchman at heart, and by the law of naturalization. It is impossible to fight for a cause and not adopt it as your own. But even this man, the saviour of his adopted country, was regarded by a jealous clique in the ministerial circle of the Court. The favours continually lavished on him by the King there excited a pitiful envy; a fresh cause of disgust to

the Marquise, and of the hero's need of her support in the heart of the kingdom, albeit the hands were held up to worship him.

Two grand balls were given at Versailles during the winter of 1747, in honour of Hymen, whose torch had only just before been reversed funereally.

The first ball was for the Court and its accredited guests, although the bourgeoisie were permitted to assist as spectators within an enclosure of raised seats. If among these there were any who could claim kindred with the incomparable Marquise, incomparable in beauty, grace, toilette, and in gilded, but patent, dishonour, it must have been a strange sight to behold her, the brilliant centre of the Court. It would have been a shocking sight for the amiable bride, only that she lived in the last century instead of this, had been brought up in a court, and was educated according to royal precedent and traditions. Besides, the Marquise was kind to the young Dauphiness, who, like herself, needed true friends. And then, there was the gay de Richelieu, who had been the first to pay his gallant homage to her new rank, and there was

the subtle charm of wit in the atmosphere around her, which her own vivacious humour was ready to appreciate and emulate.

So, altogether, the Dauphiness was not so much to be pitied, in spite of the lachrymose lad who called her "wife," and made her wear the portrait of his lost love on her arm. Had she been enamoured of him beforehand, it would have been a different case, but the privilege of a political marriage is to put all inconvenient sentiment out of the question, and thus avoid scenes. Besides, what girl, reared among the snows of the North, could resist a ball in the finest palace of civilized Europe, herself the nominal queen of the revels, for whom such sounds of bewilderingly delicious music were sent forth, for whom was all this dazzling illumination, these intoxicating dances, these fragrant flowers, and in whose honour had assembled all these heroes, princes, wits; and to welcome whom was this resplendent bevy of court beauty, the Pompadour in the midst!

Such a sight was too much for Parisian, whatever it might have been for Polish, excitability, and especially when some of those belles on the bourgeois benches remembered the origin of the

grandest dame now before them. Hence it came to pass that, in the midst of the fête, there arose from among the people-spectators certain sounds of scuffle as to who should get the best place, and loud words betokening a vulgar impatience.

In vain the ushers interfered. The excitement was infectious, but its origin seemed to be in the attempt of a male spectator to force himself into the place of another, and, whether he was the real offender or not, the officer on guard ordered him out. The culprit, if such he were, exasperated, called aloud fiercely, "I defy you, Sir, I am . . . " but even in his anger remembering the incognito he had wished to assume, he supplied one word with another, and added, "I am a colonel of the regiment of Champagne."

An instant afterwards, a questionable lady, who wanted to change her place also, so as to get into the front row, cried out, "Well, Colonel, do as you like, but I, also, am of that regiment of Champagne." From thence arose a *double entendre*, which is more to be avoided than understood.

This riot must have somewhat disturbed the courtly etiquette of the ball-room below; and the

fracas was ominous as to the ball of the people which was to follow that of the Court a few nights subsequently, at Versailles.

This ball of the people was a masked ball. The enemies of Madame la Marquise pretend that she was afraid of it, by association of idea; considering that it was at a masked ball she first unmasked herself and faced her destiny. They pretend that she feared it might produce a rival, and that all masked balls would be a cause of alarm to her.

There is no evidence to show that she was present at the people's ball at Versailles (although vulgar coquetry might have profited by it to revive certain recollections), and the only anecdote recorded of the King on that occasion is similar to the story of the army of fiddlers in the Arabian Nights. This is it:

"There was set in the midst a splendid buffet, upon which were arranged all sorts of refreshments for the dancers and spectators of the ball. A large yellow domino constantly re-appeared beside this buffet, and consumed, outrageously, the refreshing drinks, the exquisite wines, and even attacked, repeatedly, the substantial viands placed there. This phenomenon attracted the attention of several masks, who pointed it out to

others, until the King himself was led to observe it. His Majesty, after rather a long contemplation of the constant returns to the buffet of this insatiable subject, wondered so much who it could possibly be in his dominions that performed such prodigious feats of digestion, as to order the 'great consumer' to be followed and identified. Whereupon it turned out not to be one man, individually, but each of the hundred Swiss guards, who, alike large and corpulent, had replaced one another at the buffet, all looking so identical as to be indistinguishable beneath the yellow domino they had assumed The King might well have been surprised, as it was proverbial that 'a Swiss eats like ten, and is the size of four;' by which calculation it was as though one big man had devoured the food of a thousand."

To pass from the ball-room to the cabinet:—it was about this time that the Marquis d'Argenson, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was dismissed. He was unfit for this important post at a time of serious war-pressure like the present, as may have been supposed from the tenor of his dispatches, of which an example has been given. His gaiety and frankness, charming and endearing in time of peace, were scarcely the qualities to cope with

the grim dangers by which his country was surrounded. M. de Puisieux was, for the time, installed in the office of d'Argenson, and M. Dutheil, the King's intimate cabinet secretary, was posted off to Breda to fulfil the war diplomatic post there. This change was attributed to the Pompadour, and justly. She was intimately associated with Dutheil in the "cabinet within the cabinet" of the King. The Mémoires of Dutheil, as confidential adviser to Louis XV., are important to the analytic student of French history. In his private correspondence with the King from Breda he says: "Show to Holland that she is playing the part of dupe with England and Germany. We are her natural friends."

As to the brothers d'Argenson, the Marquise says, "They have not character decided enough for ministers. They are clever and honest, as it is said, but those qualities are insufficient to fulfil the posts they occupy." But, in counselling the dismissal of the Marquis d'Argenson, or in advising him—as seems more probable—to resign, she was far from being animated by any personal pique, as her enemies affirm, for in the same year she writes to him thus:

"à M. D'Argenson.

1747.

"I am sorry, not for you, but for the State, at what is termed your 'disgrace!' The King thereby loses a good servant, and you become your own master: it is not you who are to be pitied . . . . Your own example, Sir, makes it evident that often good qualities excite more hatred than evil ones. It is said that you support your exile with the patience and courage of a stoic. I am not surprised at it. I know you. I would give you an ostrich for a device, with this motto: 'There is nothing so hard but may be digested'" . . . Then, as already anticipating the peace so long desired by Louis, she adds:

"Nevertheless, all honest folks look forward to seeing you some day once again at the head of the department to which you have done honour: it is not only good fortune which is fickle, but evil fortune is inconstant also." . . .

The following, written to Marshal Belleisle in Italy (her old political instructor), was her opinion of diplomacy in general, which d'Argenson's ministerial functions had required of him in particular.

"The art of a fine politician is to tell lies à propos to the good of the State. In other cases this seems not to be a difficult art. I am going to say a foolish thing, but it sometimes seems to me that a pretty woman employs more wit and exercises more profound policy at her toilette table than is to be found in all the cabinets of Europe; for the art of pleasing is more difficult than that of deceiving." . . .

This characteristic remark was part of a letter of commiseration, though intended also to cheer her old friend's spirits, after the reverse of Exilles in Italy. The reader will doubtless remember how Belleisle had forced his way into Sardinia, and in the exaltation of the Genoese Victory believed he would conquer Italy by a coup-de-main. On the 6th of July, 1747, however (a short time after the gay Richelieu was installed in the Doge's palace at Genoa), Belleisle's brother arrived at the pass of Exilles on the north side of the river Doria, where he (the Chevalier Belleisle) attacked the Piedmontese intrenchments with astonishing intrepidity. The brothers were devoted to each other. The Chevalier was thrice routed with great loss, but, exasperated by this resistance, he seized a pair of colours, and,

under a terrific fire, planted them on the enemy's works. No sooner had he done so, and a cry of Vive la France resounded, than he was shot down dead by two musket-balls, while a Sardinian soldier thrust a bayonet through his body. The death of their leader was such a shock to his men that a retreat was precipitately made, and his brother, the Marshal, when informed of the calamity, was obliged to retreat also, that he might join the troops from Exilles. Thus, the proverb of Italy being the coffin of France began once more gloomily to illustrate itself. Maria Theresa was justified in her prognostication, and so elsewhere was Marshal Belleisle as regarded the French navy. About this time Louis, undiscouraged by disasters at sea, determined to renew his efforts against the British Colonies in N. America, and their settlements in the E. Indies. For these purposes two squadrons had been prepared, but these squadrons, falling in with an English fleet of superior force off the coast of Gallicia, under command of Admirals Anson and Warren, were, after a sharp fight and brave resistance, overpowered by numbers, though the English in this action only lost 200 men less than the French. In October of 1747 a similar dis-

aster overtook a French fleet of merchantmen under convoy of nine ships of the line, in an encounter with an English fleet under Admiral Hawke, in the latitude of Belleisle, — a strange coincidence of place and person. These, and other naval calamities, made the King of France more desirous of peace than ever, although, as he affirmed, "I wish to make peace not like a tradesman, but like a King."

In July, 1747, the King of France made the fourth campaign in person, and, opposed to the Duke of Cumberland, gained the battle of Laffeldt, where he slept in the place occupied the preceding night by the English Prince. It was in this battle that Horace Walpole's friend, Harry Conway, was taken prisoner, although he did wonders, and was, as Horace said, "quite 'deplacé' in ordinary life." Conway fought like a Samson for life and liberty, until at last a French hussar pulled hold of his hair, while another prepared to stab him. Then the valour of Harry was discreet enough to give in, and he was politely taken prisoner. Conway was released on parole, but the victory cost the French dear; by it they lost many heroes, among whom

was the Count de Bavière. The French account of this sanguinary battle is rather different from that of the English gossip, Walpole, who declared that "the French King saw the whole through a spying-glass from a Hampstead hill, environed with 20,000 men."*

Afterwards came the siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, which for impregnability was named "La Pucelle," but which was taken by the wonderful artillery of the Count de Löwendhal. This Danish leader of brave Frenchmen was the companion of Saxe, and one of the most accomplished men in Europe. In his letter to Saxe, he estimated his loss at only 400 men, and that of the enemy at 5000. After the taking of Bergen-op-Zoom, Louis remarked that it was humiliating to France that she should owe her greatest victories to two great captains who were foreigners, upon which the Prince de Conti, who was present, remarked, with more philosophy than delicacy, that in this day of mixed races nobody knows who's who. But when the King encountered the wife of Löwendhal, "Madame," he said royally, "all the world will gain by this victory; I give to your husband the bâton of

* Appendix P.

Marshal, and I hope to deliver my people from the scourge of war." At the same time the King declared Marshal Saxe Commander-in-chief of the Low Countries, and then set about thinking of the best way to bring about peace, not like a higgling tradesman, but a King who had conquered.

But just as diplomacy began to babble about opening the conferences for peace at Aix-la-Chapelle, Saxe, in the anti-Machiavellian spirit of Frederic of Prussia, declared that "Peace was in Maestricht."

Unto Saxe wrote the Pompadour:

"The Dutch murmur, and do not like you in their neighbourhood. . . . . They are only anxious to be neuter. On the other hand, the English faction is omnipotent with them by influence of the House of Orange. . . . . Van Hoy presents memorial on memorial. He protests that their high powers are full of respect for the King, and only desire to be at good-will with us. On our side, our ministers protest that the French nation has the greatest respect for that of the illustrious Dutch, &c. &c.

"Let your victories procure us a peace which

heroes love not, but of which all Europe stands in need!

"France is dying of hunger in the midst of acclamations, bonfires, and cries of 'Vive le Roi!'"*

* Appendix Q.

CHAPTER VI.

More losses at sea—Letter of the King of France to the Czarina of Russia and private cabinet correspondence of the King—The Minister of Marine—Letter of Madame de Pompadour to the Minister of Marine—Peace conferences —Siege of Maestricht — Dupleix and de Bourdonnage — Peace treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle—Clauses of that treaty—Discontent in France concerning the Pretender—Secrets from old sources—Necessity *versus* Chivalry in the Cabinet—The balance of Europe as poised at Aix—Want in France—Want memorials—Clamour for war rewards—Character of the Duc de Belleisle—Machault, the Controller-General, and the Marquise—Obstinacy of the Pretender—His capture at the Opera—Popular songs and libels—The Bull "Unigenitus"—Church strife—Jansenists and Jesuits—Records of the Vatican — Spiritual *v.* temporal authority —Nuns of St Agatha — The Fanatic Curé of Amiens — Diderot, the philosopher—Letter of Sister "Saint Joseph," to Madame de Pompadour—Fiscal proposal of the Marquise to the King—Taxation memorial—How to lighten

the burden — Superannuated chancellor — *L'amour sans ailes*—How the Marquise made enemies.

At the beginning of the year 1748, a French ship, the *Magnanime*, commanded by Count d'Albert, while returning from America, unmasted by a storm, fell in with the enemy, and was obliged to render herself up, though only after a combat of eight hours against four English vessels. The distressed condition of France, beneath the show of glory, made such news as this, upon the other disastrous marine intelligence (as recorded in the last chapter) terrible to the King, who was regarded as a hero by his people. To ride with a smiling face in a triumphal car, with famine in its rear, was no light endurance for the King.

He was then trying to effect a peace so desirable for his war-loving subjects.

Louis addressed himself to the Czarina of Russia as mediatrix between himself and Austria. On the 6th of Dec., 1741, the Princess Elizabeth Petrowna, daughter of the Czar Peter, mounted the throne of Russia by a sudden resolution. She, conducted only by seven grenadiers of the Guards, transported herself at midnight through the midst of that regiment, exposed to the soldiers in a few words her rights and the miseries of the State;

determined the men in her favour; returned with an escort of fifty Guards to the palace; caused the young Czar, with all his ministers and partisans, to be arrested; and was recognised the next day as Czarina and Empress of Russia without one drop of blood having been shed. The affinity of their circumstances naturally drew the two Empresses, Elizabeth and Maria Theresa, together. "The sympathy between them was irresistible." When the former volunteered to act as mediatrix in the peace projects, Louis thus addressed her:

"Madame, my Sister,

"The magnanimous design that your Majesty has conceived of being the mediatrix of the powers at war is worthy of your noble heart, and sensibly touches mine. . . . All Princes owe you their thanks for it, and I am still more indebted to your Majesty because my most cherished desires are seconded by yours. . . . I can swear to you, Madame, that I have never taken up arms but with the view of peace, and my successes have but served to fortify this sentiment, which, perhaps, reverses would have rendered less ardent. . . . Kings may not aspire but to the glory and happiness of their people. Yours, Madame,

seeing that you labour for the good of others, will feel, if possible, their veneration for their sovereign increase. . . . . Begin and finish this good work, which will cover you with immortal glory. . . . The people that I love and by whom I flatter myself beloved, will owe to you the preservation of the blood that they are always ready to shed in my cause. . . . . All other princes will doubtless concur in this noble project. . . . But none of them will feel more than I do the happiness of owing to you that which all sovereigns ought most to desire.

Louis."

A curious Mémoire still exists by M. de Dutheil (private and confidential adviser to the King of France), which, indicating the simple, though serious political causes of approximation between France and Austria, neutralizes the absurd rumour that has gained credence in England of it being subsequently a private feminine compact between Maria Theresa and Madame Pompadour.

"The House of Austria, ceasing henceforth to be formidable, cannot struggle against the House of Bourbon, possessed of France, Spain, Naples,

Parma, and Piacenza. The rivalry is worn out. After the treaty of Aix, defiance and hostility are naturally converted into an intimate alliance. Austria marching with us, there can be no longer a possible war on the Rhine or in Flanders. . . . The alliance with Austria is the political peace of Europe. . . . All the efforts of Spain, Naples, and France must henceforth be consecrated to the development of the *Marine Militaire*. France, having no longer to dread a continental war, may hope that in a few years, with the aid of Spain, she will wrestle effectually with Great Britain."

In the Minister of Marine, the Count de Maurepas, the King had always had the most implicit reliance as the only man capable, among all who surrounded him, of restoring the navy. Madame de Pompadour warmly shared in this royal appreciation of an able counsellor, as is recorded by herself.

The Marquise declares: "Of all the ministers then assisting in the government of France, de Maurepas had the most genius, activity, and penetration. It was he who had re-established the navy after the death of Louis XIV. I have heard that the commerce of the Levant is entirely due to him. He worked much; so much business

had never been so expedited; his correspondence was a master-piece of precision. I have seen many of his letters, and it is impossible, in my opinion, to say so many things in such a few words."

This tribute from the favourite, corroborated by other contemporary documents, must not be forgotten, when the man to whom it is so freely rendered becomes opposed to her from private causes, hereafter to be discussed. In the mean while, she participated in the King's anxiety as to the repeated loss of his ships; and while the Marshals were only giving the King "advice in the form of fiery bullets," she wrote thus:

"To the Comte de Maurepas.

"I eagerly opened your letter, believing it contained news of a victory..... I do not believe that these continual successes of the enemy on sea have any precedent in history. *It is to the British Navy alone that fortune is constant. There are to-day but two great people in Europe; it seems that of these one is destined to possess the empire of the sea, and the other that of the land....*

"I dread that France will be compelled to make a disadvantageous peace, and to restore her

conquests in Flanders; the misery of the kingdom, the difficulty of levying new taxes,* and the obstinacy of the allies, will render it soon indispensable.....

"I repeat that peace is necessary to us. Our navy is destroyed, we are drained of men and money, and we have powerful enemies. You, Sir, who hold the first place in the Council, and who deserve it by your experience and your intelligence, help to restore to France that peace of which she is in so much need, and which is the most precious boon that a good King can confer on the subjects who love him," &c. &c.

The peace conferences which had been opened at Breda were in the mean while removed to Aix-la-Chapelle, but Marshal Saxe, ill-pleased at negotiations which would rob him of his proper element, continued his preparations for the siege of Maestricht. According to his own confession no human power could restore order to the administration of France in time of war, and yet he continually pressed forward to prolong it. At this time, therefore, in the beginning of 1748, the

* The reader must remember that the Marquise had induced the King to decline to enrich himself by taxation to the disadvantage of his people, by the dismissal of Orry.

Marquise spoke of him with less than her usual enthusiasm, harassed as she was by sight of the King in the dilemma of a beggared conqueror, and sharing with him the daily increasing pressure of the people's distress.

Before, however, the siege could be undertaken by Saxe, it was necessary to open and secure all the passes, to force a whole army to retire, and to render it incapable of acting. The Marshal, therefore, determined to deceive the enemy, and even to conceal his designs from his own troops. Saxe first pretended he was about to besiege Breda. "He went in person to conduct a large convoy to Bergen-op-Zoom, at the head of 25,000 men, and seemed to turn his back on Maestricht. Another division, meanwhile, marched towards Tongres, on the road to Liege; a third was posted at Tongres; and a fourth threatened Luxembourg; but no sooner was the signal given, than they were all put in motion at the same time, and directed their march on either side of the Maese, towards Maestricht; and on the 13th of April that city was invested."

The hostilities which followed were suddenly arrested by news that preliminaries of peace had been signed at Aix-la-Chapelle.

"The plenipotentiaries agreed that the town of Maestricht should be surrendered to Marshal Saxe, on condition that it should be restored with all its magazines and artillery. He accordingly took possession of it on the 3rd of May, when the garrison marched out with all the honours of war, and a cessation of arms ensued. By this time, a body of 37,000 Russians, which Great Britain and Holland had taken into pay, had arrived in Moravia, where they were reviewed by the Emperor, and halted on the confines of Franconia. Louis XV. declared, that should they advance farther, he would demolish all the fortifications of the towns in Dutch Brabant."*

There was an opinion then prevalent in Paris, that the reason why wars in the East were short, though sharp, was the lack of fortifications there.

At this time of European expectation, "Good Nuz! Good Nuz!" resounded in the streets of London and Paris. A cessation of hostilities was published. Orders were sent to refrain from hostilities to Admirals in different parts of the world. De Richelieu was stopped short with Belleisle, in Italy, at the head of 80,000 men, who were about to strike off the fetters of Austria,

* Appendix R.

and General Brown himself, Maria Theresa's famous Irish General, was turned back at the moment he was about to step *nil desperandum* into "the boot." *

In the East Indies the siege of Pondicherry had been undertaken by the English, but they were beaten back by the governor Dupleix† with the loss

* Italy.

† Dupleix, born in Paris, was the son of a farmer-general, and master in consequence of a large fortune. In 1720 he departed for Pondicherry with the double quality of first counsellor of the Superior Council and War Commissioner. The year following he was charged with the general correspondence and the editorship of the Council Despatches for all parts of the world. Ten years afterwards, Dupleix was sent to Chandernagor as Director there, and was subsequently chosen Governor of Pondicherry and General Commander of the French *Comptoirs* in India.

M. de la Bourdonnaye, celebrated in the romance of "Paul and Virginia," was a sailor from the time he was ten years old. He had navigated all seas. Originally of good family, he had risen from one professional grade to another, until at last, having distinguished himself by perseverance and intrepidity, he became Governor-general of the Isles of France and of Bourbon. He consecrated his life to the development of French power, while true to his love for the ocean, he composed his "*Traité de la Mâture des Vaisseaux*," for which his country is still grateful. Unfortunately, however, there was rivalry between these two brave men, Dupleix and de la Bourdonnaye. France loves not to dwell on the evil consequences of such rivalry, which helped to deprive her of her colonial diadem; and

of 1000 men. On the 16th of October, 1748, the definitive treaty of peace was signed at Aix-la-Chapelle.

By this it was agreed, as the reader doubtless remembers," that all prisoners on either side should be mutually released, without ransom, and all conquests restored; that the Duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, should be ceded as a settlement to the Infant Don Philip, and the heirs male of his body; but, in the event of his succession to the throne of Spain, or that of the two Sicilies,* or of his death without male issue, that they should revert to Austria. That the King of Great Britain should, immediately after the ratification of the treaty, send two hostages of rank

her contemporary literature is full of fabulous tales in impartial favour of Dupleix, de la Bourdonnaye, and "Bussy, the Indian."

* On the 30th of June, 1735, "Baby Carlos," Philip's brother, otherwise Don Carlos, then 19 years of age, had himself crowned at Palermo King of the Two Sicilies *de facto*; "in which eminent post," as says Carlyle, "he and his continue, not with much success, to this day" (*ante* Garibaldi). But what educated Spaniard in this day, think you, reader, forgets the great Cardinal Alberoni, who imported Italy, in the person of Elizabeth Farinese, into Madrid, and by her carried back the Bourbon blood to Italy? The clause as to Don Philip was the most interesting one to the Queen of France, he being the husband of her daughter.

and distinction to reside in France, as hostages, until the restitution of Cape Breton, and all the other conquests which his Britannic Majesty should have achieved in the East or West Indies; that Dunkirk should remain fortified on the land side, and toward the sea continue in the state specified in former treaties."

All the contracting powers became guarantees to the King of Prussia for the Duchy of Silesia and the county of Glatz, as he at present possessed them;* and they likewise agreed to secure to the Empress Queen the possession of her hereditary dominions,—thus falling back once more upon that broken old Pragmatic sanction.

Also, there was an article which not only forbade France any longer to espouse the Stuart cause, but stipulated that the Prince-Pretender should no longer be permitted to reside in France. And it came to pass that this last article brought about more Court and Parisian discord and discontent than all the rest. Those who had most influenced the King in his recent costly failure in assisting the Pretender, as we know by those

* Having recently, as we know, made his own stipulation at the sword's point with Maria Theresa, while his allies were talking—of which more, hereafter.

Jacobite letters, were growing into a distinct party within the Palace around the Dauphin. As the other power within the walls, Madame la Marquise, was opposed to that party, politically, and its subtle influence pervaded the unthinking masses at a time when every man had his own Jesuit, the whole blame of this article concerning "the most serene Prince Charles Edward" fell upon her.

She might be easily vindicated from this charge by political expedient. But she was innocent of proposing what seemed at the time an unchivalric act to the King, an act injurious to the estimation of the right royal hospitality which had been so freely rendered by France to the Stuarts, whom England had permitted to be dependent on France's bounty through successive generations. As says a writer in France who most ably considers this question: "The Marquise had a sentiment of pride and national dignity which corresponded to the chivalry of the 18th century, and, moreover, she had desired that in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle this chivalry of Royalty had been better defended." Although that treaty was an act of necessity to France, its material advantages were to the Marquise outweighed by the humiliating clause "that the Pretender should be obliged to quit France,

and that, if he would not, he should be constrained to do so by force." "The treaty altogether, in her eyes, was more Prussian than French. The Materialist views of the English Whigs were too evident in it, and she considered that d'Argenson * had executed that one rigorous clause without tact or delicacy.†

"The Marquise de Pompadour was not only intimately acquainted with the Prince, but it was she who had engaged Voltaire to write the Manifesto in his favour," with which the reader is acquainted. "In fact, so enthusiastic had she ever been in the Stuart cause, that often, when eloquently reciting to the King the history, and dwelling on the misfortunes of that doomed race, she shed impassioned tears." "Her thoughts

* M. le Comte de St. Severin d'Arragon guided the French King's interests in the treaty. Nevertheless the dismissal of d'Argenson in January, 1747, did not interfere with his still holding the thread of negotiations, for which, it is more than possible, he had to thank the Pompadour as much as good policy.

† There is a secret note of the police extant which may excuse the Cabinet of Louis XV. concerning Prince Charles Edward. From it, the Whigs, resolved to disembarrass themselves of "the Pretender" at all price, had agreed that, in the event of his still remaining in France, he should have been carried off by a troop of secret emissaries in their pay.

on such subjects were full of sentiment and elevation; she was more the heart than the head of the Cabinet; it was to be expected that in all questions of sentiment such a heart would have been quicker to feel than men to understand."

To these must be added other considerations. "The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was favourable to Prussia, and King Louis did not really love Frederic; his personal character, his atheism, and his political perfidy were antipathetic to Louis XV. of France. But, thought Louis, if Prussia can be made the auxiliary of France, the House of Brandenbourg can never drag behind her France as auxiliary. 'What were these little Electors before the great Cardinal de Richelieu?'"

To accept the policy of Prussia was never the wish of Louis XV. Such a humiliation would have been unendurable at Versailles; but to achieve this Frederic aspired, by means of his union with the poets, the philosophers, and political writers, the chief of whom Madame la Marquise had helped to bring to the French Court.*

* Henceforth a continuance of intimate alliance between France and Prussia was difficult. The recent marriage of the Dauphin with a Saxon Princess was an obstacle to the ambition of Frederic, who coveted Saxony as he had done Silesia.

Madame de Pompadour held the King, individually, guiltless of aught like the "tradesman" in this bargain of Aix-la-Chapelle. To her he was always the hero, but nevertheless that clause about Prince Charles Edward caused Louis, discontented with himself, to rebuke his devoted friend, the Marquise, more sharply than ever before or afterwards. She openly avowed in the Cabinet her pain and disapprobation. "What, Madame, do you wish me to sacrifice my kingdom for a cause that has already cost me much, and is hopeless!" Her position was acutely painful, and the more so, as her heart made her doubt her own head, the latter being conscious that in the former were lurking a most womanly sympathy for the Pretender, and dislike of Frederic of Prussia. Besides,—alas, poor hero-king, Louis the "well-beloved!"—outside the palace gates were people clamorous for bread, and beyond the city walls were disabled men, with women and children, starving on dreary expanses of uncultivated land. And there were elements, as before said, within the palace, that would fain blow all Europe a-flame again for what they called "the Faith," for lack of which too many had been expelled from France, in this her hour of need, when all her sons were

wanted. And so, Prince Charles Edward, most illustrious and serene, you must go!

In the treaty of peace there was also another article that occasioned misgiving to the Marquise, who was provided with a copy of the treaty at Versailles before it became public. She sent to the Marshal de Belleisle (who had just arrived from Italy) in alarm, and pointing to this clause, said, "Canada! It seems to me that on this important point there are elements for a new storm."

Belleisle re-assured his former pupil, who had by this time achieved political knowledge enough to become his teacher, as the event proved. France regrets to-day that he did not submit his judgment to hers. "It is a State secret," he mysteriously said. . . . It leaves affairs in America as they are, and we have twenty savage nations in Canada which will take our revenge." "Revenge," says the Pompadour, long afterwards, "cost us that country."

Voltaire pleads: "In making this peace, Louis XV. wished nothing for himself, but he did everything for his allies. By it he secured the kingdom of the Two Sicilies to Don Carlos, Prince of his blood; he established in Parma, Piacenza,

and Guastalla, Don Philip his son-in-law, while the Duke of Modena, his ally, and the son-in-law of the Regent, Duc d'Orleans, was re-established in his country, which he had lost for having taken the part of France. Genoa re-entered into all her rights. Thus it appeared finer and more useful to the Court of France, to think of the welfare of her allies, than to grasp for herself two or three Flemish cities which would have been an eternal source of jealousy. „England," continues Voltaire, "which had no other particular interest in this universal war, than that of a ship, lost thereby much blood and treasure, and the old quarrel about the ship remained precisely as it was before. The King of Prussia was the one who drew from it the greatest advantages: he preserved the conquest of Silesia. The Duc of Savoy, King of Sardinia, was, after the King of Prussia, the greatest gainer; the Queen of Hungary having paid for his alliance — with part of Milan. Afterwards, Christian Europe found itself divided into two great parties. The States of the Empress, Queen of Hungary, and a part of Germany, Russia, England, Holland, and Sardinia, composed one of these factions. The other was formed by France, Spain, the Two Sicilies, Prussia, and Sweden. All the Powers re-

mained armed; and a durable repose was hoped for, from the fear that the two halves of Europe inspired in each other." Some time afterwards the Prince de Soubise declared that of all the Princes who signed this treaty there was not one who did not desire a continuance of war.

"But," says the Pompadour, "I can declare that the King of France was not of this number. I beheld him after that treaty more gay than usual: the joy which was in his heart was reflected on his face."

So for a brief moment, the heart of the Marquise was rewarded, though she was still uneasy and not satisfied with the two clauses about Prince Charles Edward, and Canada.

Don Philip, too, had time and space now to dance in Italy as much as he liked; he danced so much, that Louis gravely said of his flexible son-in-law, "I fear he will give my daughter too strong a taste for that amusement."

But soon came crowding round "the well-beloved," in these the first long-desired days of peace, all sorts and conditions of men clamorous for bread and rewards. The returns from the Provinces were gloomy in the extreme. The Marshal de Belleisle and others brought several

provincial "Want-Memorials" to the Marquise, afraid to lay them before his Majesty, to whom they were requested by the commissioners of inquiry to present them. From these memorials here are some extracts:—

"I cannot represent the wretchedness which reigns in this province. The earth yields nothing. Most of the farmers, unable to live by its products, have abandoned their land. Some have become beggars, and others soldiers. Many have gone away altogether to foreign countries... A hamlet, which before the war supported 1500 inhabitants, can scarcely furnish necessaries for 600.... The cattle have diminished in proportion with men. The country is in absolute need of cattle; so that in most of the villages where labour is still carried on, men do the work of oxen." ... "The subjects of the King," writes another provincial superintendent, "diminish every day in this province. Soon there will be no longer any inhabitants. I have desired the Curés of different parishes to furnish me with the list of baptisms and burials, and the number of deaths exceeds that of the living. .. Out of 50 of the King's subjects there are scarcely two who have bread to eat. The others die from want

Marriage is almost unknown, and the children that are born are the offspring of debauchery. It is beyond me to prescribe a remedy in the present crisis of the monarchy. God alone can deliver it from the gulf of misery into which the troubles of the time have plunged it."

The streets were thronged with claimants on the Royal bounty, because disabled in the Royal service. Honour was but an empty sound to these, who had lost their limbs, and whose families were perishing for bread. Even a Lieutenant of Grenadiers, to whom the Minister of War had granted the Cross without the pension, remonstrated: — "Sir, your Excellency has attached to my button-hole the sign of my courage; but you have forgotten the worth of my valour."

Then even the Noblesse complained. There was the Prince de Conti, made Grand-Prior of France, grumbling that his horses had not enough hay. Whereupon said unto him Belleisle (who had more reason to mourn that the war had cost him a beloved brother*), "I am astonished, Prince, that all those horses are not already

* The Chevalier Belleisle, who fell at Exilles.

dead; for at Coni your Highness had begun to complain of the scarcity of their forage."

"Have a little patience," said the King, "I will relieve all, if possible; but, before thinking of particular houses, I ought to provide for the great family of the State:—Gentlemen, you have rendered to me great services during the war; but I beg you to confer on me one still greater in this time of peace; which is to permit me to help, before you, those who have borne the full weight of the war; you lent your arm to a cause which has robbed them of their subsistence."

As to Marshal Duc de Belleisle, he had his reward, in time, as said a wit: "Being enrolled among the most elegant liars in Europe," the Academicians, among other things more substantial.

But the Marshal had really loved his brave brother, and blamed himself for that impetuosity which had incited his brother to an act of such vital vivacity at Exilles. M. Marshal Belleisle was cherished by the Pompadour and those who knew him intimately; a disciple of old Cardinal Fleury's time, he manifested "the polite-

ness of an amiable courtier, and the apparent frankness of a brave soldier. He was persuasive without eloquence, because he always seemed to be himself persuaded." In the mean while the annoyances of a people's wants so irritated the King that he one day declared to those around him, who did nothing but expose vexations to him without prescribing remedies,—"Better have counselled me to have continued war, than to have concluded peace at this price!"

As to the Marquise, she said: "We must work hard at the finances," and forthwith proceeded to amuse the King during his leisure hours, so as to wean his mind—too predisposed always to despondency — from unavailing and harassing considerations. But while seeking to soothe the King with the charms of her versatile genius, and by the pleasure of her society at this time of "peace, peace, when there was no peace," she worked hard with that solemn uncongenial man, Machault—son of "Coupe tête," who had succeeded to the control of the Exchequer.

"The Controller-General Machault was a gloomy phlegmatic man, but firm and full of energy. . . He made rapid strides in the ministry.

Appointed Controller-General in 1745, he had the great seals in 1750, on the resignation of Chancellor d'Agnesseau." *

The Marquise adopted anxieties of the King as her own. She lightened the burthen of State care by sharing it, while, in labouring for the honour of the country, she had the tact of placing its requirements before Louis in a way that did not fatigue him. "With her he talks," was the proverb of the day. She was fascinating in conversation, having what one of her countrymen called, "*l'esprit d'une causerie inépuisable.*" Thus she charmed him into participation of duty. "The hard work of the Marquise was the basis of the King's best acts." With the stern Machault she laboured at columns of terrific figures. Such work was opposed to her artistic tastes and previous habits, which may show that

* Such is the description of this stern financier in the "*Fastes de Louis XV.*," a book full of party prejudice against Madame de Pompadour; yet this is the man who, inflexible as he was, is called in that same book, "the first creature of the Marquise;" while another of her enemies, who accuses her of rapacity, blames her for having dismissed Machault's too lenient and inefficient predecessor: because she would not let the King revel in the unjust taxation of his people!

love, her original political teacher, was strong to sustain, or to sting, her.

She and her hard-headed ally mastered one difficulty after another, until Machault, impressed by her understanding as he had never been before by that of woman, was emboldened by it to suggest to her the necessity of obtaining the King's authority for the appropriation of some of the wealth ecclesiastical, to the payment of the debts of the State.

It was exactly what Frederic of Prussia had counselled to d'Argenson.* The Marquise (pupil of Montesquieu, who, as before shown, inveighed strongly but calmly against the continual increase of ecclesiastical wealth to the prejudice of a poor State) was quick to see the advantages of such a scheme, though not in making the bold, but phlegmatic, economist to understand how it would shock the religious prejudices of the King, which were part of his very existence.

The time was not ripe for this *coup*; but, somehow, the threat of it was whispered abroad, to which whisper another was added, by the

* It must be here observed that Machault was a friend of Argenson, a fact that disproves another envious statement of his having fostered discord in the Cabinet concerning him.

malevolence of party spirit (in the provinces and among the bourgeosie, who were only dependent on hearsay for Court news), that the Marquise was the cause of public distress, and also of the scene which shortly afterwards roused Paris to indignation, concerning the stipulated expulsion of the Pretender. The Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, or, as he was now styled by treaty, "the Chevalier de St George," instead of quietly relieving France of his presence, and thus rewarding her for her hospitality to him and his forefathers, persisted in remaining in Paris. In vain Louis sent repeated and friendly messages of remonstrance to him; the only answer vouchsafed was: "The King of France once promised that I should always find a refuge in his dominions, and I have in my pocket that assurance signed by his hand. A Prince who has honour knows what a promise means, and to what he exposes himself when it is broken." This answer breathes the spirit of the Stuart obstinacy. First one and then another of the Courtiers were again sent to the Prince, each urging one of the many difficulties to which such obstinacy exposed the King. No use. And to make the matter worse, the people, knowing that something was going forward,

and ever eager to resist a supposed injustice, began to show signs of excitement and indignation in the Prince's behalf. England, too, began to look threatening at the delay of France in her performance of this clause of the treaty. At last Louis sent to the Prince the Count de Maurepas, Minister of the Marine, who addressed him in these words: "The King is penetrated with grief at finding himself compelled to entreat your Highness to quit his dominions. I have come by his desire to assure your Highness that the consideration of his people's welfare could alone induce him to take such a step. . . . . The greatest monarchs cannot always do that which they would. There are moments of crisis where policy compels them to submit. Your Highness knows that, since the fatal moment when the House of Stuart lost the crown of England, the House of Bourbon has made several efforts to replace it. You ought to know the good-will of Bourbon intentions, and not to blame impossibility in carrying them into effect.

"I wish that you had been witness of the interview his Majesty has just had with me. At the moment he called me into his cabinet, to

charge me to signify to you the order to leave the kingdom, you would have been touched by his emotion. He is grieved for your situation, but he cannot controvert Destiny; and he will be in despair if you force him to take violent measures. Louis XV. has sent me to you not as a King, not as a master, but as an ally and a friend. Nay, more: he has charged me to ask you as a favour to leave his kingdom."

To which the only answer of the Prince was a pistol. He drew it from his pocket, pointed it at the Minister's head, and swore that he would kill him on the spot if he stayed a moment longer.

The King was distracted, and his counsellors outwitted. "The Prince," they said, "was no longer recognisable, through misfortune."

The Archbishop of Paris, shielded from personal danger by his profession, then went to this obstinate Prince, and argued with him in the name of the Pope and the Church.

In vain.

Instead of leaving Paris, the Prince barricaded himself in his own house there, and even threatened, if attacked, to fire on the soldiers, and by igniting a barrel of gunpowder he had imported,

to blow up his own and the neighbouring habitations.

When the King was told of this, he only sighed and said, "It is courage sadly misplaced."

However, it was not in the nature of a young man in France to live for ever incarcerated at home, especially in the midst of Paris. So, one night, the Prince sallied forth to go to the Opera. There he was arrested by the Guards under order of the Duc de Brion, Colonel to the regiment. The excitement was extreme, and popular indignation blindly furious against the captors. These required some courage, for not only had they to endure insult, but were forewarned by M. de Vaudreuil, the Major of the Guards, that the Prince was always armed, and that he had threatened to kill whoever laid hands on him. The Major had procured a carte blanche from the King to do as he liked with the Prince if he captured him, on condition that no disrespect was shown to him, and that he should in nowise be exposed to violence. It was, therefore, with the greatest reverence the prisoner was walked off between the Guards to a carriage, which in half an hour more was on its way to Vincennes. The Prince did not kill anybody, as he had threatened, either from

being taken by surprise, or seeing that numbers were too strong for him. He did not know that the hands of the soldiery were tied by the King's orders from injuring him. So, after all, he submitted quietly, and, tired of his recent solitary life, was glad to ask M. de Vaudreuil and the other officers to sup with him when they reached Vincennes. He remained there three days, when, showing signs of revolt, and Paris being still indignant on his account, he was moved on to the Pont de Beauvoisin, "which," says a contemporary, "cured him of his wish to remain in or to return to France." *

By an impulse unreasonable as unjust, the King, who had suffered penalties for his hospitality, was blamed for all this by the mob only second to the Marquise, whom it accused as the author of the public disgrace which the Prince had brought on himself by his own obstinacy.

Satirical and insulting verses were sung about

* Prince Charles to the last was an expense to France. This memorandum still exists,—

"I certify that it has cost, for different outlays, in the matter of the Prince Edward, the sum of £320. Done at Paris, the 4th of January, 1749.

"Le Chevalier de Vaudreuil."

"MSS. des Archives Étrangères."

the streets, which, under a double *entendre,* made coarse allusions to the King and the Marquise. Some Pasquinades, bolder than the others, brought upon their authors a brief taste of the Bastille, by order of the King.* But this, being looked upon as an act of tyranny by their brethren, the revulsion of popular feeling was increased in favour of the "hero Prince," as he was called. This feeling was fostered by the emissaries of the Jacobites in France, into the hands of whom the people, Jesuit-ridden, unconsciously played.†

* Extraits des Vers sur le Prince Edouard, &c. Paris, 1748.

* * * * * *

O ciel, lance tes traits : terre, ouvre tes abimes !
Quoi, Biron, votre Roi vous l'a-t-il ordonné ?
Edouard, est-ce-vous, d'hussiers environné ?
Est-ce-vous de Henri le fils digne de l'être ?

* * * * *

O Lou's ! vos sujets de douleur abattus
Respectent Edouard casseif et sans couronne :
Il est Roi dans les fers, qu'êtes vous par le trône ?
J'ai vu tomber le sceptre aux pieds de Pompadour.

† On voit sur ton Auguste front
Briller des Rois l'illustre Marque,
Et les Rois mêmes conviendront
Qu'un Héros vaux bien un Monarque.

Que tes parricides sujets
Obstinés à te Méconnaitre

It was a hard case upon the King to see the enthusiasm of his people thus transferred to one so long the object of his bounty, and that at a time when the pressing wants of his people, for which he was blameless, lay heavy on his heart, and made him need their devotion to enable him to bear their burden.

It was a hard case on the woman who was working, at the sacrifice of her bodily health, to mitigate the wants of the people. "What will you, Madame, that I do?" asked Louis. "Am I to prolong war with all Europe for Prince Edward? England has only signed peace on condition of his not being harboured in my kingdom. Am I to break the peace treaty, and utterly ruin my people, because, forsooth, the abode of Paris is preferred by him?"

Harassed and insulted as she was, the Marquise excuses the King for his broken word,

> Consomment leurs anciens forfaits
> Indignes de t'avoir pour Maitre.
>
> Poursuis, cher Prince, montres-toi
> Digne du sang qui t'a fait Nâitre:
> Sans doute, il est grand d'être Roi:
> Plus grand de mériter de l'être.
>
> Stances au Prince Edouard. Paris, 1748.

which was a grief to her. "The Prince," she says, "forgets that sovereigns alone can forfeit their word (by necessity and for public good) without forfeiting their honour."

She soothed his Majesty's irritated conscience on this point, when it was no longer remediable, by diversifying his pleasures, and above all, as we shall see, in giving him a taste for those public improvements which she had so long secretly desired, and which now stand in Paris as monuments to her memory. It was also a solid satisfaction when, after all her wearisome work with Machault, the Finance Controller, she was able to show the King how the condition of the exchequer was improved. In 1750 he found himself in a condition to remit to his people three millions taxes, to abolish in their favour the "hundredth farthing," and the "ground-plot impost." "It was not much," she modestly writes, "but it was favourable to a good end."

In the mean while the threatening murmurs of the people had changed into a systematic annoyance of memorial writing. And a new scourge was preparing for the kingdom, or rather an old one was revived in full force, the "Bull Uni-

genitus." Of this ecclesiastical quarrel it is said by Voltaire: "The internal dissensions between the different parties in the church and the parliament, placed Louis in the position of a man who could settle affairs beyond his home, but was unable to reconcile the differences of his own children."

"Of the 'Bull Unigenitus' itself," Gifford says, "its reception, enforced by Louis XIV., had originally created no public disturbance. But now, in the reign of Louis XV., the clergy, whether from causes spiritual, or from a design to avert the attention of the Court from the subject of taxation,* resolved by it to demand confessional notes of dying persons, signed by priests who adhered to the letter of the Bull, without which no Viaticum or extreme unction could be obtained. The relations of persons who had, in their last moments, been refused the sacrament, on account of a non-compliance with these regulations, having appealed to the Parliament of Paris, that Court issued an order for apprehending the priests, and sent a deputation of their members

* Consequent upon Machault's proposal to the Pompadour concerning Church property.

to the Archbishop of Paris, to request that he would prevent the repetition of similar abuses. The prelate, M. de Beaumont, a man of irreproachable character, but extremely bigoted, who had lately been promoted to the See of Paris, replied, "that, having found the custom of exacting confessional notes established in his diocese, he could not think of departing from it."

The King himself tried alternately to conciliate both parties. His conduct was significant of his individual character, and of the age in which he lived, as also of the influences by which he was surrounded. True to the traditions of the faith in which he had been reared, he thought the Church could do no wrong. Yet, when the practices of some of its members were thus so glaringly opposed to the progress of his century, as likewise to the cause of humanity, Louis gladly leaned on his Parliament for support.

The Parliament itself, said Marshal Saxe (who, still suffering from ill health, was in Paris at the time of this dissension), "The Parliament, or rather those pedants of the *grande chambre*, they are always talking of State evils without ever proposing a remedy for them." *

* 1749—1750.

Nevertheless, on the 18th of April, 1752, the Parliament did publish an Act "forbidding all persons to commit any act that might produce a schism in the Church, or to refuse to administer the Sacrament under pretence that the party requiring it had not a confessional note." At this the Jansenists,* the party opposed to the Jesuits,

* This, the liberal (or heretic) party in the Church was founded by Cornelius Jansen, a prelate, born in Holland, in 1585. He studied at Louvain, was afterwards removed to Paris, and was subsequently master of the college of Bayonne, and principal of another in Louvain. Sent on a mission to the King of Spain in 1624, he was commissioned to write a book against France, for which Jansen was rewarded by the Bishopric of Ypres. In that diocese he began the work of reformation, but did not live to complete it, being cut off by the plague. His principal work is entitled "Augustinus," which he left complete for the press, and submitted it in his last will to the judgment of the Apostolic See. The book was printed in 1640, but was immediately attacked by the Jesuits, as containing doctrines heretical to those taught of grace and predestination. A furious controversy arose, and in 1641 the work was condemned by a papal bull. But its doctrines having taken root in France and elsewhere, the dispute still raged with such violence that another bull was issued in 1653, against the opinions of Jansenius. This was insufficient. Jansenism spread wider and wider in the Church of Rome, though several more attempts were made by succeeding Popes to extinguish it. In the middle of the last century, 1750—52, the Jesuits, threatened by the

evinced such immoderate joy, that the King, by order of the Jesuits, issued an edict forbidding the

new policy of taxation, and other signs of the times, above recorded in the narrative, necessarily renewed the dissension, by trying to re-enforce, as the reader knows, the Bull Unigenitus, or the absolute power of the clergy for life or death.

The order of the Jesuits was founded by Ignatius Loyola, born in Spain in 1491. He entered the army when young, and in 1521 had his leg broken at the siege of Pampeluna. During his confinement he made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and accordingly, on his recovery, he hung up his arms in the church of Montserrat, and dedicated himself to the blessed Virgin. Having paid his respects to the Pope, and obtained his blessing, he embarked at Venice in 1523, and proceeded to Jerusalem, where he continued some months. On his return to Spain he applied himself to the study of Latin, and in 1526 entered himself a student at Alcala University. He began also to preach and gather disciples, for which he was thrown into prison, but obtained his release on promising to refrain from these practices. This condition, however, he broke (thinking, possibly, according to the doctrines of those disciples in after-times, that the end justified the means), and was again placed under confinement in Salamanca, but recovered his liberty by making a similar promise. He then went to Paris, where he made some proselytes, who were bound by a vow to observe the rule of their leader. In succeeding ages the obedience to that vow, and its consequent individual self-abnegation for the exaltation of the "company" have been worthy of admiration, as its results have been, and are, lament-

Parliament to take cognizance of any disputes on the point in question, until they had been first submitted to his Majesty, enjoining, at the same time, submission to the Bull Unigenitus. Moreover, thinking to conciliate matters, his Majesty established a commission of inquiry, composed of eight persons, four of whom were ecclesiastics, and four civil. At this the clergy were indignant.

"You know," said they to the King, "that although your dignity raises you above the rest of mankind, you bow down your head before the prelates. You receive the Sacrament from them, and you are, by your religion, subjected to them. You follow their judgment, and they yield not to

able to the community at large, as in the middle of the last century. Subsequently, Loyola visited England; but, returning to Spain, his preaching drew crowds of hearers. It was in Venice his followers assumed the name of "The Company of Jesus." In 1546 Ignatius procured the papal sanction to his order. In 1556 he died at Rome. In 1622 he was canonized. His doctrines, as all the world knows, favour the absolute temporal, as well as the spiritual, power of the Pope in allowing no liberty of conscience to kings or people; but while "*Jesuitism*" is a by-word for deceit (and the text for many falsehoods palatable to the lovers of the marvellous), it is also, as educated Europe confesses, synonymous with great learning, and an elastic adaptability to personal capacity.

your will. If bishops obey your laws in matters of police and temporal affairs, knowing that you have received your power from above, with what affection should you acknowledge their sway, who are established for the distribution of the Sacraments!"

These "Representations of the bishops to the King" * alternately remonstrated, coaxed, and threatened him. "Ah! Sire," is urged in one place, "shall it be said that under the reign of a Prince so full of religion, so just, so powerful, as is your Majesty, that magistrates who hold but from your temporal power their authority, shall employ it to erect for themselves a new tribunal in the temple of the living God, and to expose to profanation the most august of our Sacraments? What ought we not to expect from the religion of a Prince who on so many occasions has shown himself truly worthy of the august quality of the eldest son of the Church? Yes, Sire, we hope that your Majesty will come to our help," &c. &c.

* Documents Ecclésiastiques.

This document of 1752 is signed by 5 archbishops, 16 bishops, and 2 abbés. Collationné certifié par nous, Conseillers du Roy, en Son Conseil d'Etat, Agents généraux du Clergé de France. A Paris, ce 27 Juin, 1752.

In another place,—"God forbid, Sire, that we should deliberate an instant between these two parties. 'It is part of the Church to combat,' said St Cyprian, 'if menaces disconcert us and make us resort to arms.' And we all, head pastors of your people, we will, sooner than prevaricate, become victims to our duty. We will go beyond crosses and tribulations, and if such scandals continue, we confess, Sire, that we shall not only be unable to restrain our zeal, but we should be inexcusable not to listen to its dictates. We shall be compelled to employ the spiritual weapon that is placed in our hand, but if this sword arrest not those individuals who are determined to despise it, we will present our bodies to defend that of Jesus Christ."

The magistrates, on their side, represented that the laws and forms, of which they were the sworn depositaries and guardians, constituted the only pledge for the preservation of a just government, and the only security for the lives, property, and liberties of the subjects; that, in fact, if faith in the Church were to absolve the people from good works in the State, and vice versâ, that public tranquillity was ruptured, and lawless indi-

viduals would make such a refuge a cloak for transgression.* In the mean while instances multiplied of good Catholics dying, and their survivors mourning in terror, because of their non-compliance with the extreme letter of the Bull Unigenitus; which made Voltaire say, that "though the lamp of the Archbishop of Paris burned steadily, it gave no light to anybody but himself."

He, the Archbishop, sanctioned, among other things in favour of his order, the refusal of the sacraments to two poor old nuns of "St Agatha," who, having been told by their director that the Bull Unigenitus was the work of the devil, feared to be damned if they obeyed that bull in dying; on the other hand, they feared equally to be damned if dying without extreme unction.

The Parliament sent its Registrar to the Archbishop, to beg him not, in common humanity, to refuse to these women the ordinary solace of their religion. The prelate replied, according to his custom, "that he was responsible to God alone;" upon

* The Parliament replied that by recognising the Royal Letters Patent, dictated by the clergy, it would be guilty of a violation of its oath. Therefore it (the Parliament) could not "obtempérer" (an old word derived from Latin signifying "to obey"). *Voltaire.*

which the public murmured more strongly against the temporal authority of the ecclesiastic, and the Princes of the blood and the Peers were invited to take a more active part in the session of Parliament.

The King, by order of his priestly advisers, forbade the Princes and Peers to vote in the Parliament of Paris on spiritual affairs, and the Archbishop of Paris so far won the day as to obtain from the council an order to dissolve the community of St Agatha, where the Nuns had shown signs of a want of faith in the Bull "Unigenitus." Encouraged by this, a Curé in the diocese of Amiens one day, in the midst of his sermon, ordered all who were Jansenists to quit the church, or he would be the first to dip his hands in their blood. After this threat he pointed out among the members of his congregation those whom he suspected of Jansenism, and in the procession which followed the sermon, the excited fellow-worshippers flung stones at these supposed offenders, though neither the stoned nor the stoners had the least idea of what Jansenism meant, or in what the Bull Unigenitus consisted. But Amiens was under the civil jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris, and the Parliament insisted on the banish-

ment of the sanguinary and seditious priest, as a brawler and breaker of public peace. The King approved this arrest, as it did not attack the doctrines of the priest, but his conduct as a mutinous subject.

Paris murmured loudly. At this juncture philosophy openly struck in, and asked, in the name of common sense, what was a religion of peace if it only led people to oppose and murder each other? Diderot, one of the philosophers, had gone too far in his antagonism, by proclaiming doctrines not only sceptical of religion, but subversive of public morality.* For this he was incarcerated at Vincennes.

While the King was torn by conflicting elements in his government constitution, and private conscience, the Marquise brought to him the following letter that had been addressed to her, and asked his advice upon it.

"Madame,

"I thought at first of writing to the

* Diderot was formerly a pupil of the Jesuits. Diderot's "Letters on the Blind" were published in 1749. He had previously written "Etrennes aux Esprits Forts." It was he who first mooted the idea of the celebrated Encyclopédia; its plan having been suggested to him by the translation of Dr James's Medical Dictionary."

Pope; but after mature reflection, I think that I shall do as well in addressing myself to you. This is what my letter is about. At the age of seven years, my parents shut me up in the cloister, where I now find myself, and at 14 years old two nuns told me that I was ordered to take the veil. I resisted some time; for although I knew nothing beyond the house where I was, I suspected that there must be another world beyond the convent which I inhabited, and another condition of life than that of a nun; but the sister of the sacred heart, our mother, told me to decide my vocation, that all women who married were eternally condemned, because they had children, which made me weep for my poor mother, because she would be eternally burnt for having brought me into the world.

"I became a nun, but now, at 20 years old, I feel I am unfitted by nature for my vocation. . . . . A young girl is no sooner in the convent than she is surrounded by decoys, who never leave her till she has taken the veil. . . . I implore you, Madame, to induce the King to remedy this abuse. Religion and the prosperity of the State demand its reform. So many victims, immolated to the avarice of parents and relations,

give no children to the republic, and the kingdom of heaven is less peopled thereby. God desires voluntary sacrifices, and will is a consequence of reflection.

"It is surprising that our laws, which have fixed the age when a girl is qualified to sign a civil contract, have made no mention of that when she is in a condition to make religious vows. Is it that reason is less necessary to contract with God than with men?

"I submit this to your reflection and that of the King, and am, Madame,

"Your very humble Servant,

"The Sister St Joseph."

Under the representations of the Marquise, the King issued a decree by which it was forbidden to religious communities to sanction religious vows under the age of 24 years and one day.

But notwithstanding this impulsive exercise of royal authority, the King was still sorely tried by the Bishops, on almost every point of civil government, and one day he turned to Madame de Pompadour, exclaiming, in exasperated impatience,—

"Those men are always plaguing me. I have no sooner enriched a poor ecclesiastic by a benefice of a hundred thousand pounds of rent, than he takes the tone of the clergy, and declares against the gratuitous gift for the people's welfare."

The time had now come for the Marquise to do as the Controller Machault had advised her to do for the good of the State, and she replied:

"Sire, It seems to me, nevertheless, that there is a way of satisfying everybody. The Crown ought to appropriate to itself the half of the revenue of the great benefices which fall vacant by the death of their incumbents. This tax could not be individually displeasing or injurious to anybody. Your Majesty has no subject consecrated to the Church who would not gratefully accept an Abbey or a Bishopric with half the revenue which accrued to it in time of his predecessors. I charge myself with such a subscription; I will even now undertake to find in your kingdom two hundred ecclesiastics who would agree beforehand to the bargain.

"This diminution could not be pleaded against as unjust. Your Majesty has the nomination of

the great benefices of the kingdom; let him who gives be always master of the gifts. It cannot possibly be objected to a Prince that, instead of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds of rent, which he grants to one of his subjects, he gives him sixty thousand, and equalizes thereby the claims of others on his gracious consideration."

The King was delighted with the proposal. It was like light showing him one way out of chaos. In a few days afterwards the Count de St Florentin presented a memorial to the King, which followed up the proposal, and technically laid it bare to the Council. This memorial is too long here to be transcribed entire, but the following passages from it may serve to elucidate its meaning.*

"It is a maxim recognised in the system of economy, that a geometrical balance in taxes diminishes their weight. When a burden is borne by all the members of a body, it is always light. . . . .

"The great clerical incumbents who ought to pay most, are always those who, relatively to their revenues, pay the least. All the charge falls upon the poor curate of the village, and on small

* Récit Contemporain et Politique.

incumbents who have scarcely enough to live upon, and who are trampled down as members of the clergy in quality of subjects of the State."

"The Assembly of the Bishops to tax themselves with the rest of their body, is not a privilege of the clergy, but a favour accorded to them by the Kings of France. It was granted to them on condition that the interests of the small incumbents who are subjects of the King like the greater should be fairly represented." . . .

"Spiritual authority has no right over temporal authority in this matter. It is for the State political to regulate taxation, and not for ecclesiastical government," &c. &c.

It was easy for those behind the curtain to see who had dictated the terms of this memorial to the Count de St Florentin; it was but a mode of assisting the King to bring forward a proposal to the justice of which he had privately concurred in his conversation recorded with the Marquise.

She had no doubt confessed that the proposal originally came from Machault, that she was, in fact, but the medium between the Minister and the King, for about this time the King conferred on Machault the Chancellorship, on the resignation of d'Agnesseau, who was old and infirm.

The Marquise declared that no man was too venerable to be Chancellor, and no hands, if honest, too weak to hold the great seals; but nevertheless she was glad to see Machault rewarded as a proof that her recommendation of him to the King was justified by the result. But, as usual, she could not show favour to one deserving man without incurring the enmity of a hundred. She had been accused of d'Argenson's *, dismissal, on the plea, condemnatory to him (if true), that he had tried to supplant her in the King's favour by a niece of his own. If this charge be founded on fact, her letter to the deposed minister, transcribed in a preceding chapter, † is honourable to her forbearance. And now that old d'Agnesseau, the Chancellor, could no longer hold the seals, she was accused of supplanting him by "a creature of her own," that Machault, who, personally distasteful to her, had co-operated with her successfully for the good of the State and the welfare of the people. As that co-operation had now openly struck at the abuses of ecclesiastical property, the whole vial of priestly wrath soon poured down on her head. It was not possible to

* D'Argenson, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

† See Appendix S. 1.

separate her from the King, as had been done in the case of the Duchesse de Châteauroux, because the ghostly directors of the King had but a very shadowy ground to stand upon in the present connection of his Majesty with the Marquise. Although her power every day increased, and her ascendancy over the King became more incontrovertible, it was whispered that at Versailles, for the first time on record, was an illustration of friendship surviving love.

The King had said: "If I had sooner known the happiness of friendship, I should not have been guilty of pleasures which leave nothing but remorse behind them."

Shortly afterwards appeared the engraving on white cornelian, already referred to in the *Bibliothèque Impériale*, of friendship, or "*l'Amour sans Ailes.*"

The Court was puzzled, and the people, ever greedy for the marvellous, eagerly swallowed the absurdities and obscenities that were anonymously disseminated among them in the form of Pasquinades. Just in proportion as the position of the favourite was suspected to be no longer impeachable, so were all the demons of malice let loose upon her; from the priests who dreaded her

power, which, though exercised against their encroachments, was beyond the reach of their spiritual weapons; from the Council, where her constant presence was a check on personal aggrandisement at the expense of King and State; from even the gentle Queen, who was taught by the Jesuits to look upon her as a Jansenist heretic; from the Dauphin, who, by his advisers, spiritual and temporal, was taught to regard her as a stumbling-block to his dawning ambition and a disgrace to his exclusive creed; from the courtiers, to whose coarser pleasures she opposed the charms of a more refined society, wherein she gathered the brightest and best of everything that might amuse the King; from the Court ladies, who envied her brilliant wit and still unfaded beauty; and from the mob, which was pulled as a puppet by each and all of these as the policy of party might dictate.

At that time, which was outwardly the most dazzling that her career had hitherto presented, the Marquise was deprived for a season of the support of her partisans, the philosophers. Diderot's imprisonment was a blow which stunned them for the moment, and Voltaire was still jealous about old Crébillon. Some among the confraternity blamed her for not immediately effecting

Diderot's release. To what such attacks stimulated her, and whether she triumphed over all her enemies, will be found in the sequel. Only it must be remembered that most of these enemies she had done her best to serve, successfully.

CHAPTER VII.

New law passed—Secret resistance of the Clergy—Press war—Pope Benedict XIV.—Voltaire's letter to the Pope—The Encyclopédie—Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert—Original purpose of the Encyclopédie—Bull against Freemasons—Suppression and its consequences—Jesuitism the hot-bed of Reason—The new Sophist—Triumph for the Encyclopédistes—Form of proscription—Frederic of Prussia, the refuge for proscribed Philosophy—What Voltaire wrote about Church quarrels—Party names forbidden—Parliamentary threat—Imprisonment of members—Calumny of the Bath of Blood—Montesquieu's Theory—Birth of the Dauphin's son—Wise rejoicing—Seasonable distractions for the King—Return of Madame de Pompadour's brother—The King's partiality to the Marquis de Marigny—Foundation of the Military School—Death of Marshal Saxe—Army and Navy—French and English East India Companies—Estimate of Marshal Saxe—His financial advice—Military Hospital—*Champs Elysées*—Paris Boulevards—A new Paris—Sermons in Stones—National Art Prizes—First

Exposition at the Louvre—Illness of the Marquise—Royal *Petits Soupers* — Jealousy of the Count de Maurepas — Personal outrage—Insult to the King of the Minister of Marine—Letter of the Marquise to de Maurepas—Disgrace of the Minister — Generous intercession of the Marquise —New Minister of Marine—English fear and French assurances — Parliamentary debate in Paris on Canada, a hundred years ago — English times, 1860—Venice Diplomatic—The Abbé de Bernis as Ambassador—Thanks of the Pope to France and of the Republic — The Duc de Choiseul, and the Prince de Kaunitz—How and when the Queen Empress first honoured the Marquise — Letter of Madame de Pompadour's lady in waiting about her Mistress —Excommunicated—Letter of the Marquise about herself and the Queen.

WHILE the Marquise, as shown in the last chapter, was exposed to envy, hatred, and party malice, neither the voice of reason nor any exertion of royal authority could quench the flame that fanaticism had kindled in France, and which party-spirit obstinately cherished. It was absolutely necessary to eradicate from the government the principles of superstition by which it was hindered. The King, though he listened to the pleadings of the Marquise, was not deaf to the voice of Jesuit authority. He was overtaken by the progress of the times, for which no individual was accountable; and, unable to resist progress, yet fearing to be carried along by its tide,

the King by his position suffered from the concussion of conflicting opinion in its full force. He consented however, when under the influence of the Marquise, to enact a new law, by which no new college, seminary, convent, or hospital should be established without express permission, and letters patent to be registered in the courts of law. He also revoked all ecclesiastical establishments then existing without judicial authority, and interdicted all people by mortmain to acquire, receive, or possess in future, any funds, house, or rent, without legal authority, substantiated on a statement of intention and utility. This law was received with universal acclamation. The clergy were compelled outwardly to subscribe to it, distasteful though it was to them. They saw how fatal it would be to their temporal authority, yet it was impossible openly to dissent from the justice and reason on which it was based.

But they strove to undermine it by employing a crowd of fanatic writers to represent it as a work of unbelief which would bring its own punishment. These gloomy forebodings appalled the people, and were the ultimate challenge to

philosophy to collect her scattered forces and oppose fanaticism by reason.

"In the midst of this conflict of European doctrines and interests, the papacy possessed one of the most eminent minds under the tiara, although it could not shake off the traditions that clung thereto. Prosper Lambertini, celebrated as Pope Benedict XIV., was one of the most enlightened men in the Catholic world. Full of a lively faith and noble views, Lambertini, the friend of literature and science, was a distinguished classical scholar, and could recite Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, by heart.

"The policy of the Popes had always been to preserve an exact neutrality, though their natural partiality was for France." When Europe was compared to a game in which each monarch plays his part, Turkey threatens to tear up the cards, and the Pope holds back, saying, "No, I await the jubilee."* Voltaire, sceptic as he was supposed to be, dedicated his work of "Mahomet" to Pope Benedict XIV. in Italian, of which this is the translation:

"Most blessed Father,—Your Holiness will

* Appendix S. (2).

pardon the boldness of one of the least of the faithful, but one of the greatest admirers of virtue, in submitting to the head of the true religion, this work against the founder of a false and barbarous sect."

It was now that (stimulated by antagonistic intolerance) the vast work of the *Encyclopédie*, that great Dictionary, or rather repository of all human knowledge, began to appear in separate numbers in France. This monument raised to science and art, in which each man placed the stone he handled best, was first dreamed of by two foreigners (Mills and Sellins), but it was realized in France by d'Alembert and Diderot. It was a rallying point for philosophers, who thus, by antagonism to superstition, began to form a sect, and unite into a compact body. Voltaire, at the time when the people's attention was first called to this new element in the kingdom rent by ecclesiastical party spirit, was absent from France. It quickly summoned him, as by a trumpet-call, to re-appear in Paris, and there he was hailed as chief of the new movement, which he sustained by his unflinching pen. One article succeeded another more or less vigorous, and all brilliant. These were eagerly hailed by a peo-

ple worn with priestly dissension, who were in agonizing doubt about their own souls, and also as to the happiness or misery of their dead relatives who had departed this life without permission of the Bull Unigenitus. Philosophers were regarded as liberators who struck the fetters from conscience, and cast out the demon of terror; and, in the emergency of the time which called these philosophers up, (to their credit be it spoken) there was no struggling for supremacy among themselves. The two original editors, Diderot and d'Alembert, showed no jealousy of Voltaire, though he came to reap what they had sown. They made way for him. His great reputation, his age, the universality of his talents, his access to the Sovereign, prevented their disputing the preponderance he acquired. "To dissipate prejudice, to annihilate error, to enlighten the human race, and to render truth triumphant," these were the objects—praiseworthy and courageous—which had banded these enthusiasts together. Had they followed the example of the clergy, and quarrelled among themselves, they would have been scattered in the onset, and sacrificed for want of that popular virtue, success.* The Jesuits were the

* There was another bond of union among these men

first to combat them. Interest with some, self-love with others, and their vow to the exclusive society to which they belonged with all, incited this opposition. The Jesuits were best able to grapple with the philosophers, because from them, as their pupils in youth, most of these men had learned the subtle power of argument they possessed.

No less than twenty articles were susceptible of Church criticism and anathema. These were laid before the King's council as contrary to religion and dangerous to the State. The King, as usual, halted between two opinions, but liberty of conscience was opposed to all royal precedent in name, although latitude of morals was allowable in deed. The Encyclopédie was suppressed by order of the council; but although not openly

that English writers have overlooked, viz. Freemasonry. The Pope, Benedict XIV., believing that Catholicism ought to be the only bond of union, had lately issued a Bull of excommunication against the Freemasons. This prohibition served but to concentrate the order, and to increase its importance. Many secretly joined it who had never seriously considered its existence before; it helped to consolidate resistance to oppression, and afforded the means of circulating forbidden writings that would not otherwise have been available. There is a curious letter extant from a Neapolitan gentleman, a friend of the Pope and a freemason, on this subject.

published, its truths oozed out from hidden sources, and its writers, philosophically submitting, in outward appearance, to persecution, were regarded as martyrs by the people. The number of their disciples increased accordingly. The Jesuits defeated themselves in this movement of opposition on their part. Religion suffered by its professors forbidding a free course of reason. Attempted extermination exasperated the Encyclopédistes. They established a secret system among themselves, signs of recognition, and a coherent plan of communication that defied detection, but which enabled them to propagate their doctrines. Those doctrines became antagonistic to priestly authority, exactly in proportion as freedom of expression was denied to them. Tyranny always produces anarchy in laws and letters, and many articles, that afterwards shocked Europe, subversive of religion altogether, which came from the Encyclopédistes, would never have been written in a land of free inquiry and a time of free press.

The fact could not fail to strike the Jesuits that from their own body had sprung this reaction of reason, because, as before said, the leaders of Encyclopédiste rationalism had been, in their youth, pupils in their own schools. Father le

Jay, the principal of the Jesuit college, it will be remembered, had predicted that Voltaire, his pupil, would become the "leader of Deism in France." Diderot, also, and others, owed the subtlety of their reasoning to these masters of sophistry, which, when their intellect in mature life was enfranchised and stung into opposition by oppression, turned against those who had originally cultivated it. For example: at this very time a young Abbé arose from the midst of the Jesuits, and surpassed Voltaire himself in an essay on Materialism, which, written in fine Latin, discussed metaphysics under brilliant metaphors, which sought a refuge in ambiguity and evaded the penalties of detection, though it was read before three learned Jesuit judges. It was sustained at Sorbonne by a numerous assembly, where its author was received with great pomp and honour.

In this Latin essay, the young Jesuit Abbé exceeded the most extreme views that philosophy had yet propounded, but clothed those views in a language and poetry that so dazzled and delighted the Jesuit judges of the essay, that they failed to detect its danger.

This was a triumph to the philosophers; they could not refrain from boasting of their disciple,

who had emerged from the ranks of their enemies, full armed in the panoply of their own reason. A fresh inquiry was therefore instituted by the Jesuits into the work of their pupil. The essay was condemned, but the censors, who could not deny their former approbation of the work, made their cause worse by declaring that their short-sightedness was partly owing to the very small type in which this elegant but insidious essay had been printed, so that they could not read and judge of it calmly—unbiassed by the author's presence—for themselves. This essay was afterwards, by clerical authority, proscribed, and also denounced by parliament.* Several concerned in its circulation were obliged to leave France. The refuge of proscribed philosophy was with Frederic of Prussia.

Frederic not only allowed and encouraged freedom of opinion in matters of religion, but, under the iron rule of his military authority, he set the example of latitude of conscience and libertinism of speech. Voltaire had long been the

* The censure ran thus:

"Conscivit hoc grande nefas per thesim die 18 Novembris anni proxime elapsi in Sorbonne propugnatam; thesim artificiosâ prolixitate, litterarum fusilium tenuitate digestam, quæ legentium attentionem fatigando distraheret," &c.

sworn friend of Frederic, surnamed the Great, and when in his later writings he had (stung by antagonism) exceeded the bounds of rational inquiry, and opened the gulf of infidelity, so as to appal not only the King but his former patroness, the Marquise, he was glad to transfer himself to Berlin. Especially, as he could neither forget nor forgive the preference awarded, on more than one occasion, by the Marquise to other poets, and because he was refused a seat in the Cabinet.

The friendship of Frederic and Voltaire was of a distant date. They corresponded in prose and verse. Frederic, in flattering the excessive vanity of Voltaire, hoped to gain an ascendancy over the mind of France through him, to pervert her opinions to his own advantage. Voltaire, who had been formerly intrusted with some diplomatic negotiations at Berlin, hoped to gain from Frederic an initiation into affairs so as to warrant his appointment of Ambassador. In the latter hope he had stooped to flatter England in a dedicatory epistle of one of the editions of Zara to a Mr Falkner, an English merchant, who had been sent by England to Constantinople. "I deplore," he writes, "that in England only, merchants and poets can raise themselves high in affairs of state."

Voltaire would have done better to have limited his ambition to literature. His genius itself in its universality was opposed to the narrow path of diplomacy, and his self-love stood in his way. The hint was forcible, and the appointment admirable, when, at the instigation of the Marquise, he was made historiographer of France. Genius can better grasp and arrange facts when calmly contemplative, than when irritated by the action of petty circumstances that only serve to worry and waste it.

In the visits of Voltaire to the Prussian Court he was compelled to leave his friend and sworn companion, Madame de Chatelet, at the Court of Poland, as women were not tolerated by the King of soldiers at Berlin.

From thence Voltaire, who still kept his appointments at the French Court, could well afford to write:—"All Europe is astonished that such a noise is made in France about such a little thing; and the French pass for a frivolous nation which, lacking sound recognised laws, sets itself on fire for a dispute despised elsewhere. When we have seen 500,000 men in arms for the election of an Emperor, Europe, India, and America desolated, and then look upon this war of the pen, it is as

though one heard the pattering of rain after listening to peals of thunder. Nevertheless it must be remembered that Germany, England, Sweden, Holland, and Switzerland have formerly experienced shocks even more violent than this for such foolery, that the Inquisition of Spain has been worse than civil troubles, and that each nation has had its follies and its misfortunes."

Voltaire might also have added how he himself, though preaching philosophy, was the last to practise it when attacked, and how that great King, at whose feet he bowed, though calm in the dangers and struggles of the battle-field, could not endure that any man should cross a pen with him. That of Voltaire was then employed in flattering Frederic, and therefore it was fostered by the 'Great.' The sneer at the internal dissension of his own country was, by implication, a compliment of Voltaire to Prussia.

Louis, still trying ineffectually to stand well with both priests and parliament, forbade the use of names which, as party epithets, were offensive; such as Jansenists, Innovators, Jesuits, Molinites,* &c. But the flame was too strong to be

* "Molinites," so called from Molina, a Spaniard, who

quenched by this mild measure, and it raged still, though the King entreated the greatest circumspection from the bishops, and anomalously desired, as the "eldest son of the Church," that the Bull Unigenitus should be regarded as a law of the Church, but that it should not be rigorously enforced.

The King's precautions were ineffectual to calm the rage of eithēr parties. The Parliament pretended that is was impossible to separate spiritual from civil matters, since ecclesiastical quarrels necessarily produced political disputes, and came to a resolution that they could not obey the injunction of their sovereign without violating their oaths. They drew up a remonstrance (which, however, the King would not suffer them to present), in which they said:

"If those persons who abuse your Majesty's confidence pretend to reduce us to the cruel necessity of failing in our duty, or incurring your displeasure, we declare that our zeal is boundless, and that we possess sufficient courage to become the victims of our *fidelity*."

So on one side the King was threatened by

undertook scientifically to explain how God acted on mortals, and in what way mortals resist God.

the zeal of the Clergy,* and on the other by that of his Parliament. "The latter then forthwith cited the Bishop of Orleans to appear before their tribunal, for having refused to administer the sacrament; they caused all writings, except the King's declarations, in which their jurisdiction was contested, to be burnt by the executioner; they sent, in disobedience of the King's orders, some of their members to register their sentences at Sorbonne; by military aid they enforced the administration of the sacrament to the sick; and resolved to attend to no other business but that on which they were forbidden to interfere."

The indignation of Louis was roused by this unprecedented presumption, and he ordered some of the members who were supposed to have stimulated it to be imprisoned.

After the banishment of these turbulent Parliament-men, the people would gather about in groups (looking frightened and whispering—always on the watch for fresh excitement) whenever and wherever they knew some dying man or woman was to receive the last sacraments.

* "Representation and Manifesto of Archbishops, Bishops, &c." in foregoing chapter.

While Royalty and the Courts of Justice were quarrelling,* the effervescence of popular excitement gave signs of the gathering storm of the subsequent Revolution. The merest accident showed how danger was lurking beneath the surface. For example; the police had orders to prevent "vagabondage and mendicity." In this order there was mercy, for regulations were made to return those who — disabled — had not any other resource than begging in the public streets, to their own provinces and relatives, while the new public works just being inaugurated by the Marquise de Pompadour gave employment to all who chose to live an honest and industrious life. (This was one of their uses.) Robust children, who were found begging, were to be consigned to the Marine. At this time, when France was in want of sailors, this law was not only favourable to the community at home, but to the State at large. One day a police life-guard carried off a child for this purpose; or, rather, more greedy of gain than anxious for his country's service, he hoped to find the mother

* Later, the Parliament President Maupeon declares before the assembly that "the King is occupied only for the People's happiness."

and get paid by her for the release of the child. The child had a mother, but she was more anxious to proclaim her grievance at having lost the young vagabond than to ransom him. Accordingly she set up loud cries in the quarter of the city where she lived, and other mothers, attracted by the noise and its cause, soon joined her. Some of them had had, possibly, their children sent off to sea for begging; but whether or not, the riot increased, and soon, instead of one child, the lifeguard was accused of having captured hundreds. Absurd as this was, the rumour spread among the lowest orders, and Louis XV. was accused by the mob of being a second Herod, and of having massacred the innocents, that he might bathe in their blood. With the love of metaphor, peculiar to the lower orders of the French, as to the Irish, they exclaimed: "The King bathes in our children's blood. His baths are our blood."

In the mean while, the police dared not venture among the excited mob. One agent, in attempting to do so, was killed. Gathering courage from this, the populace, the lowest of which had caught the epidemic of excitement, rushed towards the hôtel of the Lieutenant of Police,

M. Berryer, with fierce invectives, and broke the windows. To show that he had nothing to fear, the Lieutenant threw open his doors, that the people might enter and state their grievance. In this act they suspected a snare, and rested motionless in the streets, their number increased by those who had no idea of the original cause of the riot. In the mean while the French and Swiss Guards appeared, with some musketeers, and a corps of the King's household troops. The sight of the soldiers scared the undisciplined horde which had collected from the by-ways and lowest quarters of Paris. The mob, principally composed of women, was scattered in a moment, and in a few hours the affair was laughed at by the soldiers and forgotten by them.

Such is the original *Récit Contemporain** of the matter, of which the "Pamphlets of Holland and England" (as complained of by France) "afterwards made use to propagate the horrible slander that King Louis XV. took baths of human blood to re-animate his failing strength." Nevertheless, the sedition had its victims. Not only were the faubourgs henceforth dangerous to the police, but excitement and mutiny showing

* 1750.

themselves subsequently under different forms, some rebels were punished for the sake of example; "the Bastille bristled with hostile preparation, and barracks frowned down upon the people in new places." All this was ominous of a bad time coming.

Louis established a "Royal Chamber" for the prosecution of suits civil and criminal. The Parliament-men, cooled by their imprisonment, were after a time permitted to re-enter Paris, where they were hailed with joyful acclamations by the mob which so loves victims. But silence was imposed on the crowd by Louis empowering the secular judges to proceed against all persons who should presume to interrupt the public tranquillity.

Madame de Pompadour was awaiting her time to turn the balance in favour of the King, when she could do so consistently with her own opinion on liberty of discussion. In time her patience was triumphant, as we shall presently see. Just now her position was one of peculiar solicitude, and it is to her praise that she did not allow any selfish policy as the King's favourite to controvert her principles as a daughter of the people. In those principles she was

sustained by her friend, Montesquieu, President of the Parliament of Bordeaux. She was impressed by his theory of the balance and harmony of power, and even entered into his admiration of English constitutional liberty, although, from the readiness with which the English free press caught up against her the scandalous libels that party-spirit set afloat in France, she had no reason to think well of England's perception or generosity of sentiment. But Montesquieu said, "Let facts be tried by facts, and acts by acts." It took time to do so. Opportunity, also, was wanted in her case. The interim was one of great anxiety.

Hitherto the bond between French Kings and their people had been generally a bond of common faith. The quarrels between the Jesuits and the Parliament began to shake the foundations of the throne in proportion as men began to doubt. Philosophy is not to be blamed for this. "The popular hatred of the Archbishop, Monseigneur de Beaumont, was reaching its height. Among the bourgeoisie all the scandals (of the Schism caused by Intolerance) were repeated. 'Do you know who has not been admitted to the Communion?—even this Nun, or

that venerable Counsellor, who had so filled the quarter he had dwelt in with good works.' "* And When Louis, true to traditional veneration for the Church, though sorely perplexed by the times, favoured Archbishop Beaumont, discontent met him in the streets, and he was waylaid even in the passages of the Palace, by people who presented to him all sorts of memorials against existing evils which, as seen, he was powerless, between two great factions, to remedy.

In the midst of all this gathering excitement, on the 13th September, 1751, a child was born to the Dauphin. Louis Joseph Xavier de France duc de Bourgogne, the infant prince, was welcome not only to the monarch who desired to see his line perpetuated, and to his parents, but to the people of France. The birth of this child, at a time of gathering gloom, was a source of much joy to the family circle at Versailles, and also a pledge of union between the King and his people.

The public signs of rejoicing were suggested by wisdom and beneficence. "Instead of costly fire-works, which sparkle for a moment but to be

* "Journal du Schisme entre le Clergé et la Magistrature," &c. 1750—1751.

extinguished for ever, there was a public distribution of bread and eatables in all Paris during the period of one month. Also Louis XV. then endowed 600 young girls—daughters of poor tradesmen and honest mechanics—with 600 livres each." This did honour to the adviser, who led the King whither she would. It was characteristic of one without whose sanction (it has been urged against her) his Majesty never acted in a matter of importance. For a moment the gratitude of the people overwhelmed their fancied grievances. But France was fast being overtaken by the Fate which had been prepared for her in previous reigns. As says a commentator:

"Ah! poor babe! at what a moment thou wert born! Thy cradle was set in the midst of the discontent of Paris. And, yet, the 'Well-beloved,' what had he done to lose his name?"

The Marquise now sought to distract the attention of the King from painful perplexities by urging on him what she had had so long at heart, the improvement of the public buildings and institutions of Paris. Her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, had returned from Italy prepared by study to carry out his sister's views, and, as con-

troller of public works, to execute her plans. Had it not been for this noble employment of his thoughts, the King would have been unable to withstand the annoyances of those internal dissensions alluded to; isolated, and yet exposed to them as he was, by his position. It had become habitual to him to take refuge from political annoyances in the society of Madame de Pompadour. She was his counsellor, guide, and friend. With her he enjoyed the charms of domestic life to which his temperament made him peculiarly sensitive. There was no longer any scandal in his constant recourse to her for sympathy in trouble, amusement in his leisure hours, and discussion of the plans which made him feel for the moment his dignity as a King, and promoted the welfare of the people. He knew that her health was precarious, that it had suffered from toil in his service; but it was impossible to dread the result when he saw her, as at this time, outwardly gay and still beautiful, when he listened to her brilliant conversation, and beheld her flushed with enthusiasm concerning some plan for his benefit, or the promotion of that inborn happiness by which she strove to allure him from the pleasures that wearied and degraded him. One day he repaired to her apartments,

and found her about to dine. The Marquise had not expected the King at that hour, and therefore he was surprised and somewhat startled at seeing two covers laid on the table, while she herself was only present. She explained that her brother had returned from Italy and had been invited to dine with her *tête-à-tête*, at a time when she did not expect his Majesty, but that now she would give orders to refuse him admission. "No," said the King, "your brother is of my own household. Let him come. Instead of removing the cover that has been prepared for him, let another be laid for me. We three will dine in peace together."

The Marquis de Marigny was not unworthy of the King's favour. He shared his sister's heritage of a noble style of beauty, and something of her versatility of talent. He was able to amuse the King with anecdotes of his travels, and the result of artistic observations in Italy and elsewhere; added to which he was animated by zeal to serve a Monarch who had so highly distinguished him, and who had the charm of kingly courtesy to prevent a sense of obligation.

Now that the country was delivered, for a short time, from the burden of war, and that the

Marquise had by her own unflinching perseverance done what she called "a small thing" in lightening the taxes of the people, equalizing their weight, and returning money into the King's exchequer, she had no hesitation in discussing with him (in 1751) the enlarged plan of a military school, where not only five hundred poor gentlemen should find a home, but where the French nobility should learn the art of war. The kingdom abounded with gentlemen who had not the means of providing themselves with military instruction, and who passed therefore their lives in provincial idleness, instead of giving their services to the State.

Madame de Pompadour found the plan capable of still greater expansion and comprehensiveness. She had talked to Marshal Saxe about it, and taken his estimate of how many officers were needed to render an army effectual. She remembered, also, how the King, when bestowing the Marshal's bâton on Löwendhal, had deplored that his bravest generals were not his born subjects.

Marshal Saxe was now dead.* It was the time, therefore, for his words to be remembered. The

* Appendix T.

nation had mourned for its hero in the midst of those petty dissensions and that vexatious party discord which ought to have been hushed by the common bond of a common grief. That this strife should survive the majesty of national woe, only shows its virulence. The King had deeply deplored the loss of him to whom he attributed his own glory and the gain of many battles, especially that of Fontenoy. He had loved Saxe as a friend, and the time was coming when Louis and France would need all their friends. As a soldier the King had considered Saxe unrivalled.

"Alas," cried Louis, when hearing of his death, "I have lost my General. I have only captains left." This proposal for a military school was therefore doubly welcome to the King, as it diverted his mind from the quarrels of priests and Parliament, and, while offering the means of paying a tribute to the departed hero, and erecting his most appropriate monument, it gave him hope that his kingdom would never want one man, for lack of whom, as said the English soldier, so many men had been lost by the enemy.

The King agreed with the Marquise that the preponderance of France in Europe would in after-times be due to military rule. They seem to

have looked with something like despair at even raising the navy of France, so as successfully to rival England on the sea. It has been already shown in a letter from the Marquise what the Royal opinion was a hundred years ago in France, that "in Europe there are two great powers, the one is destined to rule the land, and the other the waves." Just because the navy was comparatively feeble, it might have been inferred that a naval school was more needed than a military one. It was true that the King could produce a hundred officers for the land to one for the sea, but Louis XV. believed that he represented the destiny of his kingdom in encouraging the natural predilection of his subjects for the army, and had comparatively small faith in forcing a navy, declaring that the French had generally an instinctive repugnance to the sea.

Besides, Marshal Saxe had told the Marquise that an army composed of two hundred and fifty thousand men needed more than twenty thousand officers.* The plan was decided. Its programme

* This proportion (vide Letters and *Reveries* of Saxe) seems excessive, but it may be taken figuratively of the Marshal's opinion that, in systematic warfare, men are useless without minds to guide them.

was made out; a courtier who looked at this programme of the Institution said: "But, Madame, you are not fond of Monasteries, and here is a war convent from which will come forth most excellent military monks."

Notwithstanding that the resources of the State had been husbanded during the interval which had elapsed since the peace, there was difficulty in raising funds for this and other purposes.* Yet it was necessary to occupy the mul-

* Between the years 1748 and 1754, India was a greater source of vexation than profit. "The commercial companies in India, advantageous as they were, had the grave diplomatic inconvenience of often producing fresh causes of hostility between themselves. The Cabinets of London and Versailles did not always confess that this war between the French and E. I. Companies was going on independently of the wish of government at home; but in the dispatches which emanated from both Cabinets there are recommendations to the two Companies of the Indies to cease hostilities. It was, however, beyond their power to calm these rivalries. Dupleix could not contain his ambition. In 1750 he wrote to the French Company: 'If it gave you pleasure to possess yourself of the kingdom of *Tanjaour*, nothing would be more easy. Its revenues are 15 millions; when you will you shall be possessors of it.' He wished to create a grand territorial sovereignty for the Company, and his acts were not subject to any control." †

† See Appendix T. (2.)

titude, as it always is after any public crisis. Idleness is internal cause of death to a State. To this fact, recognised in good government ever since the days of old Rome, the world is indebted to the finest monuments that adorn its cities. "The Cæsars built a new Rome to occupy the masses."

Marshal Saxe had left another hint behind him for the Marquise to follow, as best she could; and that was: "When you want money go to the farmers-general. There is M. de Popeliniere," said Saxe, "whose wife de Richelieu has ruined. When I want a hundred thousand pounds I find them in his coffers; whereas, if I address myself to the Controller-General, he always answers that there is no money."

If Madame de Pompadour did not neglect this advice, it was, from personal reasons, distasteful to her. She had not forgotten her youth and M. d'Etioles. While thus occupied with the Military School of France,* the hospital for the kingdom's aged and disabled defenders was not forgotten. Louis XIV. had endowed that asylum, which is the most superb monument to his memory, but it was essential, by all the laws of justice and humanity, to enlarge that asylum, to

* Appendix T. (3.)

which there were too many claimants for admission, in consequence of the late war. To the Hospital of the *Invalides* was therefore added a home for general officers, whose poverty was the *appanage* of courage, and often of high birth. In this work the Count d'Argenson co-operated. Although he was known by Madame de Pompadour to be her enemy, she was too much impressed by the grandeur of these schemes for the public good, and the glory of the King, to permit any petty personal feeling to interfere with them. That grove of trees, called the "*Champs Elysées*," which surrounds the Hospital of the Invalides, those majestic promenades familiar to everybody who has been in Paris (and who in these locomotive days has not?), are typical of the classical mind and romantic imagination of the Marquise; who, "in planting trees, which only die to be born again, paid a tribute of ever-renewing glory to the aged brave, who wander like the shades of departed warriors beneath the groves consecrated to their happiness and use." The King often gave audiences in this place.

Madame de Pompadour, in the glare and glitter of her position, needed repose. Passing through the streets of Paris she felt in what want of shade

were the hot and dusty citizens, who often scowled heavily at her carriage. Undaunted by their ingratitude, she proposed to plant those Boulevards, the pride and joy of Paris present. She caused them to be planted to the Porte St Martin, and to her are due those pleasant residences which gradually sprang up in Paris, with the trees that were already growing for their shelter and adornment. But her plan the most vast — after the Pantheon, Saint Sulpice, and the Madeleine—was to extend that part of Paris called the *City*. To effect this, it was necessary to sell all old Paris to a company of financiers (according to Marshal Saxe's money notions), which company would engage itself in the transformation. All the isle of the city became a new town, with Notre Dame on one side, and the Palace of Justice on the other. In this plan to connect the two banks of the Seine, there were to be covered galleries on the bridges with flowering shrubs, and mural paintings, like hanging gardens.

The Palais Royal might thus unite itself to the Luxembourg by this winter gallery, where the passengers would be sheltered from the wind, the sun, and the rain. In the centre of Paris the Boulevards would develope themselves successively to the gate of St Honoré by elegant hôtels.

All these plans, and many others, were proposed and executed by Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, to say nothing of the Plâce Vendôme, the Plâce des Victoires, &c. Who does not know, above all, the "Plâce de Louis XV.?" called by the name of the "Well Beloved," it best represents in fair proportions, perspective, and surrounding monuments of benevolence, justice, and penitential faith, the woman who adorned it with all the consequences of her love for the King. Let the people look closely into the appropriate adornment of each of these monuments (raised by one who has no monument in ungrateful or unknowing Paris raised to her), and they will see how a great artiste once lived, suffered, and triumphed in the city which she did more to make the centre of civilization than any who came before her. Her history is written in the stones of Paris. The designs of those buildings and their ornaments were the works of her hands.

Of course these designs could not be carried into effect without offering a wide field of competition and emulation to the whole world.

At the suggestion of Madame de Pompadour, France offered prizes in painting and architecture. Assisted by her brother, the Marquis de

Marigny,* she developed the school of Rome. Her former protégé, the gay Abbé de Bernis, when he became a Cardinal a few years afterwards, obtained for the pupils of France in Rome the same immunities and privileges as if they had been in their own land. The first public exhibition at the Louvre, which ensued, must have a separate notice, because it was the antetype of that which the world has seen a hundred years afterwards.

But while the youth of France were preparing for this exhibition, while a new Paris of fair proportions was rising from the unsightly ruins of the old, while the people were harmonized by industry, while the King was fascinated by the novelty of such new amusements, and the idleness of dissipated Court life was rebuked by example, she, to whom all this was due, was conscious of mortality. So conscious, — suffering from low fever, and a *maladie de langueur*,—she was exposed to the grossest insults as a woman.

Her sensitiveness, combined with over-work, had brought this illness upon her when still in the flower of her age and the zenith of her beauty. It is scarcely credible that such a woman in France should be the butt of vulgar jokes, and

* Appendix T. (4.)

that those jokes should proceed from a courtier with whom she had co-operated for the good of the country, and to whom she had paid the highest tribute of praise.

The Count de Maurepas, Minister of Marine, combined with the faculty of hard work that of voluptuous enjoyment. The *petits soupers* at which the Marquise de Pompadour entertained the King were a reformation of such social gatherings, and celebrated for their brilliance and refinement. It was at those *petits soupers* that the fashion was introduced by her (which a hundred years afterwards has been imitated in England by a select few) of the tables, laden with flowers and artistic gastronomy, being wound up through the floor, and disappearing by machinery to be replenished, so that conversation should not be interrupted by the presence and importunity of servants.

These suppers at Choisy, and in the hôtel occupied in private life in Paris by the Marquise, were exclusive. It is possible that on some occasions, when anticipating a confidential conversation with the King on matters of State anxiety, which he would only confide to her ear, she was compelled to refuse de Maurepas admission, notwith-

standing her respect for his public character. Be this as it may, de Maurepas about this time conceived a deadly hatred of the Marquise, which hatred had taken root in social rather than political ground. He also began to give little suppers, but instead of these becoming famous for the wit and grace that adorned them, they were only quoted as orgies of coarse indulgence. They were but the body without the soul of what they were intended to imitate and rival. Exasperated by his failure to an extent that none, perhaps, but a Frenchman of the 18th century could thoroughly understand, he strove to give a new zest to his entertainments by circulating at his table those pasquinades against the King and the Marquise, which are too atrocious to re-produce here. For some time these obscene rhythmical jokes were treated with the contempt they deserved, although parodying the physical sufferings of the Marquise, and the King's increased devotion to her. Instead of being abashed by Court silence, de Maurepas was emboldened by it to attack his Royal master in a way that could be only excusable on the score of his inebriety at the moment. Envy, hatred, and malice are always eager to follow suit in a case of this sort when shielded by individual insignificance

from consequences. The mots of Count Maurepas were circulated from mouth to mouth until at last they reached the ear of the Marquise. She had treated with silent disdain the previous personal and unmanly insult from which she had suffered deeply with all the sensitiveness of her peculiar position. She had silently endured gross outrage, as a woman, from de Maurepas, but when he, the King's minister, dared to attack the King, she wrote to him thus:

"Sir,

"I am informed of the scandalous discourse that you hold concerning myself and the King, your master. I take no account of those insults that you level against me, but I cannot submit to those you offer to the King. His reputation is dear to me, and I forewarn you that, if you do not change your conduct in the matter concerning him, I shall apprize him of it, and you may expect the punishment due to such a crime.

Marquise de Pompadour."

The acrimony of de Maurepas was still further provoked by this letter, and the offence was repeated. As this took place at a critical time in the government of France, when it was necessary to shield the dignity of the King from the suspicion of a possible insult,

it became the painful duty of the Marquise to execute her threat. What made her duty more onerous, was that which made de Maurepas more guilty, viz. the fact of his being a tried and trusty servant of the King in public matters, which had gained for him the private friendship of Louis. Initiated from his youth in the good graces of the King, he had a talent for good government, and the habit of knowing how such government would be pleasing to him he served. It was, therefore, a double outrage that de Maurepas committed against monarch and friend. His disgrace was inevitable, and deserved. He was ordered to leave the Court, and was deprived of his appointment. In the latter, nobody felt his loss more than the Marquise, who had been compelled to inflict this wound on the State for the preservation of the King. And now comes a lesson to courtiers in particular from human nature in general. No sooner did the people know that the tide of Royal favour was turned from de Maurepas than instead of applauding him, jokes and all, he was execrated as one whose public honour and probity were attacked. It was then the Marquise implored the King to declare to the world that he was satisfied with de Maurepas as a public servant and trusty admin-

isterial adviser, which the King did; and the part the Marquise played in this Royal justification is the more touching, because in referring to it she is oblivious of herself, and yields the whole palm of honour to the King, who merely acted by her generous advice. To her, also, it was due that the Count de St Florentin, the cousin and brother-in-law of de Maurepas, was not condemned to share his disgrace, according to precedent on such occasions. She had a regard for St Florentin, and believed him faithful to the King and State. In fact the worst enemies of the Marquise declare, St Florentin was "enthusiastically zealous for the service of the King," though they also declare, with illogical malevolence, that she only interceded for him because he was a creature of her own.

It was difficult to replace de Maurepas in his department. The choice fell upon M. Rouillé, who, if he had not a great genius, as says the Marquise, proposed plans which gave hope. This Rouillé promised that in three years the King should have a Marine composed of 80 ships of the line.

"I hope that he may keep his word," said the King, "but I much fear that it will fail him."

Notwithstanding the King's scepticism, de Rouillé soon formed a little fleet, "which," says a French author, "was no sooner on the sea, than it began to disquiet the English. The British nation loses its tranquillity at the very name of a French navy." England demanded of France what was the use of these ships? M. de Puisieux, Minister, replied to Lord Albemarle, the English Ambassador, "that as France was at peace with Great Britain it was not possible that these ships could be intended for war." The Court of St James pretended to be satisfied, but, it was not the less observant. . . . The English afterwards complained by their Ambassador, Lord Albemarle, that the French favoured the views of the American Indians. "The Court of France," was the answer, "has no knowledge of any pretended fermentation in America, which exists, probably, only in the imagination of the English."

While all this was going on in and about the Court of France, the progress of outward political events was not interrupted or impeded there. The Marquise, as has been shown, was anxious concerning more than one clause in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, especially that which referred to

Canada.* In that clause she had foreseen the germ of future disaster for France, although none were more loyal than the French Canadian subjects.

Though the truth be not palatable to English readers, yet they can afford to admit it; and whether they do so or not, it is incontrovertible, viz.

* The French Parliament was not so quick to see the loop-hole afforded to England in the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle as was the tact of Madame de Pompadour; but, when too late to retract, it declared: "The affair of Canada is too important to the French monarchy to leave it in the condition it is. All the time that we lose diminishes our power and augments that of the enemy..... The loss of Canada interests the French above all that policy can imagine; it renders England mistress of the sea, and opens to her numerous branches of commerce that she could never have without the possession of this province..... It is, nevertheless, not only a sea quarrel, but offers the chances of a land war.... The affairs of Canada impose upon us the necessity of re-commencing war: we cannot remain in the position we are. Our policy to-day ought to have for its principal object the re-acquisition of the advantage that England would make us lose.... In re-commencing the war, we may drive England from Canada..... The uncivilized people, the savages of America, are allied to us, for they hate the English.... The people of Canada love France, and they despise the nations that live too long at peace." Débats of French Parliament, 1756—57.†

† Appendix Z.

early British colonization in America was marked by acts of cruelty and unfeeling tyranny. France knew this.

England has held the province of Lower Canada just one hundred years, and that province has been treated mildly and equitably. The laws of progress have forbidden the recurrence of the old cruelties in colonization, but still the love for former rulers is said by France to survive in the heart of Canada.*

The presence of Frederic of Prussia in Europe increased the need of a military school in France, but the fear of England on the Atlantic caused Madame de Pompadour to have every Memorial of Marine well sifted, laid before the King, and (as far as it was possible to make the Council participate in her transatlantic forebodings) to be adopted. It was also of the first importance to conciliate Austria, and confirm Italy in the days of peace in Europe; and in selecting an Ambassador to Venice,† the Marquise recommended the Abbé de Bernis to the King, who appointed

* "If any one want to form an idea of old France . . . . he must cross the Atlantic and contemptate the manner in which these things (old customs, &c.) are preserved in Lower Canada like a fly in amber." "Times," 1860.

† Venice was the city where diplomacy was most rife in

him his envoy there. In this appointment the tact of the Marquise is admirably displayed.*

She knew that Venice needed repose, relaxation, and amusement. She also knew that the Count Abbé de Bernis, under a brilliant and accomplished exterior, possessed a studious and observant mind, strong sense, and the faculty of hard work. Venice could not fail to welcome France in the person of one who peculiarly exemplified her most fascinating characteristics. The fidelity of de Bernis to the Marquise and the King was unimpeachable. The Marquise had raised him from poverty to affluence, and he had become the familiar friend of Louis, who marvelled at the Abbé's force of logic, and the sound knowledge of men that lay beneath his finesse in argument, and the sparkling charm of his conversation.

De Bernis, therefore, was sent to Venice with the motto "*More informations than negotiations,*" and of which presently the reader shall judge for

Europe. It was the nest of the greatest and most subtle political secrets that affected the different Cabinets.

* "Correspondance Politique de l'Abbé de Bernis," to witness.

himself. The appointment was soon justified by the high importance de Bernis acquired in diplomacy. He knew that technical lumber and wearisome gravity do not form the real science of business; and "that a serious end may be obtained, unsuspectedly, beneath the light forms of a gay and amusing spirit."

The Abbé was quickly charged to arbitrate between the Sovereign Pontiff and the Republic of Venice. He achieved this arbitration, retaining all the time his apparent frank carelessness; and the Pope, the elegant scholar, Benedict XIV., was so well pleased that he wrote to the King of France to thank him for sending de Bernis to Italy, as also did the "most Serene Republic."

It was also at Venice that Austria made the first friendly overtures to France, which overtures the Prince de Kaunitz was charged to deliver to the Abbé de Bernis. For this France had been hoping. The alliance of Austria would be of great importance to her when the peace might be broken, and in that peace between armed men, the heads of nations had no enduring confidence. This idea of alliance between France and Austria was sustained by another of Madame de Pom-

padour's protégés at Rome, the Count de Stainville, afterwards Duc de Choiseul.*

The Duc de Choiseul was clever, ugly, and a philosopher. Though in strong contrast to the insinuating de Bernis, he ably represented France in Italy. Both de Choiseul and de Bernis disdained the past treachery of Prussia towards France. De Bernis had been personally insulted by King Frederic. The chief object of the mission of de Choiseul at Rome was to undermine the Bull Unigenitus. He there fell in with the Prince de Kaunitz, Maria Theresa's envoy, and fully coincided with his idea as to the expediency of a reconciliation between the Courts of Vienna and Versailles. De Choiseul was therefore afterwards welcome, as French Envoy, to Maria Theresa.

It was owing to the representations of Prince Kaunitz, (appointed Ambassador in Paris from 1750 to 1756,) that the Queen-Empress of Austria was first impressed by a favourable notion of her contemporary, the Marquise de Pompadour, as woman and politician. In those days

* To avoid confusion hereafter it is better so to call him from this time.

the world was more dependent on hearsay than in these of steam and telegrams. Maria Theresa, who had scorned the idea of a King's mistress (being herself a loyal wife, and born Empress), was startled by the fact that, under the rule of this woman, the policy of France vied with her own, and that Vienna's sister-city of Paris was not only absorbing and employing industry and talent, but that it was setting an example to all rulers in the arts of peace, the practice of humanity, and such social and sanitary regulations as are necessary to the happiness and health of the subject.

The Queen-Empress of Austria, or, as her people once lauded her, the "King of Hungary," was a woman beyond her time and country in grasp of thought, magnanimity of soul, and government capacity. Though bound to the car of the Roman chariot-wheels, she could not but acknowledge the justice of more equal taxation, even though at the cost of the priesthood. She was thrilled by the self-denying enthusiasm which provided a Military School for the young, and a home for the aged brave.*

* *See Appendix Vol. i., Madame de Pompadour's Aut. Letters to Paris Duverney. Last note.*

The loud strife in Paris about the Bull Unigenitus was a satire on superstition. Its voice was that of prophecy and necessity, — of prophecy against the tyrannical usurpation of conscience, and of necessity for liberty.

Maria Theresa was impressed by the fact that there lived a contemporary woman — once scorned by her — worthy to be called, as afterwards, her "dearest sister." Certainly their mutual dislike to the Prussian King had a great deal to do with this mutual appreciation, but the political private documents of Versailles and Vienna a hundred years ago show that the opinion of the Empress concerning that "dearest sister" was of observation and slow growth. It is more honourable to Maria Theresa to accept this version of the fact, than to adopt it, like some writers, as a matter of subsequent interest to the Empress to stoop to flatter the Marquise. From what Maria Theresa's Ambassador, Prince Kaunitz, (after conversing with the Abbé de Bernis and the Duc de Choiseul as intimately as diplomacy would permit in Italy,) told his Imperial Mistress of Madame de Pompadour on his return to Austria, it is natural to infer that she,

being none the less woman because Empress, was touched by a sympathy that makes the whole world akin. Those who knew the Marquise as well as did de Bernis and de Choiseul were aware that, in the midst of her schemes for the happiness of others, she was herself unhappy.

Her friendship was indispensable to Louis as a King; but she, suffering from the effects of her devotion to his service, and still writhing under the past obloquy of the position she had once been so ambitious to attain, did not love him less as a man. She was often in tears. Her femme-de-chambre, a gentlewoman by birth, writes :*

"Madame suffers from much tribulation in the midst of all her grandeur. She is also often threatened with anonymous letters, in which she is warned of assassination and poison, and what affects her most is the fear of being supplanted by a rival. . . . A slow fever has come on; it will advance the work of years. Nevertheless, the Marquise has preserved all her

* *See Madame de Pompadour's Aut. Letters to the Marquis de Marigny, Appendix Vol. ii., and Ministerial Enchainement, Ibid.*

beauty, which does not need of the freshness of youth. But her splendour fades."

Before the King had known her, and the social pleasures she had taught him to appreciate, his constant amusement was the chase. Whenever he was overtaken by his constitutional melancholy, his physicians and courtiers had but one innocent remedy to prescribe, "Hunt." In pursuing the stag, he himself was pursued by an evil spirit, which, call it ennui, hypochondria, conscience, incipient madness, or what not, often overtook him and prostrated him.

The Marquise was always grieved when the old fit for the chase returned to him, because she knew it was the sign of inward suffering which she had devoted her life, talents, and energy to allay.

At those times she was melancholy, when she could no longer share in the amusement on account of her frail health. They helped also to recall the first hour of her meeting with Louis, and its train of circumstances, which formed but a dreary retrospect to a heart that was void and to a soul that was excommunicated.*

* The Jesuits, as a last hope of separating the Marquise

In one of those hours she wrote to a female friend, thus:

. . . . . "I tell him sometimes he is like Nimrod, but Nimrod was a wicked King, and Louis is good; which makes a great difference.

"While he goes to the chase, the Queen passes her time in praying to God. She is a saint. The grandeurs and vanities of earth no longer touch her. I would that I could say as much of myself; for the world, with all its splendour and pleasure, wearies me, sometimes to death. Yet I do not wish to die.

"It seems as if we had two souls, one to approve what is good, and the other to do evil.

"Nevertheless, the Queen, notwithstanding all her holiness, has one great defect, which is, that she hates me. She seems to forget in my case the law which is binding on Queens as on others, to love their neighbour as themselves.* For my-

from the King, and of delivering themselves from her influence over the State, refused to admit her to the sacraments, because, although her life was now blameless, she was living apart from her husband. (*For private life of the Queen, see Letters to the Comtesse de Lutzelbourg. Appendix* 2.)

* This letter, was written at the time when the Queen's spiritual directors desired, for political reasons explained, to separate the Marquise from the King as

self, thank God, I do not share in that one defect. I love this Princess, I revere her, because she is virtuous. I fain would have the courage to imitate her."

his adviser. The Queen, as shown in the first introduction of the Marquise at Versailles, had been favourably disposed towards her, a fact explicable only by the times in which they lived; but now that the Marquise was, though living a virtuous life, represented to her as the enemy of religion, the Queen treated her for the first time as her own.

APPENDIX.

A. NOTE TO P. 5.

ENGLISH MONEY. FREEMASONRY.

Frederic of Prussia said in 1744, "The golden hammer of England breaks down gates of iron." King Frederic could estimate the weight of English gold by experience. The big King, his father, though the richest of all the kings in ready money, had so stinted his son's revenue that (as says his great historian) the young man "had borrowed all round under sevenfold secresy from benevolent Courts, . . . and the only pleasant certainty we notice in such painful business is, that on his accession he pays with exactitude. . . . sends his uncle George" (of England) "for example, the complete amount in roulcaux of new coins of the realm." . . . . . These pecuniary antecedents of Frederic the man are likely to blunt the sensitiveness of Frederic the King when his turn comes to crave subsidies.

Another fact may be noticed as affecting France, through

Prussia, in the time to come. King Frederic was a Freemason. Two years before his accession to the throne he had been incoporated into that society. Freemasonry, interdicted by the Pope of Rome, was a mystic bond of union between the Prussian Protestant King and cosmopolite philosophy.

B. NOTE TO P. 13.

Fort Knocque.

Fort Knocque surrendered to the Duc de Bouffers on the 29th of June.

The brave young Marquis de Beauveau, Camp Marshal, was killed before Ypres.

C. NOTE TO P. 24.

The Abbé Millot declares that "In proportion as the King's liberality to his soldiers increased, so did his self-indulgence decrease. The King said to Marshal de Belleisle (who commanded troops on the Moselle), sometime Governor of Metz, 'I know now how to do without equipages; and, if necessary, the shoulder of mutton which agrees with my Lieutenants nourish me perfectly.'"

D. (1.) NOTE TO P. 24.

*Extract of letter of King Frederic to Marshal Noailles on the policy of Cardinal Fleury.**

"The best economy of a great Prince is to spend money at a proper time, and not to stint it on great occasions. If Cardinal

* Mems. de Noailles Maestricht, 1777.

de Fleury had done so, and not by a misplaced economy stinted the revenues of the King of France in the years 1741—1742, ... the Queen of Hungary would have been lost; the duration of the war costs now *le triple et le quadruple* to the King your master.

D. (2.) NOTE TO P. 24.

MARSHAL BELLEISLE was a great preserver of State MSS. after Cardinal de Fleury's death. Copies of those quoted, from Robert Walpole to the late Cardinal de Fleury (often alluded to in contemporary French histories), were published by a Secretary of De Belleisle's political pupil, Madame de Pompadour, after her death, with other political matter, under the attractive but apocryphal title of her "memoires," which are only trustworthy when corresponding with more authentic records. As an example of the trickery in those days to gain possession of MSS. we will here glance at a discoloured correspondence now in the British Museum; it also serves to illustrate the polite externals maintained (during Cardinal de Fleury's peace policy) between France and England, and the mutual distrust which peeped out on every slight occasion from behind the mask.

The following correspondence is called :

Severall Letters relating to some Leaves of a fine MS. which Lord Oxford bought and afterwards returned to ye King of France's Library, they having been cut out of a manuscript belonging thereto.

*Two letters from Cardinal Fleury by ye King's orders to return Lord Oxford thanks.**

The first letter is from Lord Middleton to Lady Westmore-

* Harleian MSS. Mus. Bib. Brit.

land (begging her to mention the missing MSS. to Lord Oxford), dated Paris, July 25, 1727.

The second letter, dated "Dover Street, Dec. 27th, 1727," is from Lord Oxford to Lord Middleton (then in Paris), declaring his—Lord Oxford's—readiness to return the MS., and that he "Never designed to ask any particular thing in return, or to set any value upon it, or to make any bargain." Nevertheless, the correspondence runs on to 1729, 1730, when the MSS. being, after many delays, returned, Cardinal de Fleury writes to Lord Oxford:

"Versailles, Oct. 11th, 1729.

"Sir,

"The King being informed that you have been pleased to restore to his Library thirty-five leaves of a MS. in quarto containing the Epists. of St Paul in Greek, which were stolen in 1706 and 1707, by John Aymons. . . . His Majesty orders me to let you know how well pleased he is with your liberality, and that he will take an opportunity of testifying his acknowledgments not only to your person but also to any of your illustrious family. M. l'Abbé Bignon told me you would be glad of an authentic certificate, sealed with the Great Seal for your discharge" (receipt), "but as that would be a very uncommon thing, I thought that this letter which I have the honour to write to you in the King's name, would do as well; but if you think this is not sufficient, the King is very ready to do anything to perpetuate your generosity, and I beg, Sir, you will be persuaded of the distinction with which I honour you.

"Le Card. de Fleury."*

Upon which Lord Oxford writes to Cardinal Fleury the following February:

* Literal Translation.

"Sir,

"I received in the country the letter that your Excellency did me the honour to write to me touching the MS. that I restored to the King of France's library. . . . It is an instance of the singular goodness of his most Christian Majesty to attribute to generosity an action that takes its *motif* from a principle of justice" (nevertheless the Great Seal is closely but most flatteringly pressed for).

"Signed, Oxford and Mortimer."

To which letter the Cardinal answers:

"Versailles, April 1st, 1730.

"Sir,

"I received the 2nd of last month the letter you did me the honour to write, and I am happy that you are satisfied with my letter. Notwithstanding, if you desire an acknowledgment signed by the King, and that would please you more, I am persuaded that his Majesty will not refuse it. I take this opportunity with pleasure to assure you, Sir, with what distinguished sentiments I regard you, as likewise the title you bear.

Le Card. de Fleury."

"To My Lord Oxford and Mortimer."

Sealed with Cardinal's seal; directed

"A Monsieur,

"Monsieur le Comte,

"d'Oxford et Mortimer,

A Londres."

Then, in the Harleian collection is inserted the "draught of [an answer to the Cardinal Fleury," drawn up by a Dr Middleton, for the use of Lord Oxford, wherein Oxford is prompted (England not to be outdone by France in manners)

"in esteeming myself very happy to have had it in my possession" (the MS.) "for the blessed" [if not blessed, blame Middleton's French] "occasion that it has given me of testifying to you, Sir, with what zeal and profound respect,

"I am,

"Of your Eminence,

"The very humble and obedient Servant,

"O——."

This beatification is preceded by "O." humbling himself to the dust before the "Célèbre Bibliothèque of the Very Christian King," and by O.'s unmitigated horror at robbery of that Potentate or of his library; also, by renewed entreaties for an authentic certificate of discharge sealed with the Great Seal, "to perpetuate in my family the glory to have merited by some occasion the praises of so great a King:" nevertheless, "the letter of your Eminence . . . responds fully to all my wishes, since it assures me of one thing that I have always at heart, that is to say, the approbation and acknowledgment of his Majesty signed and guaranteed by the most qualified and the most honoured of his subjects."

The last letter preserved of this correspondence puffs away all the politeness like a house built of cards. This letter is signed "Middleton," and dated

"St Germains en Laye,

"Septr. y^e^ 12, 1730.

"This country was allways and is still looked upon to be rather a Modell of Politeness than a Pattern of Generosity; I could have wish'd that the great man" (the Cardinal) "would have gone further than compliments, but what is bred in the Bone, will never out of y^e^ Flesh; once a Parson, and allways a Parson. . . . . .

"Middleton."

So concludes the original noble and accredited medium between the French Cardinal and the English Lord, who, in spite of his surpassing the "modell of politeness," was outwitted by smooth policy, and did not get the "Great Seal" after all, though he did give up the Greek MSS.

NOTES E. AND G. TO PP. 67 AND 131.

Gifford's admission, and Voltaire's account of Frederic of Prussia's second defection to France. (Prussian promises in Prologue, and their further sequel in Appendix to Vol. 2.)

Gifford tells us that in August, 1745, he (the King of Prussia) "had signed a convention with the King of England, who became guarantee of his possessions in Silesia, as ceded by the treaty of Breslau; and he promised to vote for the Grand Duke of Tuscany at the election of an Emperor. This was intended as the basis of a more general accommodation. But he now pretended to have received undoubted intelligence that the King of Poland and the Queen of Hungary had agreed to invade Brandenburgh with three different armies; and that, for this purpose, his Polish Majesty" (Augustus) "had demanded of the Czarine the succours stipulated by treaty between the two Crowns. Alarmed, or apparently so, at this information, he solicited the maritime powers to fulfil their engagements. Yet, far from waiting the result, . . . he made a sudden irruption into Lusatia, and obliged Prince Charles of Lorraine to retire before him into Bohemia. He then entered Leipsic, and laid Saxony under contribution. The King of Poland (Augustus), unable to resist the torrent, quitted his capital and took refuge in Prague. His troops, re-inforced by a body of Austrians, were defeated at Pirne on the 15th

day of Dec., and his Prussian Majesty became master of Dresden without further opposition . . . . . The treaty of Dresden was concluded under the mediation of the King of England. . . . The King of Prussia and the Elector Palatine consented to acknowledge the Grand Duke as Emperor of Germany."

"The King of Prussia," says Voltaire,* "skilful in more ways than one, shut in on all sides the city of Dresden. He enters therein, followed by 10 battalions and 10 squadrons; disarms three militia regiments which composed the garrison; repairs to the Palace, where he goes to see the two Princes and the three Princesses, children of the King of Poland, who resided there: he embraces them; he has for them all the attentions which might be expected from the most polite man of his century. He orders all the shops to be opened, which had been shut, he gives a dinner to all the Foreign ministers, and causes an Italian Opera to be played. The people could not perceive that the city was in the power of the conqueror; and the taking of Dresden was celebrated by fêtes. . . . That which was more strange is, that having entered Dresden on the 18th, he made peace there with Austria and Saxony on the 25th, and left all the burthen to the King of France. Maria Theresa again renounced, in spite of herself, Silesia, by this second peace, and Frederic gave no advantage to her, but by recognising Francis Ist Emperor. It cost to the King of Poland, the Elector of Saxony, but a million of German crowns, which he must give to the Victor, with interests, until pay-day."

In 1746, "The King of Prussia returned to Berlin to enjoy peaceably the fruit of his victory. He was received under triumphal arches, his way was strewn with branches, and the people hailed him as 'Frederic the Great.'

* "Siècle de Louis XV." Voltaire, Tome i.

"This Prince, happy in his wars and in his treaties, was no longer diligent but to cause laws and arts to flourish in his States; and he passed all of a sudden from the triumph of war to a retired philosophic life."*

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† NOTE TO P. 115.

The offer of the Sultan to mediate between Christian powers may be attributed to the presence of the Count de Bonneval in Constantinople. This notorious French Count, or as he was now called the "Bacha Bonneval," had taken the Turban; he imagined a project of alliance between the Turks and the Bourbons. In a letter from this Mahommedan Frenchman to a minister of Naples, dated Nov. 1745, he says: "I have been piqued to the quick to see that three wretched priests (the Ecclesiastical Electors) have found the means to raise to the Empire of Germany, by their cabals, the Duc de Lorraine, in spite of so great and formidable a Monarch as Louis XV., the virtuous and the well-beloved; and I do myself a flattering pleasure, ... insignificant though I be, in hoping to overthrow that Emperor from his throne."

NOTES H. AND I. TO PP. 131 AND 138.†

Spain. The Stuart Element as affecting the Courts and Diplomacy of Europe. Philip V. died on the 9th July, 1746, in his 63rd year; his son Ferdinand, born the 23rd Septem-

* For preliminary negotiations to the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, see this Appendix, p. 11. *Secret Narrative between Maritime Powers.*

† For further glimpse of Spanish Court, note L, p. 18, of this Appendix.

ber, 1713, was proclaimed King at Madrid on the 10th of August, under the title of Ferdinand VI. Philip V. was born at Versailles. The most intimate relations had been maintained in his reign between the Courts of Spain and France. The first wife of Philip V., mother of his son and successor Ferdinand, was Dona Marie Louise of Savoy, second daughter of Victor Amedée, Duke of Savoy, King of Sicily, and afterwards of Sardinia. Cardinal Alberoni was the spiritual and political adviser of Elizabeth Farinese, who was the second wife of Philip V. and mother of the first Dauphiness, daughter-in-law of Louis XV. Elizabeth Farinese was also mother of Don Philip, the husband of the favourite daughter of Louis XV. Cardinal Alberoni, in correspondence with Cardinal Tencin at the Court of France (see Prologue to this work), confirmed Louis XV. in his attempt to place "the Young Pretender" upon the throne of England. The Stuart element was powerful over the papal soul of Louis XV. Not only was Louis incited by Alberoni (in correspondence with Tencin) to plant the Cross upon London Bridge, but the Bishop de Soissons, who confessed the King at Metz (when he was supposed to be dying, as told in the narrative), was a "Fitz James," called by Voltaire "son of the bastard of James II., and a Saint." When it was rumoured at Versailles in 1745 that the Pretender had fallen into the power of the English, even the Dutchman Van Hoy (Ambassador of the United Provinces) was electrified. The Marquis d'Argenson, minister of Foreign Affairs (he who wrote his dispatches in the trenches at Fontenoy), incited Van Hoy to write "a long letter to the Duke of Newcastle, secretary of State in England, in which letter Van Hoy burst out: 'Miserable politics, which substitute vengeance, hatred, mistrust, greediness, for the Divine precepts of the glory of Kings, and for the salvation of the peoples!'" For which "Homily" Van

Hoy was called sharply to account. The King of England complained to the States General that their Ambassador had dared to transmit to him the complaints of an enemy king; an "unheard-of proceeding." Whereupon Van Hoy apologized by writing, "If I have erred, it is by an inseparable misfortune to the human race."

NOTE GENERAL TO CHAPTERS IV. V. AND VI. VOL. I.

NARRATIVE OF A SECRET NEGOTIATION BETWEEN MARITIME POWERS AND FRANCE, A.D. 1745, 1746.*

Extracted from Lord Harrington's, Lord Sandwich's, and M. Trevor's Letters.

Mr Trevor writes from the Hague to England, that France desires Peace. Lord Harrington replies:

30th Aug. to 10th Sept., 1745.

"With regard to Monsieur d'Argenson's new overture, the demand of France with respect to Dunkirk is of such a nature as could not fail to create unconquerable difficulties in England, if that of Louisburgh were out of the question. The King, in the mean while, flatters himself that the States will not be led by these specious insinuations to precipitate anything in an affair where the common interests of England and Holland are at stake, though His Majesty is of opinion that these or any other overtures of France towards a Peace should be treated in the civilest manner and with reciprocal assurances, &c.

"October, 1745. Lord Harrington acquaints Mr Trevor that, considering the present situation of affairs at home and abroad, the King agrees with the Pensionary that it is now time to use our joint endeavours for putting an end to the

* Mus. Brit. MSS.

present troubles upon the Continent by an accommodation with France, and in consequence thereof, His Majesty is willing to consent to the holding of a congress forthwith at any place the States will propose."

"March 1, N.S., 1746. Mr Trevor says in his most Secret Letter, that Monsieur Wassenaer * tells the Pensionary, that Da Comha is persuaded France will insist upon retaining out of her conquests in the Netherlands, Ypres and Furnes, to serve as outworks of Dunkirk."

"March, 1746. Mr Trevor informs Lord Harrington in his most Secret, that the Acquisition of Brussels seems to have elated the French less than he could have expected, and that the happy turn affairs have taken in Scotland would, he perceived, not a little facilitate the success of his commission. The French Minister, Monsieur d'Argenson, did not in the conversation he had with him, drop a syllable, either of the affairs of Italy, a neutrality, or a congress."

"March 18th, 1746. Marquis d'Argenson, in a second interview he had had with Mr Wassenaer, on the 5th of March N.S., 1746, seems to have taken no small pains to debauch the latter so far as to induce him to treat for the Republic independently of England; but not being able to carry that point, he at last consented to waive it for the present in expectation of England's soon taking some method of authenticating her own dispositions for Peace."

Mr Trevor encloses two papers containing the report of the Marquis d'Argenson to the French King.. called "Ideas" upon a peace; .... the first is, "Not to treat of the Affairs of Italy." Then comes

".... The fortification of Dunkirk by land, and leaving it as

* Count Wassenaer was sent to Versailles by the Dutch as Minister Plenipotentiary, and M. Gilles went there as Dutch deputy.—See p. 148, chap. iv.

it now is by sea, viz. in a condition to do England all the prejudice it ever apprehended from it, are points to which the restitution of the Dutch barrier can never be looked upon as an equivalent. But the demolition of Luxembourg demanded in the next article (and that in like manner as the lessons required of the Empress in the following ones to be agreed to by the maritime powers without her consent, and without any one article offered in her favour) is what effectually overturns and renders useless all the complaisance of France."

"N. B. d'Argenson at Brussels, May, 1746.

Upon d'Argenson's stipulation in favour of the Pretender, resisted by Trevor, Lord Harrington writes,—"Upon this head Lord Harrington cannot but acquaint Mr Trevor with his Majesty's approbation of the just indignation he" (Mr Trevor) "expressed, and the protest with which he received the insolent and injurious addition of the French minister, containing demands which nothing can ever induce the King to submit to, nor, as he is absolutely convinced, the States themselves, to propose to him."

"June 7, 1746. Mr Trevor in his most Secret Letter. . . . M. de Puisieux's* going into Holland having been taken again into consideration, it had been resolved by the French council that he should not make a mystery of his person, but only of his errand and character. . . . With the French King's credentials, as Ambassador, in his pocket . . . M. de Puysieux

* The instructions of the French Cabinet to M. Puysieux (called "an honest man" by Louis XV.) were: "To offer to Holland to act (*de se poser*) as mediatrix between Europe and Louis XV., or at least to induce her to unite herself to France in requiring a peace which to the Low Countries would be advantageous. M. Puysieux was also instructed to declare that the principles of a high moderation (haute modération) would be manifested by the very Christian King, his Master."—*Causes Diplomatiques*, 1745 to 1748.

Three years, while Diplomacy talked, bloodshed was continued.

is arrived at the Hague." Afterwards Lord Sandwich goes to the Hague.

"Dated Breda, Oct. N.S., 1746, 11 at night.

"Lord Sandwich has had a visit from Mons. Gilles who acquaints His Lordship that he had just seen M. de Puysieux, who came to him in a violent rage to inform him that the courier he had dispatched to Paris, in consequence of his agreement with His Lordship and Monsieur Gilles, had been stopped somewhere near Antwerp by some Austrian Hussars, plundered of his dispatches, and carried off as a prisoner. That he (Monsieur de Puysieux) was convinced the English and Dutch ministers among them had a hand in this outrage, and that it was an insult he was sure the King his master would resent in the utmost degree; that it confirmed him in his opinion that the dispute about the place where the conferences were to be held was a contrivance between Mr Wassenaer and His Lordship, but that he would not be their dupe, and would not begin the Conferences, or take any step in the business till he had entire satisfaction. Monsieur Gilles further told his Lordship he had done everything he could think of to pacify M. de Puysieux, but hitherto to little purpose.

"Mr Gilles wrote to Prince Waldeck upon the subject of stopping, &c., M. Puysieux's courier, as did also Lord Sandwich to Sir John Ligonier.*

"3rd Oct. 1746. Lord Harrington acknowledges the receipt of Lord Sandwich's letters. The King could not but be much surprised and dissatisfied at M. Puisieux's behaviour, in supposing his Majesty and the States capable of so mean and unworthy a contrivance for discovering his secret as that of intercepting his courier after a passport given him by the Pensionary.

* Note P., p. 20.

"Breda, Oct. 10, N. S. 1746 . . . . . M. Puysieux . . . was a good deal pacified by the letters Mr Gilles and his Lordship had wrote to Prince Waldeck * and Sir John Ligonier, and agreed to send another Courier to Paris. . . . . Lord Harrington may be assured M. Puysieux will set out by producing M. d'Argenson's plan with some small alterations."

J. NOTE TO P. 149.

Commentary upon the "Causes des Traités de Paix d'Aix la Chapelle" (by M. Capefigue) concerning the office of Stadtholder, and glimpse of different political parties in Holland.

"The office of Stadtholder was in fact but a military function, the supremacy of a soldier. By that alone the Republican power abdicated itself. . . . . William III., who had ascended the throne of England, was he not but a simple Stadtholder of the Low Countries? England strove for the constitution of a Dictatorship for the motive that, intimately allied to the House of Nassau, she could more easily dominate the States-General by the Stadtholder. . . . The English system prevailed for a moment at the Hague, but such were the fatigues of war, and the complaints of merchants and Burgomasters, that Prince Maurice of Nassau was obliged to mediate for himself with the French Cabinet."

K.

Letters of Madame de Pompadour; 1st edition, published in London, 1765 (in French); 2nd edition, Paris, 1767. Also, notice of the Duc d'Aiguillon, to whom Madame Pompadour's

* Prince Waldeck, Fontenoy hero, and accredited diplomatist.

letters (MS.) are translated and transcribed in second volume of this work, &c., &c.

The Duc d'Aiguillon was politically opposed to Madame de Pompadour. The Duc d'Aiguillon was the fiercest adversary of the Duc de Choiseul, the cabinet coadjutor of Madame de Pompadour. The Duc d'Aiguillon, sometime after Madame de Pompadour's death, became head of the French Cabinet in place of the Duc de Choiseul, her late coadjutor. Then the published letters of Madame de Pompadour were declared apocryphal. The Edition published in Holland, and the second in London, need authentication, like the so-called Mémoires of Madame de Pompadour. At a time when Prussian pamphlets were gaining ground in France, and when party-spirit was hot against the late Marquise de Pompadour, MSS. were sometimes stolen, and still more often tampered with for political and revolutionary purposes.

The families of de Noailles, de Richelieu, and d'Estrées,* had preserved letters of the Marquise de Pompadour, free from these risks. In addition to these, those published in Paris soon after her death (1st edition) are reliable, because most of those to whom they were addressed were in existence to own or to refute them. Those letters that were published in London (in French) were for a long time a mystery, being authentic in their contents, but doubtful as to the place of publication. At last, after many years, the Marquis de Marbois, meanwhile Governor of St Domingo, acknowledged that compilation. De Marbois, when very young, had intimate access to Madame de Pompadour, and was doubtless occasionally

* Marshal d'Estrées commanded the troops of the "Maison du Roy" at Fontenoy. He had been the first love of the Queen of France. His wife was the intimate friend of Madame de Pompadour.

employed as her secretary at Choisy. When appointments were dictated by her, de Marbois became an attaché to the French Embassy in London. There he was bold enough to publish the letters of his patroness, but not bold enough to proclaim himself their Editor until long after the fact of his so being could do no damage to his own prospects with the party in power at Versailles, i. e. the Duc d'Aiguillon and Company.

The Duc d'Aiguillon had been a pupil of the Jesuits, whom Madame de Pompadour had expelled from France. The Duc d'Aiguillon was the prôtégé of Madame de Barry (or *vice versâ*), a woman as unworthy to succeed Madame de Pompadour as were the closing years of Louis XV. unworthy of his early life. It was to the political and feminine interest of the new cabinet faction to throw discredit upon the late Madame de Pompadour and upon everything that did honour to her memory. It is, therefore, a curious case of retributive justice that the autograph letters addressed to the Duc d'Aiguillon himself by Madame de Pompadour (in which she had cause to rebuke him, and in which she shows many of the qualities which his political party denied to her) should be those preserved in the Archives of the enemy most disposed, for political purposes, to traduce her. This explanation may be pardoned as adding an additional interest to the perusal of those letters.

The correspondence of Madame de Pompadour with de Richelieu, Soubise, Broglio, and d'Estrées, was published in Paris, 1757, previously to her death. Subsequently to her death and to the London publication of her letters, was published "Answers to the letters of Madame de Pompadour." Concerning the printed and published letters transcribed in this work, as also concerning the Mémoires of Madame de Pompadour, the

compiler has adhered to the selection alluded to in the Preface.

Madame de Pompadour's letters to her brother, the Marquis de Marigny, and to the Countess de Lutzelbourg (Autographs) are to be found in the Appendix to the 2nd volume of this work, to some parts of which they may serve as an autobiographical commentary.

Madame de Pompadour's Autograph Letters to Paris Duverney, also translated herein, will speak for themselves.

The compiler of this work hopes that Madame de Pompadour's autographs, after having been preserved in England for 100 years, may be welcome to France; and also that her autographs transcribed herein from the Bibliothèque Impériale will be acceptable to England.

L. NOTE TO P. 184.

Extract from "private memorial" sent by Maréchal Duc de Noailles, Ambassador in Spain, to Louis XV. King of France, concerning the last spoken wish of Philip V. of Spain. Also: Opinion of the Duc de Noailles (1746) *of Elizabeth Farinese, Queen of Spain. Published by order of Louis XV. Roy; Paris*, 1750.

The Marshal Duc de Noailles was on an embassy at the Court of Spain when Philip V. died. The dying monarch gave into the hands of de Noailles a private memorial to be presented to the King, his master, which solemnly charged Louis XV. "for all time to come with the fate of the Queen (Elizabeth Farinese), of the King Don Carlos, and of the Infant Don Philip, the most tender and the most dear trusts that it was possible to confide to him of my love and of my heart." De Noailles wrote of Elizabeth Farinese Queen of Spain,

"She appears to me to have wit and vivacity; she listens finely, and replies exactly; she has a noble politeness; .... she has ambition." After the death of Philip V., his royal widow retired to her dower palace of St Ildefonse, and that there "this Queen, whose genius, elevation, and firmness, had astonished Europe, was henceforth only occupied by the care of making others happy."

NOTES M. N. O. TO PP. 192, 195, 196.

The Prince de Conti, Don Philip (Duke of Parma), the Dauphin of France, and Marriage Offer of Spain to the Dauphin.

Conti was the younger branch of the House of Condé, of the House of Bourbon. The Conti were Princes of Navarre.

Don Philip of Spain, the son-in-law of Louis XV., was therefore allied to Prince Conti by faith, valour, blood, and marriage. The younger Conti afterwards showed something of the Protestant spirit of Navarre; he pleaded for the Parliamentarians; the King called him "Mon. Cousin l'Avocat." The Conti inhabited L'Ile Adam. The fairy fêtes at Ile Adam are perpetuated by pictures still on the walls of Versailles. After the battle of Coni (30th September, 1744), Prince Conti wrote to Louis XV. "It is one of the most brilliant days ever seen. The troops have shown superhuman courage. The Brigade of Poitou is covered with glory..... I recommend to you the Chevalier of Modena. La Carte is killed. Your Majesty, who knows the price of friendship, feels how much I am touched by that."

The Dauphin was doomed to stay at home, after his brief but brilliant campaign of Fontenoy, where he laughed when an English cannon-ball splashed him with mire and blood. So condemned by his rank, the Dauphin did no-

thing "but say his prayers and sing vespers all day." * In 1746, the Dauphin wrote to his venerable friend, the Duc de Noailles (then in Spain), confessing to tastes more monkish than those appertaining to his "unhappy rank." In the reply of Marshal Noailles, he exhorts the Dauphin to "leave to the devotees of our time those things that qualify them for their *attrait*, which is one of their favourite expressions, under cover of which they often forget their duties, that they may give themselves up to their imagination and to their taste."

When the Dauphin of France was about to be married a second time, the new King of Spain, Ferdinand, offered one of his sisters to his widower brother-in-law. Louis XV. wrote a letter (in August, 1746) to Ferdinand, declaring that the sentiments of the clergy in France forbade such a marriage (between such near relations), although in Spain it might be considered legitimate with the Pope's dispensation. Ferdinand replied that to doubt the power of Sovereign Pontiffs was heresy, and no sign of enlightened Christianity.

P. NOTE TO P. 223.

"SIR JOHN LIGONIER distinguished himself bravely on the side of the English, in the brief but sanguinary battle of Laffeldt. His horse was shot under him, and he was taken prisoner. The king of France invited Sir John, his prisoner, to dine with him at table, where he treated him with marked respect." Voltaire tells us that during their conversation, the King of France asked Sir John, "Would it not be better to think seriously of Peace, than to occasion the death of so

* See Appendix, Vol. ii. "Secret Notices."

many brave men?" The Count de Bavière, who also distinguished himself in this campaign, was the natural brother of the late Emperor Charles VII.

Q. NOTE TO P. 225.

Translation of "A letter from the late Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray, to the late Duchesse de Noailles."

Gloomily anxious, as was Louis XV., at the time when France was "dying of hunger in the midst of acclamations," he found time to solace his faithful subject, Marshal Noailles, for the loss of his mother. A letter, "by the King's own hand," dated July, 1848, is full of personal attachment to every member of the bereaved family. By such sympathy did the King win the love of those who served him best, and in this case it is the more admirable as doing justice to the memory of one of the most virtuous women of the 18th century. . . . To the deceased lady, Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray, had written in her youth, thus:

"You are a good friend, faithful, trustworthy, generous, full of fine taste and of discernment for true merit; sensible to the friendship of estimable people, full of fascination, and of a noble sort to serve, knowing how to say with tact what is useful; . . . you have even a sincere religion, to which I would rather trust than to that of a great number of demi-devotees."

"The mother of Marshal Noailles," writes the Abbé Millot in 1748, "was one of the women of our time who merited the most praise; who, to grace and French vivacity, united most force of intellect and the most solid sentiments; who has best felt the advantages of a very long life, consecrated to

all duties. . . . Until the last sigh of his mother, the Marshal Noailles was filled towards her with all tenderness and submission. These examples of antique virtues are a phenomenon in our age: they would not be so, if parents were such that they could desire their children to become."

R. NOTE TO P. 234.

From "Causes et Préparatifs du Traité de Paix d'Aix-la-Chapelle." On English subsidies, and the political "Motives of the Czarina Elizabeth of Russia."

"The Cabinet of London, by a stipulation of subsidies, had dragged 50,000 Russians into the war; * such was England's fear of French influence and the re-establishment of the Stuarts. The Czarina Elizabeth had shown herself very easy on money conditions; but it was not the matter of some hundred thousand pounds sterling which had determined her thus to throw a great army into the South; she wished to show to Europe the firmness of her troops, and their good order; she seemed to say: "I am not only an Oriental Power, my soldiers do not exclusively fight the Turks; for after having conquered Poland, they enter into Germany. If a coalition be necessary against France, you will see me appear in Franconia, on the Rhine, and even in Italy, and all that by the progress and the active tendency of my character."

S. (1.) NOTE TO P. 274.

Count d'Argenson still retained his place as Secretary of

* Sequel to these Subsidies—Appendix,' Vol. ii. Sir Hanbury Williams's Secret Despatch from the Court of St Petersburgh.

War, which was the more generous of Madame de Pompadour, because he, like his brother, the Marquis d'Argenson, had tried to supplant her (the Favourite) by a mistress of his own. Count d'Argenson was a great voluptuary but a hard worker. "Respected by the troops, he sought always to make himself beloved by them."—Fastes, p. 10, vol. ii.

S. (2.) NOTE TO P. 281.

"*Plaisanterie Spirituelle du Cabinet à Versailles, en* 1730: *Jeu de Piquet Entre les Princes de l'Europe,*" *with the cards supposed to be held by each.*

La France: "C'est à moi à jouer, j'ai la main."

L'Espagne: "J'ai deux dames à l'écart, mes trois rois sont bons."

La Savoie: "J'ai quinte et quatorze, il me manque le point."

La Prusse: "Je regarde jouer."

La Lorraine: "J'ai bien pressé les cartes mais il ne m'entre rien."

L'Empereur: "J'ai bien mauvais jeu, je crains le repic."

Le Turc: "Je déchirerai bientot les cartes."

L'Angletèrre: "Ce n'est pas mon tour de jouer."

Le Portugal: "Je ne joue point, mais je fournirai de l'argent à mes amis."

La Saxe: "Je joue avec trop de cartes, un seul roi me fera gagner."

Les 13 Cantons: "Nous jouons à toutes sortes de jeux, pourvu que l'on paye les cartes."

Le Pape: "Je ne joue jamais, je m'arrangerai pour un jubilé."

Les Vénitiens: "L'usage du piquet n'est point chez nous, nous ne jouous qu'à la bassette."

La Czarine: "Je n'ai ni rois ni as, mais ma paye est bonne."

Le Corps Germanique: se ressouvient du jeu de piquet, puis qu'il lui est encore dû de l'argent des cartes.

Les Hollandais: Ils ont carte blanche, ainsi ils sont à l'abri du repic, et ne craignent que le capot.

T. (1.) NOTE TO P. 302.

Marshal Saxe and Pigalle the Sculptor.

Pigalle the Sculptor was the son of a workman employed at Choisy. Pigalle's father thought himself disappointed in the hope he had once had that his son was a genius. Madame de Pompadour believed that Pigalle's genius only wanted opportunity. Madame Pompadour, therefore, sent Pigalle to Italy, at her expense. In Italy Pigalle's genius ripened. Pigalle returned to France, and finely executed some of his patroness's choicest designs. He became Chancellor of the Academy of Painting, and a Knight of the Order of St Michael.

Pigalle worked 20 years at the Statue of Marshal Saxe, but it was declared "cold, like the religion of Saxe." "Marble needs either the Catholic or Pagan idea to animate it." Marshal Saxe desired that his body might be burned — "that nothing of him but his glory might remain." Louis XV., "the Very Christian King," forbade that the body of his faithful friend and soldier should be burned; and ordered that Saxe should be buried in the Lutheran Church of St Thomas, where Pigalle's cold statue at last stood over the departed hero. When Marshal Saxe (heretic) died, the Queen of France sighed and said: "It is sad that we cannot chant De

PROFUNDIS for a man who has so often made us sing TE DEUM."

T. (2.) NOTE TO P. 305.

Fresh War Causes.—De la Bourdonnaye.

M. DE LA BOURDONNAYE, in returning to Europe, was taken prisoner by the English and carried to London. He was there treated with respect, and obtained permission to cross over to France, on parole. Three days after his arrival in Paris (1748) he was conducted to the Bastille. He remained there three years and a half. He died in 1755, the day following that upon which he was acquitted of the political crimes imputed to him.

DUPLEIX was recalled to France in 1754. It was Dupleix who had caused de la Bourdonnaye's disgrace. The severity of France was vindicated by her impartiality in the punishment of these two men. After the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, DUPLEIX had been a firebrand in India, attacking Hindoo Princes and peoples protected by the English. Seditions and revolts were fostered by his desire for territorial aggrandizement, and the French and English East India Companies were thus induced to continue hostilities in time of peace. Dupleix was subject to no control. He died in misery in 1763. Almost his last words were (and these were published), "I have sacrificed my youth, my fortune, and my life to heap Asiatic honours upon my country. . . . I submit myself to all judicial forms; I demand, as the last creditor, what is my due? My services are fables, my demand is ridicule, I am treated as the vilest of men." *Dupleix.*

The *Mércure de France* (1752—1755) abounds with the

magnificence and luxury of Dupleix in the city of Pondichéry.

Canada and Louisiana.

THE CABINET OF LONDON complained to the Cabinet of Versailles. "We are at Peace. Why does France make conquests in India and in the Antilles?" The recall of Dupleix was intended as a satisfaction to England. But, as Madame de Pompadour had complained to Marshal Belleisle, the limits of French CANADA were not well defined in the Aix Treaty. There was mutual suspicion between France and England in North America, and soon the discussion between the two Cabinets took a tone of grave importance concerning Canadian boundaries; the more France feared England in North America, the more she tried to strengthen her possessions in a way to provoke the fear of England as to French aggrandizement, such as Dupleix had displayed in the East Indies. One of the vast projects of Versailles was to unite CANADA and LOUISIANA. (Canada was called New France—and Louisiana was so named in honour of Louis XV. when a child.) They were separated by large tracts of land, virgin forests, and by immense rivers. The junction of these two great colonies would embrace a space of 800 leagues, which, in uniting them under one government, must be furnished with forts, military stations, &c., so as to protect the route between them. France calculated that in 10 years, and with 20 millions of *livres*, she would thus possess the finest possessions in America, after Spain. But this vast plan and the preparations for it frightened the English Government.

The Marquis de Montcalm.

In the meanwhile, even Memorials of Marine, generally dry as dust, became enthusiastic about Canada, and pamphlets were published upon the rich marvels of Louisiana. The brave Marquis de Montcalm, who had been wounded in the late war in the service of the

King, and who was devoted to the sovereignty of France, was appointed Governor of Canada. When the time comes we shall read his fate.

Paris Gossip.

Prologue to Vol. II.

T. (3.) note to p. 306.

Ecole Militaire. The designs for the Military School were submitted by the Marquise to the architect Gabriel, who carried them into effect. Gabriel (whose father was also architect to the King of France) died in 1782. He was one of the last living proofs of how royal appreciation can sustain genius.

Versailles was enriched and adorned by Madame de Pompadour. It was said: "Louis XIV. created Versailles, Louis XV. adorned it." Bouchardon chiselled the most delicate groups, the vases, and the fountains, from designs of Madame de Pompadour. In the Bibliothèque Impériale (Collection des Estampes) there is a fine engraving of the Marquis de Marigny presiding over the execution of his sister's designs for the improvement of Paris.

The Marquis de Marigny, alluding to the soubriquet of "*the Marquis d'Avandières,*" said laughingly to the King: "The fish-woman nick-named me the Marquis '*d'Avant Hièr*' (the day before yesterday), now they may call me the Marquis de *Mariniers* (Mariners); it is

T. (4.) *Note to p.* 309. *The Marquis de Marigny.*

natural, for I am a born *Poisson*" (Fish,—alluding to his patronymic).

It was M. de Marigny, brother of the Pompadour, who re-united the great collection of Rubens, and bought "at the price of a pension of 10,000 livres de rente," the secret of Picot, which consisted in transferring the painting, without damage, from one canvas to another. The St Michael of Raphael was one of the works thus saved from destruction.—Marigny shared his sister's predilection for medals, books, and antiques.

Art "Refuse."

When Horace Walpole was in Paris in 1765, he says:—"I went to see the reservoir of pictures at Monsieur de Marigny's. They are what are not disposed of in the palaces, though sometimes changed with others. This *refuse*, which fills many rooms from top to bottom, is composed of the most glorious works of Raphael, L. da Vinci, Giorgione, Titian, Guido, Correggio, and many pictures, which I knew by their prints, without an idea where they existed, I found there." Many of these had been collected by Marigny in Italy, to be exhibited at the Exposition of the Louvre.

State Paper Office in France.

Horace Walpole was also surprised at the method and order of the New State Paper Office. "It is a large building, disposed like an hospital, with the most admirable order and method. Lodgings for every officer; his name and business written over his door. . . . In the body is a perspective of seven or eight large chambers: each is painted with emblems, . . . and wainscoated with presses with wired doors and crimson curtains. Over each press, in golden letters, the country to which the pieces relate, as *Angleterre*, *Allemagne*, &c. . . . In short, it is as magnificent as useful."

Yet Horace Walpole, cosmopolite though he was in matters of artistic taste and *vertù*, looked at Frenchmen with the evil eye of an Englishman. For example: almost the very day when he enjoyed these fine sights, he was presented after dinner to the Duc de Choiseul (Stainville), and he says: "The first minister is a little volatile being, whose countenance and manner had nothing to frighten me for my country. I saw him but for three seconds, which is as much as he allows anything or anybody." Anybody familiar with the portrait of the first Minister at Versailles, must see in this English picture of him, something of the traditional spirit of rivalry (*l'esprit entier et traditionnel des rivalités*) for which *esprit* those who knew the Prime Minister best declare that he was on his side remarkable. The English traveller (whose French was rusty) made up his mind in three moments that John Bull had nothing to fear from the man who had fought at Fontenoy, who was a brave Soldier as well as a tried Minister, who had, as we have already seen, even pleased the Pope and the Sacred College, by the frankness and devotion of his character; but who, in the spirit of the 18th century in France, seemed to play with diplomacy, while faithfully guiding the helm of government through a sea of difficulties, —a sea of European blood. Something more than three moments was essential for the son of the late English Minister, Walpole, to form an opinion of the Cabinet Minister of France. *The Englishman abroad.*

In the 18th century a volatile exterior covered deep plans in France. Pedantry went out of fashion when the Pompadour came in. Her protégé Marmontel, and the Abbé de Bernis introduced heavy considerations to the King under the graceful garb of metaphor. As to that flighty Duc de Choiseul, from whom Horace thought the English had nothing to fear,

this is one of the jealous Maurepas' quibs at him; * (to the tune of the Minuet Exaudet, danced by Madame Pompadour.)

"Quand Choiseul,
D'un coup d'œil
Considère
Le plan entier de l'Etat;
Et seul, comme un sénat
Agit et délibère;
Quand je vois
Qu'à la fois
Il arrange
Le dedans et le dehors,
Je soupçonne en son corps
Un ange
A l'amour
Tour à tour;
A la table
Quand il trouve des loisirs,
Et qu'il se livre aux plaisirs
Il est inconcevable.
Du travail
Au sérail,
Vif, aimable,
A tout il est toujours prêt.

* De Maurepas imposed upon Horace Walpole (See Walpole's Letters, Vol. iii. p. 144), by telling him that Madame Pompadour had malignly persuaded the King that he, Maurepas, had been instrumental in poisoning the late Duchesse de Châteauroux, and hence his (de Maurepas') disgrace. A post-mortem verdict had declared that poison had nothing to do with the sudden death of Madame de Châteauroux.

Pour moi, je crois que c'est
Un diable."

In general conversation, even Montesquieu was the least grave man in the world. He talked with the *abandon* which was part of the charm of the 18th century, and discussed heavy subjects with the humour which was perhaps the 18th century's best philosophy, as showing that to be wise it is not necessary to be dull. *Montesquieu and d'Alembert.*

Montesquieu had, as before said, waited for the age "ripe for writing" before producing his great work, and when that age had passed away he knew there was a time for rest as for labour. D'Alembert wanted Montesquieu's active co-operation in the "Encyclopédie." Montesquieu replied to this effect: "I am honoured by your wishing me to step my foot into so princely a palace, but having said my say I fear to repeat myself. But if you will meet me at the charming old blind Madame de Deffand's, we will discuss this philosophical project in a glass of Maraschino."

It was said that Voltaire was jealous of Montesquieu. They were opposed in opinion and by temperament. But when Montesquieu was dead, Voltaire declared (speaking of the 'Esprit des Loix,' Montesquieu's greatest work), "Humanity had lost its titles, Montesquieu has recovered and restored them." In the 18th century there was danger in exposing old abuses.* "Where it might entail banishment, worldly ruin, or even death to speak a free word of criticism upon the doctrines or the hierophants of the dominant Church, it was not merely a very excusable but a very necessary and praiseworthy deed to expose the folly and inconsistency of some of the teachers. Gessler may wear his hat any fashion he chooses, and only ill-

* Westminster Review, April, 1861.

breeding would laugh at him so long as he does not insist upon any one performing an act of homage to his humour. But when he sets his beaver upon a pole in the centre of the market-place and orders imprisonment or exile to every subject who will not fall down and worship it, that man does a brave and a wise act who sets the world laughing at the tyrant and his preposterous arrogance."

Voltaire at Cirey.

Voltaire, Historiographer of France, Poet of the Pompadour, and lover of the divine Emilie, Marquise de Châtelet, was restless when at Cirey, the dovecot retreat provided for him by the divine "Emilie," although *Emilie* had written to her old friend, the Duc de Richelieu, "I believe that those who love passionately would live together in the country if possible; I should lose him" (Voltaire) "sooner or later in Paris, or at least I should pass my life in fearing to lose him."—Prussia was likely to be more fatal to love than was Paris.

Voltaire, being in fashion, gave the ton in France to correspondence with philosophic Prussia. Jacobites, who had suffered for the Stuart cause, sought the protection of "the very Christian King" of France. But some even of these "martyrs for the faith" intrigued whilst in France with the Protestant hero. The following letter for example, "Most Secret," was forwarded by order of the King of Prussia, through the British Plenipotentiary at Berlin, to Lord Holdernesse in England. It is here translated as helping to show how a fresh storm was brewed.

Secret Intrigue in France.

*"As I am not at all in the secret, nor have anything more to do with any party in England, that which I have heard was only by chance and very imperfectly. I have seen a letter from the Marshal de Belleisle to Monsieur de Chavigni, dated Feby.

* "*Secret Notice of Intrigue in France.*" Mus. Brit. MSS.

1755, *in which he says there would be a good stroke to make there through the friends and correspondences which I managed for myself when I was in England.* Since then I have learned that there was a correspondence between people in England and the ministers of France, that upon the arrival in England of the Hanoverians and Hessians, these English said that the 20,000 men did not suffice, that more were wanted. I am also told that there was not a single Jacobite in the Secret, that it was the Republican party. I am rather inclined to believe that it was some ambitious busy-body (*Brouillon*) who wishes to deceive France, but if he succeed in that and the French can pass 30,000 men, the country is lost and ruined for ever. France has no want in this war of her land forces. She would be able very well to risk 30,000 men. I believe there is little to fear from the Jacobite party, those belonging to it whom I knew are reclaimed from their error; there are none but in the mountains of Scotland who could be seduced by the lust of gold. I pray your Majesty not to let it be known from whence comes this advice. The King your uncle would not doubt that my intention was to fill his soul with unfounded suspicions. I am but a rebel. I am neither a liar nor a knave. I would wish, Sire, to serve you and my country at the same time, and I know no other way." *

It is lamentable that such intrigues as these should ripen before the *Ecole Militaire* could have time to train a new army for the service of the King of France. Concerning that noble institution which constituted Louis XV. father to the orphans of those who had fallen in his service, Madame de Pompadour, when first inspired by the idea of it, thus wrote to Paris Duverney, her very old friend, who she hoped would

* Mus. Brit. Mitchell Papers, Holdernesse Despatches. "Most Secret."

help her to raise funds speedily to carry her plan into execution.

(*No.* 1. *Ecole Militaire.*)

"18 September, 1750.

"We went yesterday to Saint Cyr.* I cannot tell you how tenderly I was touched by that establishment, as by the sight of all that it contains. They all came to me and told me that I ought to found a similar one for men; which for the moment almost made me laugh, for the men will believe that they ought to take credit to themselves for such an inspiration."†

Madame Pompadour's Second Autograph Letter to Paris Duverney concerning the Military School.

"9th November.

"I have been enchanted to see the King enter into the plan so soon. I burn to see the thing public, because after its proclamation there will be no possibility of retreat. I reckon on your eloquence to prevail over M. de Machault, although I believe he is too much attached to the King to oppose himself to his glory. In short, my dear Duverney, I trust to your diligence that soon the whole universe may be informed of this plan. You will come and see me on Thursday. I have no need to tell you that I shall be delighted, and that I love you with all my heart."†

In 1755, money failed. Then Madame de Pompadour wrote the following letter to Paris Duverney.

* The conventual retreat for women, instituted by Madame de Maintenon.

† Lettre Autographe de Madame de Pompadour (Archives of the Empire).

Lettre Autographe de Madame de Pompadour.

(*No.* 3. *l'Ecole Militaire.*)

"No, assuredly, my dear 'Nigaud,'* I will not forsake a plan which ought to immortalize the King, for it to perish upon the threshold; a plan to render the nobility of France happy, and to let all posterity know my attachment for the State, and for the person of his Majesty.

"I have this day told Gabrielle† so to arrange that the necesary workmen may be replaced at Grenelle to finish the work. My revenue this year has not yet come in to me; I will employ the whole of it to pay the journeymen by the fortnight. I am ignorant whether I shall find my sureties for the payment, but I know very well that I will risk, with great satisfaction, 100,000 livres for the happiness of these poor children" (orphans of brave soldiers). "Good night, dear Nigaud, if you are in a condition to come to Paris on Tuesday, I will see you there with great pleasure; if you cannot, send to me your nephew about six o'clock." ‡

* "*Nigaud*:" a sobriquet by which she had addressed Paris Duverney since her childhood.

† Gabrielle, Architect and Sculptor, employed by Madame de Pompadour at Versailles.

‡ Archives de l'Empire

END OF VOL. I.

INDEX

OF

APPENDIX

TO

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

AUTOGRAPH AND ORIGINAL LETTERS,

&c.

INDEX

OF

APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

NOTE

A. English Money, Freemasonry, page 1.

B. Fort Knocque, &c., 2.

C. Louis XV. at war-time, 2.

D. (1.) King Frederic's Opinion of Cardinal Fleury's Peace Policy, 2.

D. (2.) Two Autograph Letters from Cardinal Fleury, &c., 3.*

E. Account of Frederic the Great's Second Defection to France, by Gifford and Voltaire, 7.

E. & **G.** Terms of "The Separate Peace" of Frederic the Great, 7.

†. Basha Count de Bonneval, 9.

H. & **I.** Spain. The Stuart Element as effecting the Courts and Diplomacy of Europe, 9.

Note general to Chap. IV. V. VI. Original Narrative of a Secret Negotiation between the Maritime Powers and France, 11.†

J. *Causes des Traités de Paix.* Translated, 15.

K. Letters of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, 15.

* *Harleian MSS. Mus. Brit.*

† *MSS. Secret Despatches, Mus. Brit.*

NOTE

L. Private Memorial of the Duc de Noailles, Ambassador of Spain, concerning Elizabeth Farinese and the Royal Family of Spain, page 18.

M. Contemporary Notices of Don Philip, Duke of Parma, and of the Prince de Condé, 19.

N. The Duc de Noailles' Advice to the Dauphin, 19.

O. French and Spanish Marriages in the 18th century, 19.

P. Sir John Ligonier, 20.

Q. A Letter from Fénélon, Archbishop of Cambray, containing his ideal of a Christian Lady, 21.

R. English subsidies, and the Czarina Elizabeth of Russia, 22.

S. (1.) Count d'Argenson, Secretary of War, 22.

S. (2.) Jeu d'Esprit of the Cabinet at Versailles, 23.

T. (1.) Pigalle, the Sculptor, 24.

T. (2.) MM. de la Bourdonnaye and Dupleix. Canada. Louisiana, 25.

T. (3.) Paris Gossip 100 years ago, concerning
The Military School, 27.
The Marquis de Marigny, 27.
The Duc de Stainville Choiseul, &c., 29.
Voltaire at Cirey, 32.
"Secret Notice of Intrigue in France,"* 32.

Three Autograph Letters of Madame de Pompadour concerning the Military School of France,† 34.

* *MSS. Mus. Brit.* † *MSS. Archives de l'Empire.*

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